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Antonio María Bucareli y Ursua.

ANZA'S CALIFORNIA EXPEDITIONS

VOLUME III

THE SAN FRANCISCO COLONY

DIARIES OF ANZA, FONT, AND EIXARCH, AND NARRATIVES BY PALÓU AND MORAGA

TRANSLATED FROM THE ORIGINAL SPANISH MANUSCRIPTS AND EDITED

BY

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SIDNEY M. EHRMAN

PREFACE

For the second Anza expedition five diaries were kept—one by Anza, two by Father Font, one by Father Garcés, and one by Father Eixarch. In this volume are printed three of these documents, namely, the narratives by Anza and Eixarch, and Font's Short Diary.

Anza's account of this journey is much fuller than any of his diaries of the first expedition, and it is written in an improved style. It relates the march from Tubac to the San Joaquin River (including the detour to San Diego) and the return to Horcasitas. Of this diary the original, which was copied by a scribe but signed by Anza, is in the archives of Mexico.

Both of Father Font's diaries cover the entire second Anza expedition from Horcasitas and back to that place, including a narrative of the outward journey from Horcasitas to Tubac, which Anza's diary does not embrace. Font's Short Diary, printed in this volume, is an excellent brief account, with emphasis on latitudes, directions, and essential details of topography. This diary was written by Font from his notes at Ures, whither he went soon after returning to Horcasitas. The original manuscript is in the Bancroft Library. It was published in both Spanish and English by Frederick J. Teggart in the Academy of Pacific Coast History *Publications* (Vol. III, Berkeley, 1913). That edition is here referred to as the A.P.C.H. text. The translation now published is independent of that one.

Father Eixarch was left by Anza at the junction of the Gila and the Colorado to conduct missionary work among the Yumas. While there he kept a diary covering the time from Anza's departure in December to his return in May.

It is a simple but graphic account of his long winter sojourn on the Colorado and of his humble daily tasks as missionary. Of Father Eixarch's diary we have a copy made by Font and inserted in his Complete Diary. I have taken it out of that setting and printed it here separately.

The narrative of the founding of San Francisco is completed by inserting the accounts by Father Palóu and Lieutenant Moraga, the two principal participants in the event after Anza returned to Sonora. Palóu's narrative is taken from his *Noticias de la Nueva California,* and Moraga's from the unpublished official manuscript in the Archivo General y Público, Mexico.

Father Garcés accompanied the second Anza expedition from Tubac to the Colorado River, and then set off by himself on his remarkable tours in the wilderness. He kept an excellent diary, of which a translation was published by Dr. Elliott Coues in 1900 under the title *On the Trail of a Spanish Pioneer.* A new translation of this important document is needed. But partly because the Coues edition exists, and partly because the diary deals directly with the Anza expedition only in its earlier portions, I have reserved a new edition for a later volume, to accompany Father Escalante's diaries, between which and the Anza expedition this Garcés diary forms a nexus.

LIST OF THE DIARIES

SECOND EXPEDITION

J. Diario de la Rutta, y Operaciones que Yo el Ynfrascriptto Theniente Coronel, y Capittan del R.l Precidio de Tubac en la Provincia, y Governacion de Sonora; practico segunda vez de la mencionada antterior, a la California Setemptrional de Orden del Exmo Señor Baylio Frey D.n Anttonio Maria Bucareli, y Ursua, Virrey Governador, y Capittan General de la N. E. como consta de su Superior

Decretto de veintte, y quattro de Noviembre del año proxime passado de mil settecienttos setentta, y quattro, á efectto de conducir treintta Soldados con su oficial, y Sargentto á la referida California, en refuerzo del Real Precidio de San Carlos de Monte Rey y para el establecimientto del Puerto de San Francisco, todos Casados, y Recluttados en la enunciada Provincia, cuyas mugeres, hijos, y demas de sus Dependienttes, se espresan mas por extenzo avajo, con el tottal de los que assienden en estta Expedicion. Horcasitas, October 23, 1775–Horcasitas, June 1, 1776. Archivo General y Público, Mexico, Historia, Tomo 396, Original. Signed by Anza but written in another hand.

K. Diario que forma el P. Fr. Pedro Font Pd.or Ap.co del Colegio de la S.ta Cruz de Queretaro, sacado del borrador que escrivio en el camino, del viage que hizo á Monterey y Puerto de S.n Francisco en Compañia del S.r Theniente Coronel de Cavalleria Capitan del Presidio de Tubac, y Comandante de la expedicion de conduccion de familias y soldados para el nuevo establecimiento de aquel Puerto, D.n Juan Bautista de Anza, por orden y disposicion del Ex.mo S.r Theniente General Fr. D.n Antonio Maria Bucareli, y Ursua, Virrey, Governador, y Cap.n Gen.l de esta Nueva España, comunicada al R.do P. Guardian del Colegio de la S.ta Cruz de Queretaro Fr. Romualdo Cartagena por carta que le escribio dada a 2. de Enero de 1775, y intimada a mi por dicho R. P. Guardian por carta, su fecha de 20. de Enero del mismo año, con encargo de acompañar á dicho S.r Comandante en todo el viage y de observar las alturas del camino.

Acompaña á este diario un mapa de todo el viage, en el qual se señala con puntos el camino, se expressan por numeros las jornadas, y se distinguen por abececedario los lugares ó parages particulares, de que se hace mencion en este diario. Todo hecho y trabajado de buelta del viage en esta Mission de Ures, por el mes de Junio del presente

año 1776. Horcasitas, September 29, 1775–Horcasitas, June 23, 1776. Original in the Bancroft Library, University of California.

L. Diario del P. Fr. Thomas Eixarch, que él hizo en el Rio Colorado. This diary, extending from December 4, 1775, to May 1, 1776, was kept by Father Eixarch at the junction of the Gila and Colorado rivers during the time between Anza's departure for Monterey and his return therefrom. It was copied by Font in his complete diary (O), folios 271–311, and is here printed from that text.

M. Account of the Founding of San Francisco, by Fray Francisco Palóu. From his *Noticias de Nueva California.*

N. Carta del Then.te D.n Josef [Joachin] de Moraga en que dá quenta [de la] Ocupacion del Puerto de S. Fran.co Ereccion de una Mision, terreno reconocido, y demas Progresos. No. 1.o Copy. Undated. Archivo General y Público, Mexico. Provincias Internas, Tomo 23. One corner of the manuscript is torn off.

O. Diario que formó el P. P.dor Ap.co Fr. Pedro Font Missionero Apostolico del Colegio de la Santa Cruz de Queretaro, en el viage que hizo á Monterey por orden del Exm.o S.r Theniente General el Baylio Frey D.n Antonio Maria Bucareli y Ursua, Virrey, Governador, y Capitan General de esta Nueva España, comunicada al R.do P. Guardian del Colegio de la Santa Cruz Fr. Romualdo Cartagena por carta que le escribio dada á 2. de Enero de 1775, é intimada á mi por dicho R.do P. Guardian por carta que me escribio, su fecha de 20. de Enero del mismo año 1775, con encargo de ir acompañando en todo el viage de ida y buelta al S.r Th.te Coronel de Cavalleria, y Capitan del Real Presidio de Tubac, D.n Juan Bautista de Ansa, Comandante de esta Expedicion, y segunda entrada que hizo al Puerto de Monterey por el Rio Colorado, con la conduccion de algunas Familias para ocupar con ellas y poblar el Puerto de San Francisco, como á su Capellan y

de la Gente, y con encargo de observar las Alturas y rumbos del terreno, por haverse assi determinado en Mexico en la Real Junta de Guerra, y Real Hacienda. Horcasitas, September 29, 1775–Tubutama, May 11, 1777. Original in the John Carter Brown Library, Brown University, Providence, Rhode Island.

P. Diario formado por el Padre Fray Francisco Garces Hijo del Colegio de la Santa Cruz de Queretaro, en el viage que ha hecho año de 1775, por mandado del Exmo. Señor Don Frey Antonio Maria Bucareli, y Ursua, Theniente General, Virrey, Governador y Capitan General de esta Nueva España, intimado por su Carta de 2. de Enero del mismo año; determinado en la Junta de Guerra hecha en Mexico en 28 de Noviembre del año antecedente; y asi mismo mandado por el R. P. Fray Romualdo Cartagena, Guardian del dho. Colegio, en Carta de 20 de Enero de 75, y por su subcesor el R. P. Fray Diego Ximenez, en Carta de 17 Febrero del mismo año, en las que me ordenan, que acompañado de otro Religioso, me junte, con el Theniente Coronel D. Juan Baptista de Ansa, y el R. P. Fray Pedro Font, que van hasta el Puerto de San Francisco; y que acompañandolos hasta el Rio Colorado espere alli su buelta con el Compañero que lleve, y en este intermedio: examine los parages, trate con las Naciones inmediatas, y explore el animo, y disposicion de sus Naturales al Cathecismo, y al Vasallage de nuestro Soberano. San Xavier del Bac, October 1, 1775–San Xavier del Bac, September 17, 1776. Archivo General de Indias, Sevilla, 104–6–18.

The diary is followed by Reflexiones Sobre el Diario, signed at Tubutama, January 3, 1777. Accompanied by a map made in Tubutama by Father Font under the direction of Father Garcés, where both this diary and the long one by Father Font were signed. An English translation of this diary, together with the map, was printed by Elliott Coues under the title *On the Trail of a Spanish Pioneer* (2 vols.), New York, 1900.

PREFACE

RETRACING THE TRAIL

No small part of the pleasure derived from the study of Anza's California expeditions has come to me through retracing his trails. I think it safe to say that no pioneer routes of such great length in any country's history have ever been so thoroughly explored and identified as I have explored and identified these. Anza traveled twice and back from Mexico City to Monterey (once to Suisun Bay), a distance of more than ten thousand miles. Between these points I have retraced exactly or approximately his entire journeys.

This work, or rather this play, has been piecemeal, as other tasks have permitted. Some parts of the trail have been covered in vacation trips, others in the solemn guise of "research." Nor has the ground been covered in a geographically consecutive order. Between Mexico City and Culiacán, where Anza began to raise his colony, I have followed his approximate route by railroad, before 1908 to Guadalajara and in 1929 and 1930 to Culiacán. From this point to Horcasitas I retraced Anza's approximate trail nearly all the way by automobile in January, 1930. For that part of the stretch, as for the preceding one, no diaries were kept, but we know that Anza went through Mocorito, Sinaloa, Fuerte, and Alamos, and through these places I have followed the old Camino Real, which he doubtless traveled.

For the nearly two thousand miles from Horcasitas to Suisun Bay, three or four times covered by the diaries, I have actually identified and seen with my own eyes nearly every water hole and camp site. At Horcasitas, where the diaries start, my exploration in detail began. Once I drove over the mountain trail by which Font rode from there to Ures while waiting for the second expedition to start—and when I went over it the road was no boulevard. Between

Horcasitas and Tucson I have covered most of the route four times and some of it six or eight times by horse power, automobile, and train. My first journey over this stretch was in 1911, my last in 1930. From Tucson to San Francisco I made my first general reconnoissance in 1909. In the succeeding two decades I have examined the entire stretch in detail. Anza's route from Tubac by way of Altar Valley to Yuma I explored minutely in December-January, 1927–1928. In May, 1929, I covered the stretch from Tucson to Casa Grande and thence down the Gila to Yuma, not on the highway, but through the brush where Anza led. At this time, too, I trailed the "hard riding captain," exactly most of the way, otherwise approximately, from Yuma down the Colorado to Santa Olaya, thence across the desert to Cerro Prieto, through Cocopah Range near Signal Mountain, past the head of Laguna Salada to Anza's Santo Tomás in the mountains of Lower California. Retracing the canyon I followed the trail northward to Santa Rosa (at Yuha Well), to San Sebastián (at Harper's Well), thence up Borrego Valley to Coyote Canyon at Beatty's Ranch. At this time too, I closely followed Anza's return routes across the Colorado Desert, both the California portion and the Mexico part.

I first trailed Anza up and down Coyote Canyon and across Cahuilla Valley in 1920 and 1921. For this short stretch I had as my assistant Mr. W. G. Paden. The Coyote Canyon part was made on horseback with the thermometer 114° at sunrise at Beatty's Ranch. I retraced Cahuilla Valley and both ascended and descended Bautista Canyon in 1924. From Vallevista to Riverside I have been six times over most of the trail, my first reconnoissance being made about 1916 and my last in 1930.

From Riverside to San Francisco and around the Bay to Berkeley I have been over the ground by train and automobile many times since 1909, and from Berkeley to

Suisun Bay several times. For most of this distance Anza's route was exactly on or close to the present highway, but a number of special side trips have been necessary. Some of these may be mentioned. In 1929 I carefully traced Anza's route from Riverside down the river to the Southern Pacific bridge, to Pedley, across the plains to Ontario, and around the hills through Laverne to San Gabriel. Two special trips were necessary to verify points between Calabasas and Camarillo (1929, 1930). The trail around the coast between Gaviota and Casmalia is easily followed by train, but is not readily accessible by automobile. To get a satisfactory view, in 1929 I made three side trips into this region from Gaviota and Lompoc.

From Casmalia to Paso Robles I have closely followed Anza by automobile, going through Guadalupe, Callender, Pismo, Price Canyon, San Luís Obispo, and Santa Margarita. At Paso Robles Anza turned off to the left across the hills through Nacimiento Ranch, up San Antonio River to Mission San Antonio, returning to Salinas Valley by way of Kent Canyon to King City. This stretch I explored in detail, part of it for the second and third time, in 1929 and 1930. From King City to Monterey, thence to Salinas and San Juan, and along Gilroy Valley, the highway again closely follows Anza's route. At Coyote Anza swung around the western side of the valley past Saratoga to Palo Alto. This detour I have especially traced. Most of Anza's trails up and down the Peninsula and around the bay to Berkeley, thence to Antioch, I have covered frequently, going twice from Berkeley to Antioch for this special purpose. In 1928 I traced the trail from Antioch past Bethany, across the hills to Crane Ridge, up Mocho Creek, and down San Antonio Valley behind Mt. Hamilton to Coyote Creek, along whose course Anza returned to Gilroy Valley. In 1930 I ascended Coyote Creek, and threaded Cañada de los Osos.

So long a trail, of course, has had its incidents. Between Mexico City and Alamos, more than a thousand miles, I looked through the eyes of Coronado as well as of Anza. It was a new experience for me to load my machine on a tiny pango boat and have it paddled across Fuerte River. It was not wholly amusing to have my Ford sit calmly down in the middle of the Sonora River near Ures and wait an hour for a span of mules to come along and pull us out. It was diverting to see the macho refuse to work, kick himself out of harness, and let his mate the mula pull the machine out alone, the macho appearing to have great contempt for the old Ford which we drove. Because of our delay, we spent that night at a very humble ranch house by the roadside. I abused my hospitality by talking to the family and their assembled neighbors till midnight, telling them tales of Anza and his colony. I, at least, profited from the session, for I was weary enough to sleep soundly on the soft side of an adobe brick floor, jokingly called by our kindly hostess "*una cama de esprings.*"

While driving over the mountains from Magdalena with my lone boy and my single horse I was glad when we got through the canyon where the Yaquis just a few days previously had waylaid half a dozen Mexicans. Being bone dry on top, the arroyo at Arivaipa looked innocent enough, but soon the automobiles were axle deep in water and quicksand and still sinking. A mule and a horse played the part of the Good Samaritan and pulled both of our machines out. I shall never forget the night spent at Sonóita, because of the over friendliness of a dog which we could not shake. It was the breaking of a spring of the Dodge and the consequent day's delay that gave me time for the difficult fourteen-mile walk necessary to visit the remarkable Cabeza Prieta Tanks, where Anza revived his thirsty caravan. At Arroyo Pinto I carried stones all night to build a road over which to get our machine out

of the sand. The experience is pleasanter in retrospect than it was at the time. My trip through Livermore Valley was made memorable by being bitten by a hound which it was feared had rabies. In spite of the injury he had done me I hoped that he might live—and he did, welcome proof that the fears were groundless.

These journeys have afforded me cherished acquaintances. Everywhere along the trail I have found residents (where there are any) enthusiastic to lend a helping hand. Generally I have employed a driver in order to be free to make and record observations. Between Culiacán and Horcasitas I had as assistants Señores Heredia and Gastelú, each for a part of the stretch. When in 1911 I went from Magdalena over the mountains by horse and buggy, Señor Gómez was driver. For the four hundred mile trip from Tubac, over Sierra del Pajarito, down Altar Valley and across the Papaguería to Yuma, covered in 1927–1928, I was equipped with a Studebaker Six and a Dodge truck. Much of the way being uninhabited and seldom seen by human beings, we carried from Tucson ninety gallons of gasoline. John Anderson and "Jimmy" Strickland, University of Arizona boys, went as drivers, and Dean Frank C. Lockwood as counsel and camp boss. At Sonóita on this trip I was fortunate to pick up and take with me Antonio López, who has spent most of his life on the trail between Sonóita and Yuma. From Tucson to Casa Grande and Yuma I was assisted in 1929 by Clayton Lockett. At Gila Bend Dean Lockwood joined us and again I enjoyed his genial and cultured companionship. From Yuma through Lower California to Cerro Prieto and Yuha Well, thence to Harper's Well and up Borrego Valley to Beatty's Ranch, and several times across Imperial Valley, Verne Stanley of Brawley was my driver. For two days we were accompanied by Mr. John Allen of Brawley. For the stretch up Coyote Canyon and across Cahuilla Valley I was assisted

by the genial Mr. Fred Clark, and by Mr. W. G. Paden, one of my students, as I have already stated.

On my first trip down Bautista Canyon I was accompanied by Hon. J. R. Knowland, on the occasion of the marking of San Carlos Pass on the basis of my identification. In 1929 my son Herbert drove for me on an extended reconnoissance, during which we rechecked the trail all the way from Vallevista to King City. With him as companion, in 1930 I again descended Coyote Canyon on horseback, and also checked the route between Los Angeles and San Diego. For several portions of the trail and especially for the stretch from Berkeley to Antioch and through the Coast Range to Coyote Creek my wife, Gertrude Janes Bolton, has assisted me.

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ANZA'S DIARY

1775–1776

(*J*)

DIARY OF THE MARCH AND EXPLORATIONS WHICH I, THE UNDERSIGNED LIEUTENANT-COLONEL AND CAPTAIN OF THE ROYAL PRESIDIO OF TUBAC IN THE PROVINCE AND GOVERNMENT OF SONORA, AM MAKING A SECOND TIME FROM THE FOREGOING PROVINCE TO NORTHERN CALIFORNIA.

By order of the most excellent Señor Baylio Frey Don Antonio Maria Bucareli y Ursua, Viceroy, Governor, and Captain-General of New Spain, as is shown by his superior decree of the 24th of November of the past year of 1774, for the purpose of escorting thirty soldiers with their commander and sergeant to the California named, for the reinforcement of the royal presidio of San Carlos de Monte Rey, and for the establishment of the port of San Francisco, all married and all recruited in the province named, and whose women and children and other dependents are set forth more at length below, together with the total number of those going upon this expedition.[1]

[1] Diario de la Rutta, y Operaciones que Yo . . . practico segunda vez . . . a la California Setemptrional. A. G. P. M. Historia, Tomo 396. The main division headings in this document were made by the editor.

PRELIMINARIES

Persons Included in the Expedition

The commander, Don Juan Bautista de Anza	1
The father chaplain *de propaganda fide* of the College of the Cross of Querétaro, Fray Pedro Font	1
Fathers Fray Francisco Garcés and Fray Thomás Eciarc,[1] appointed by his Excellency for the purpose of remaining at the Colorado River to preach and teach the true faith to its inhabitants until I return	2
Alférez Don Joseph Joachin Moraga	1
Sergeant Juan Pablo Grijalva	1
Ten soldiers of the presidio named and in my charge, to escort the expedition and to return with me	10
Twenty-eight soldiers, eight of them, with the commander and sergeant, taken from the presidios of the province named, the other twenty recruited by the same commander in the alcaldías of the province	28
Twenty-nine women, wives of the soldiers	29
Total Forward	73

[1] Commonly spelled Eixarch or Eisarch.

Forward	73
One hundred and thirty-six persons of both sexes and all ages, belonging to the same soldiers and to four other volunteer families, who are going to live in the California named	136
Fifteen muleteers	15
Three cowboys	3
Three servants of the fathers	3
Four of my servants	4
Five interpreters of the Pima, Yuma, Cajuenchi, and Nifora[1] languages	5
A commissary for the expedition	1
Number of persons[2]	240

One hundred and forty pack mules are being taken to carry provisions, munitions of war, the baggage of all persons going, and other effects of the expedition, and presents brought in the name of his Majesty for the heathen on the way.

Item: Twenty-five pack mules belonging to members of the troop.

[1] The name Niforas usually referred to the Yavapai tribe or to captives sold to the Spaniards. Father Eixarch, who spent the winter of 1775–1776 at the Yuma junction, wrote of these Niforas: "I may note here that in this country on the frontiers of the enemies, at the presidio of Tubac, for example, they buy or rather barter for little captives from the heathen. These Indians raise them, and when they wish they sell them to white people, as if they were slaves, which is altogether contrary to law." (Father Thomás Eixarch, *Diary*, entry for December 17.)

[2] Father Font makes computations which show that this figure is not exactly correct.

Item: Two hundred and twenty saddle animals belonging to the expedition.

Item: One hundred and twenty saddle animals belonging to members of the troop.

Item: Three hundred and two beef cattle to provision the expedition and for the succor of the new establishments.

Introduction

Well notorious, and accredited by original documents which I have sent to his Excellency the Viceroy, are the efforts which I have made in order that this expedition might begin the march for its destination at the end of the month just past from the presidio in my charge, whence it sets forth today. But, as I have informed his Excellency, the event which took place here on the 7th of September cited, resulting in the theft of all its horse herd by the common enemy, the Apaches, together with other occurrences, prevented the arrival early in the same month of September of the ten soldiers who were to go from this presidio as escort and protection of the expedition. And without them it was not possible to make the march from the presidio of San Miguel, to which they were ordered, to the presidio of Tubac, because the whole distance is greatly exposed to danger, and frequent misfortunes are being experienced in traveling over it.[1]

[1] Father Font corroborates Anza's statement regarding the dangers on this stretch.

As soon as I got the news of that occurrence I made arrangements to send from San Miguel to Tubac saddle animals to carry the ten soldiers mentioned; nevertheless, the best that could be done, since the month was well under way, was that these ten soldiers should arrive at San Miguel and we set out from that presidio for Tubac on the 29th of the month named.[1] Before our departure I made efforts to increase the escort, in order to make the journey with some security, but because of the impoverished condition to which the citizens and the militia of the province are reduced my efforts had no more effect than the addition of five men. But, in spite of having seen enemies on the march when only three days' travel from San Miguel, and of having made the march through one of the regions reputed to be most dangerous, divine providence was pleased to bring the expedition in safety as far as Tubac, where it arrived, by regular marches and with three days of rest, on the 16th of October.

I should have given orders for the continuation of our journey immediately if I had not been prevented by the absence of the family of the sergeant already named. They were not at Tubac for the reasons which I have reported to his Excellency, having been sent to the presidio of Terrenate, but for this purpose they returned to this presidio of Tubac on the afternoon of the 21st of the month, whereby the assembling of everybody was completed.

[1] For the journey of the expedition from San Miguel to Tubac we have the remarkable diary of Father Font.

For greater accuracy in the estimate of leagues it has occurred to me to note also the number of hours traveled, for usually they correspond in similar roads and country. But since these conditions are not found in all the marches, and since it is necessary to make some stops, I shall always confine myself to setting down my estimate of the leagues based on the foregoing assumption. To this I may add that although I shall note here the observations which may be made with the instrument which for this purpose his Excellency the Viceroy has provided the expedition, I do not assert that they will be of the strictest accuracy, since I am told that the tables by which we are guided need correction in order to make them serviceable. To such results as are obtained I shall add the days, and the latitudes given by the instrument, setting them down separately at the end of this diary.[1]

[1] See pp. 194–196.

Monday, October 23, 1775.—All the foregoing having been arranged and noted; Mass having been chanted with all the solemnity possible on the Sunday preceding for the purpose of invoking the divine aid in this expedition, all its members being present; and the Most Holy Virgin of Guadalupe, under the advocation of her Immaculate Conception, the Prince Señor San Miguel, and San Francisco de Assís having been named as its protectors, at eleven today the march was begun toward the north. Making some minor turns to the northeast, and having traveled four hours and as many leagues, we halted at the place which they call La Canoa,[1] situated on the River of Tubac. Here during most of the year water is found, although it is not running, but by a little digging in the sand enough can be had for whatever may be required.

At the end of the afternoon today the wife of one of the soldiers of the expedition began to feel the first pains of childbirth. We aided her immediately with the shelter of a field tent and other things use-

[1] The name La Canoa (The Canoe) is preserved today in La Canoa Ranch, about fifteen miles north of Tubac. The name formerly applied to a place a mile further south. Font gives the distance of the camp as five leagues from Tubac. La Canoa Ranch once embraced a long stretch down the Santa Cruz River. The ranch, now the property of Mr. Howell Manning, is devoted to the breeding of Arabian horses and Hereford cattle. The River of Tubac, of course, was the Santa Cruz. Local tradition says that in this case canoa meant trough.

ful in the case and obtainable on the road, and she successfully gave birth to a very lusty boy at nine o'clock at night, the rest of which was passed without any other happening.—Summary of Leagues: 1.[1] From the presidio of Tubac to La Canoa, 4 leagues.

October 24.—At three o'clock in the morning, it not having been possible by means of the medicines which had been applied in the previous hours, to remove the afterbirth from our mother, other various troubles befell her. As a result she was taken with paroxysms of death, and after the sacraments of penance and extreme unction had been administered to her, with the aid of the fathers who accompany us she rendered up her spirit at a quarter to four.[2]

At seven o'clock today it began to rain, and continued until half past ten. For this reason and because it was necessary to divide the march from here to San Xavier del Bac, since there was no water on the way, we remained here this morning. According to custom, in the future we shall call this kind of march a *tardeada,* which is practiced when it is not possible to accomplish the whole of it in one day.

At two o'clock in the afternoon we set forth on the march, the meadows of the river continuing most

[1] The numbers 1–46 (marginal in the original) represent the number of days of actual marching. They extend only as far as San Gabriel. Anza by a slip numbered the first entry twice, that is, at the beginning and again at the end. The result is that for each of the following entries the number assigned is one too high. I have corrected the misplacement.

[2] The "lusty boy," born the day before, survived his mother and reached California.

abundant in good pasturage and other growths. Going north in the main, over good terrain, and having traveled until five o'clock and covered about four leagues, halt was made to pass the night at the place which they call the Llano Grande. At this time the Reverend Father Fray Francisco Garcés and four soldiers set out for San Xavier del Bac with the body of the deceased in order on the next day to give it burial with church rites. The rest of this afternoon and the night were passed without any other occurrence.[1]—2. From the presidio of Tubac to the Llano Grande, 8 leagues.

October 25.—Having raised our train, at nine o'clock in the morning we set forth along the same bottom lands and over the same kind of terrain, going generally toward the north, with the exception of about a league in which we turned north-northwest to reach San Xavier del Bac; and at half past one in the afternoon, after having traveled five leagues, we arrived at the pueblo, where we halted to pass the night. The condition of this pueblo, its tribe, the number of families, and the minister in charge, I recorded in my previous diary, as I did for all the rest of this tribe, for which reason I omit them from this one.[2]—3. From Tubac to San Xavier del Bac, 13 leagues.

[1] Camp was made a little south of Sahuarito, nearly opposite Twin Buttes. Font gives the distance for the day as three leagues.

[2] San Xavier del Bac, a Pima mission founded at the end of the seventeenth century by the renowned Kino, was now in charge of the Franciscans, with the intrepid Garcés as its missionary.

Thursday, October 26.—At nine o'clock in the morning we set forth on the march for the pueblo of Tuczon. Having traveled five leagues and the same number of hours, going to the north for the first four hours and to the north-northwest for the other, we halted to pass the night beyond that pueblo, which is the last of those reduced.[1] North of the pueblo I was joined by four soldiers whom on the preceding 23d of the month I had sent out to explore the country between this pueblo and the Gila River, to see if there was water on the way, the report being that there was none, and that the stretch from this pueblo to the Gila River, a distance of more than twenty leagues, would be impassable except at the cost of great difficulty because of our large train and other impediments which attend us. But from this care we were freed by the favorable report which these explorers brought back to the effect that there was sufficient water. I therefore decided to make our journey from here to the Gila in two divided marches,[2] in order to insure the convenience of all the expedition.

[1] Font gives the distance as "quatro leguas muy largas," and says that the march was roundabout, and camp a league beyond Tucson. The pueblo of Tucson was at the old church whose ruins are at the foot of A Mountain. The distance from San Xavier to that point is about eight miles, making the day's journey about eleven miles. Camp was near the north edge of the present city of Tucson. Captain Page, City Engineer, thinks it was at El Vado de los Sauces. Tucson at this time was more populous than San Xavier, of which it was a *visita* or sub-station. In the following year the presidio of Tubac was moved to Tucson.

[2] *Tardeadas.*

The reason for having come through the two pueblos mentioned is that by way of them the journey to the Gila River is easier than by going higher up and crossing the Papaguería. Although that route would save twenty-five or thirty leagues, because it had not rained there we were forced to make the longer journey which we have indicated by way of El Tuczon.—4. From Tubac to El Tuyson, 18 leagues.

Friday, October 27.—At one o'clock in the afternoon we raised our train and set forth on the march toward the north-northwest with some turns to the northwest; and having traveled five leagues and as many hours over good terrain with reasonably good pasturage, halt was made for the night in the neighborhood of a small range which the Pimas call Tututac.[1] At the time when we set forth this afternoon two muleteers deserted us, and I entrusted their apprehension to the justices of Tuczon, who came to bid me goodbye. At eight o'clock at night

[1] The day's march was on the west side of the river. Both Font and Anza give the distance as five leagues. Font calls this camp Puerto del Azotado. It was two miles or more southeast of Rillito, and just west of Weaver Well. Font tells us that it was in a plain, in view of a low, rough range called La Frente Negra, and in front of a pass through which they went next day. The pass was the gap through the north end of Tucson Mountains, whose very northern extremity is washed by the river in wet seasons, which explains why they went through the gap. The mountains are very dark colored here. La Frente Negra was the figure visible here resembling a human face or profile, formed by the northernmost peak of the range. Font remarks that the mountains on the right (the Santa Catalinas) end before reaching the Puerto del Azotado. I went through this puerto in May, 1929, accompanied by Mr. Clayton Lockett.

six Pimas of the last pueblo came to camp and brought one of the fugitives. I immediately had him given a beating, and for this reason the soldiers called the place where we camped for the night the plain of El Azotado.[1]—5. From Tubac to Tututac or Llano del Azotado, 23 leagues.

Saturday, October 28.—Having celebrated the holy sacrifice of the Mass we raised our camp and set forth on the march, continuing over good terrain toward the west-northwest for three leagues, when we came to some ponds of water by which the people, saddle animals, and cattle were refreshed. After this we continued our march, going to the northwest in order to reach some ponds more abundant in pasturage than the foregoing. This place the Pimas call Oit Par, which in our language means Old Town, because it was the old town of the natives here.[2] It was almost completely destroyed by the common enemy, the Apaches, because their habitations are so nearby that in less than fifteen leagues from this place to the northeast and east in preceding years I have several times attacked and made captures in their villages. In this place without the

[1] The one who got a beating.

[2] Camp was evidently near the E. Aguirre House, nearly west of Naviska. In wet seasons pools form in the flats here. I explored the ground on May 16, 1929. Anza does not give the full distance for the day's march and does not include it in his total. Font gives the distance as six leagues. He calls the camp Lagunas de Oytaparts, and says that half a league beyond it are the ruins (thirty jacales) of the abandoned Pápago village of Cuitoa. The great plain off to the right was Apache country, where Anza had made more than one raid. Just west of camp loomed Sawtooth Mountain.

greatest difficulty wheel wells[1] could be made to provide an abundance of water, as the land itself manifests by the growth of various trees, shrubs, and pasturage which could not be maintained unless there were moisture nearby.

Sunday, October 29.—At six o'clock in the morning I sent four Pimas whom I brought from the pueblo of El Tuczon to give notice to the pueblos, also of Pimas, who live on the Gila River, that we would very soon arrive there, in order that our coming might not cause any disturbance. At eight o'clock this morning the same number of people from El Tuczon and the pueblo of San Xavier del Bac came to our camp and delivered to me one of the runaway muleteers mentioned hereinbefore. We gave him suitable punishment and paid the Indians for bringing him, charging it to the culprit.

At nine o'clock on the same morning, after having celebrated the holy sacrifice of the Mass, all the members of the expedition attending, I issued a proclamation making known the penalties imposed by the Ordinance on any one who should violate women, especially heathen, or steal their goods. Under the same penalties I forbade anyone to raise arms against the heathen in the country through which we pass, except in a case of necessity for the defense of life, or at my orders, and likewise against any one who should spread any report which might withdraw these heathen from the true religion

[1] Norias.

and the dominion of his Majesty. For this purpose and in order that such important aims may be achieved, I likewise urged them to accord these people good treatment, and exhorted them to set the example which we ought to show them by our customs, and by our attendance upon all the acts of devotion which may offer themselves in our expedition.

In continuation of our journey, having raised our train, we set forth at half past twelve today, traveling through a spacious valley, toward the northwest in the main, for although there were some turns to the north-northwest they were of small consequence; and having traveled four hours and a half, going five leagues, a halt was made for the night in this same valley at the place where the pasturage ends, at a site known as the flat of El Aquituni.[1]—6. From Tubac to the vicinity of Aquituni, 28 leagues.

Monday, October 30.—At half past seven we set forth along the same valley, which from here forward is entirely without pasturage, and traveled through it for about two leagues to the west-northwest to go around a thicket. Turning afterward to the northwest for five leagues and then three more to the north, we arrived at the Gila River at a site with abundant pasturage and water which by its inhabitants is called Comari, where we halted to

[1] Font tells us that camp was a little beyond a picacho "which the Indians call Tacca." This was Picacho Peak. Camp was nearly west of Wymola station and nearly south of Picacho station.

pass the night.[1] From what has already been said one can see how difficult this journey must have been, but it was necessary to make it, for lack of water, any of which is found only by rare accident. Nevertheless, no dissatisfaction whatever has been shown by the people who have made the march, and this is a thing to marvel at, especially in the women and children, and their patience under the hardships is an indication of the contentment with which they are accepting their lot.

At one o'clock today, about four leagues before arriving at the place named, I was met by the governors and justices of the heathen pueblos, most of them Pimas,[2] who live on this river. They manifested the greatest satisfaction at our visit and our passage through this region. I reciprocated in the same spirit and it was a pleasure to all members of the expedition to see these people so attached to us, for those who were not acquainted with them did not imagine they would be so docile and attentive. These heathen told me that when a large number of them were hunting the day before, they encountered a band of Apaches who were coming at once, bent on their accustomed robberies, but having had

[1] From Aquituni to Comari it was about thirty miles (Anza says ten leagues and Font twelve). As they marched, they were guided by Sacaton Peak, passing to the right of it. The laguna where they camped was evidently Blackwater Slough, some eight miles west-northwest of Casa Grande ruins. Both Font and Anza give the distance from camp to the ruins as three leagues. I was at both places in May, 1929.

[2] Font tells us that among them were the governors of Cuitoa and Aquituni, Pápago villages then living on the Gila River.

the good fortune to surprise them they were able to kill two and to cause the rest to flee and retire to their own country.—7. From Tubac to El Comari on the Gila River, 38 leagues.

Tuesday, October 31.—Because of the last march this day was devoted to rest for everyone. About three leagues from here there is an edifice of the ancient Indians, and I decided to go to see it for the purpose of making an observation of its latitude, as a notable site because of this circumstance. And so, at eleven o'clock today we reached the edifice, and having taken all its measurements according to the rules which we knew, they are set forth at the end of this diary, together with a description of the ruin.[1]

Having done this we noted that other edifices followed, all of which showed that they lived close together and covered an area nearly two leagues long and almost a quarter of a league wide. All were built a league or a little less from the river, the stream being conducted through the middle of them by means of several ditches which ordinarily are five and a half yards wide, and are plainly seen in all the places where we have traveled today. The inhabitants of this river have only a remote and confused tradition that these ruined edifices belonged to their ancient sovereigns.[2]

[1] See page 197.

[2] Font gives a much more detailed description of Casa Grande than Anza.

In all the region which I have seen today we have observed the same lack of pasturage noted on this river, for from the time when I set out from the place where I now am till I reached the edifices mentioned, no pasturage whatever was seen in all the valley, and I found the same to be true for many leagues in circumference and even further, as I have said hereinbefore.[1]

[1] Father Kino left us our earliest account of the Casa Grande. He writes: "In November, 1694, I went inland with my servants and some justices of this Pimería, as far as the *casa grande*, as these Pimas call it, which is on the large River of Hila that flows out of Nuevo Mexico and has its source near Acoma. This river and this large house and the neighboring houses are forty-three leagues beyond and to the northwest of the Sobaipuris of San Francisco Xavier del Bac. . . .

"The *casa grande* is a four-story building, as large as a castle and equal to the largest church in these lands of Sonora. It is said that the ancestors of Montezuma deserted and depopulated it, and, beset by the neighboring Apaches, left for the east or Casas Grandes [in Chihuahua], and that from there they turned towards the south and southwest, finally founding the great city and court of Mexico. Close to this *casa grande* there are thirteen smaller houses, somewhat more dilapidated, and the ruins of many others, which make it evident that in ancient times there had been a city here. On this occasion and on later ones I have learned and heard, and at times have seen, that further to the east, north, and west there are seven or eight more of these large old houses and the ruins of whole cities, with many broken *metates* and jars, charcoal, etc. These certainly must be the Seven Cities mentioned by the holy man, Fray Marcos de Niza, who in his long pilgrimage came clear to the Bacapa ranchería of these coasts, which is about sixty leagues southwest from this *casa grande*, and about twenty leagues from the Sea of California. The guides or interpreters must have given his Reverence the information which he has in his book concerning these Seven Cities, although certainly at that time, and for a long while before, they must have been deserted." (Bolton, Herbert E., *Kino's Historical Memoir of Pimería Alta*, I, 127–129).

Photo by Bolton

La Frente Negra.

Mission San Xavier del Bac.

Photo by Russell

Pima house and storage shed.

Photo by Russell

Sacaton, in the heart of Pima Land.

DOWN THE GILA

Wednesday, November 1.—Having heard the holy sacrifice of the Mass, and prepared our train for the march, we set forth at a quarter to ten today. Going generally west-northwest, and following the meadows of the river until we had traveled four leagues in as many hours, we arrived at the first pueblo of the Pimas, commonly called by them Juturitucam,[1] whose numbers, compactness, and other circumstances I noted in my former diary, and since there has been no change whatever I omit them now.

The affability and friendly treatment which I experienced from these people in my last expedition I have found repeated on this occasion. They all had the good manners to come to salute me and to prepare a bower or arcade of five naves[2] in which

[1] Font calls this place Uturituc. The name (pronounced Hu-tchuritchúk) is still preserved in the vicinity, and means "an open place, without trees." Uturituc was eighteen or twenty miles west-northwest of Casa Grande ruin, and some distance west-northwest of Sacaton. Anza in 1774 and Font and Garcés in 1775 place it approximately one-third of the way from Casa Blanca to Casa Grande, two fixed points. Sweetwater, one of the present-day Pima towns, is west of the location of Uturituc in 1775. Blackwater and Sacaton are relatively modern places, occupied since freedom from Apaches has made it possible for the Pimas to live dispersed. Garcés tells us of these people: "They possess flocks like those of Moqui, or much the same. . . . They have poultry and horses, some of which they bartered with the soldiers for red baize" (Diary, in Elliott Coues, *On the Trail of a Spanish Pioneer*, I, 104).

[2] Divisions or sections.

to lodge us, and where they voluntarily supplied us with an abundance of water, wood, and some provisions of the kinds which they use. This good treatment I reciprocated with an abundance of glass beads and tobacco, distributing them amongst all those who assembled, who were more than a thousand. In this pueblo there is a good piece of pasturage, a circumstance to be appreciated because of the usual lack of it.

Here I have learned that the tribes between this place and the Colorado, allied with these natives, have remained friendly ever since I exhorted them to peace with each other. To me this has been a matter of satisfaction, because of the advantages to them as well as of the effect produced by the name of the king, in whose name I made the exhortation. For this reason, and in order that they might make known their joy at our passage through their country, the Pimas soon after I arrived at the pueblo asked my permission to celebrate it with their accustomed dances and songs, and with this molestation, for such in reality it is for us, we spent the rest of the day and night with them.—8. From the presidio of Tubac to the pueblo of Juturitucan on the Gila River, 42 leagues.

Thursday, November 2.—Because a number of saddle animals were missing this morning it was not possible to start until after recovering them, which was at half past eleven. At this hour we set forth on the road down the river, going generally to the

west-northwest, with some small turns to the west to avoid some thick brush, and having passed through two large villages of Pimas belonging to the pueblo toward which we are going, we arrived there, after two leagues of travel, at half past two in the afternoon.[1] Here we halted to pass the night since it was not possible to go forward as we had planned, both because of having lost the saddle animals mentioned and because there is no pasturage until we reach the place to which we are going tomorrow.

In my former diary I noted the vast fields which were cultivated in these pueblos of the Pimas. At present they are not planted as they ought to be because the river is so short of water that in some places it is dried up, but according to what the Indians tell me the drought will last only till the middle of this month, when they will commence their planting. The same affection and the same demonstrations which they showed us at the pueblo of Juturitucan we experienced in this one of Sutaqui-

[1] Sutaquison was at Vah Ki. This location is fixed by Anza's 1774 diary, entry for May 22, where he says: "Here there is seen very clearly, from the foundations and even parts of the walls, a palace of the people who formed the nation which, it is believed, went to establish their empire in the city of Mexico." This palace was the Vah Ki (Old House) or Casa Blanca (White House) at Vah Ki, about twenty-five miles, air line, from Casa Grande ruin. Font and Garcés give the distance from Uturituc to Sutaquison as four leagues, or four-elevenths of the distance from Casa Grande ruin to Sutaquison. Overlooking the statement in Anza's first diary, Coues says, "I do not think Sutaquison can be exactly located now." But in this he was mistaken. (Elliott Coues, *On the Trail of a Spanish Pioneer*, I, 107).

zon, where, as in the other pueblo, gifts of tobacco and glass beads were made to about eight hundred persons.—9. From Tubac to Sutaquizon, 44 leagues.

Friday, November 3.—In view of the report and exploration made of some lakes with good pasturage which are two leagues from this pueblo, I decided to go to them today in order to set out tomorrow in the afternoon for the pueblo of Upasoitac, distant at least thirteen leagues without water. I did this in order to make the journey far away from the river, because this stream makes a turn to the north of more than eight leagues and then turns south and southwest, and because it is not convenient for all the train of the expedition to make such long journeys except in case of great necessity. In consideration of everything we raised our camp and set forth on the march at a quarter to ten, and having traveled more than two hours and about two leagues to the west-northwest, we halted at the lakes mentioned, accompanied by some Pimas who wished to follow us that far. In the course of the march which we made today a heavy rain fell and greatly molested the women, for in addition to its natural uselessness it is to be added that there was no precedent for expecting such a rain to fall, and for this reason it caught them entirely unprepared.[1]—10. From Tubac to Las Lagunas, 46 leagues.

[1] Las Lagunas were evidently rainy season pools northeast of Pima Butte. Anza traveled only two and a quarter hours. All three diaries give the distance as two leagues, or from five to eight miles. Coues surmised that Las Lagunas were Maricopa Wells, but these are some fourteen miles from Vah Ki. Seven miles northwest

Saturday, November 4.—This morning, at the time when I gave orders to begin to raise our train with a view to setting forth, a soldier reported that his wife was gravely ill and unable to travel. On investigation I found this to be true and that the patient was deprived of her natural courses, and I therefore decided to remain here today for the purpose of aiding her with such medicines as were available.

Sunday, November 5.—All day the patient was without notable relief so we remained in this place. At night a woman was taken with violent child-bearing pains from which it was thought she would die, but by giving her some medicines we succeeded in affording her some relief.

Monday, November 6.—Since the two sick women mentioned were not in condition to travel it was necessary to suspend the march all day.

Tuesday, November 7.—More through necessity than because the sick women were any better, I decided to leave this place, for from either the water or the location, in the two days during which we

from Vah Ki, near St. Francis Mission church and school, and about a mile and a half northeast of Sacate station (two miles northeast of Pima Butte) there is an alkali flat where lakes form in wet seasons. Here, I think, were Las Lagunas. Lagunas and pozos are not by any means the same, as Coues seemed to think. At Laguna del Hospital they made almost a right-angled turn, from northwest to southwest. Father Font tells of a little drinking and carousing here, and complains of Anza for furnishing the aguardiente. While in camp here on November 6 Father Font made a map of Casa Grande. I was at Sacaton on May 16 and May 17, and at Vah Ki, St. Francis Mission, and Sacate station on May 17, 1929.

have been detained at these lakes the saddle animals have become sick because of the saltiness of the lakes, although it is not known how they got to them. The same thing would have happened to the people if we had not taken the precaution to go to get water from the Gila River three leagues away. It is unfortunate that these lakes have such bad water for they have an abundance of good pasturage, although the trouble mentioned is not noticed until after having been a day at the lakes. In this way, therefore, one succeeds in shortening the next journey by two leagues.

To accomplish this we set forth on the march a little before one o'clock, going two leagues southwest to double the sierra[1] which runs to the northwest and north, where it goes to cause a bend in the river. Having covered this distance and traveled five more leagues to the west-southwest and west, we halted after seven o'clock at night at a place where some pasturage was found in the neighborhood of the Pass of the Cocomaricopas. In the afternoon and all night the sufferings of the sick women continued, and because of these mishaps which occurred at the lakes we called them the Lakes of the Hospital. On the march indicated we sustained

[1] Sierra Estrella. The march was southwest to the railroad pass near Enid, thence west to a dry arroyo, clearly Watermelon Wash. Anza says the camp was only two leagues before reaching the pass of the Cocomaricopas (Puerto de los Cocomaricopas). The old road (the Jornada de las Estrellas) ran north of the railroad, and crossed the Maricopa Mountains four or five miles north of the railroad pass at Estrella. Evidently this was Anza's route.

the loss of two saddle animals, one of them having died of colic.—11. From Tubac to the Puerto de los Cocomaricopas, 53 leagues.

Wednesday, November 8.—In continuation of our divided march we raised our train at eight o'clock in the morning, and having traveled to the west-southwest about two leagues we began to go through the pass. It lasted for about a league, after which we came out to better country, through which we traveled to the west and west-southwest four leagues more, until we reached the site of Opasoitac,[1] where we arrived at four o'clock in the afternoon, although the pack train, the cattle, and the extra saddle animals did not arrive until vespers, on account of the illness mentioned.

In my former diary I gave a description of the tribe of the Opas and Cocomaricopas, who occupy the country from here to the neighborhood of the Yumas. For this reason I now refrain from writing at length concerning the matter, and will only add, as a subsequent event, that I have found these people more closely united in their villages now than last year and living in a level and open country with larger fields, depending on the rainfall. These changes have resulted from the peace and harmony which they now enjoy with the Yumas and other

[1] San Simón y Judas de Opasoitac was at the bend of the Gila, evidently near where the Upper Indian Village is now located. It may have been a little northeast of that point. Font says this was a village of Opas, but Opas and Cocomaricopas seem to have been nearly identical. The Indians now at Gila Bend are Pápagos. In some places Anza's copyist wrote Opasoitar for Opasoitac.

tribes with whom they were formerly at war, and with whom I ordered them to maintain friendship in the future. And this peace has made such good progress among all these docile heathen that these here have signified to me with the greatest jubilation that they have intermarried in all directions and all are enjoying the fruits of peace, for which they have given me repeated thanks. With respect to the thanks, I have given them to understand that they owe this benefit to the king, who is dispatching his soldiers through these parts solely with this purpose, and with greater blessings in view, the spiritual ones, which the reverend fathers will explain to them.—12. From Tubac to Opasoitac, 60 leagues.

Thursday, November 9.—Having found in this place of Opasoitac fairly good maize stubble with grass among it, I decided to remain here today in order to permit the recuperation of our cattle, which arrived last night at nine o'clock completely worn-out, and one of which died. Notwithstanding this, yesterday, when we arrived, as a result of the notice which I had sent ahead to the inhabitants of these districts, many were already assembled, and today many more have come. For this reason I held the foregoing conversation with the Indians, and the Reverend Father Fray Francisco Garcés gave the appropriate talk concerning matters pertaining to the faith.[1] After this the accustomed presents of

[1] Garcés writes in his diary: "Having shown them the Virgin and the lost soul [pictures on opposite sides of a banner which he carried] I preached through an interpreter, because their language

glass beads were given to about five hundred persons who were assembled to receive them. The wife of a soldier having had the misfortune of a miscarriage, the child dying, she has been very ill as a result.

Friday, November 10.—The last-mentioned patient was not in a condition to travel today, for she woke up in the morning with her whole body swollen, so I deferred the continuation of our march, which is likewise impeded by four other patients, all dangerously ill, not including the father chaplain Fray Pedro Font, who by force of his spirit and zeal has come battling with great ills all the way from San Miguel de Horcacitas to here, and as a result of which he has recently suffered and is still suffering painful intermittent fevers.

Saturday, November 11.—The patients being somewhat relieved of their ills, a little before ten o'clock we moved our train and set forth on the march down the river, traveling to the west-southwest about a league and a half. Because it threatened to rain and soon did rain, camp was made for the rest of the day to protect the sufferers from it, which was accomplished more easily here than in any other place because in this one there were some good Indian arbors or bowers, which, together with the tents, served very well. This place was named

is not Pima but Yuma. I asked them if they wished with all their heart to be Christians and to admit the padres in their land, and they replied very cheerfully, 'Yes.'" (Garcés, *Diary,* in Elliott Coues, *On the Trail of a Spanish Pioneer,* I, 116).

the Rancherías de San Martín.[1] Although there was no pasturage here, advantage was taken of some stubble of maize or wheat sown by the heathen inhabitants of the place. The rain continued all day and with greater force all the following night. From these villages forward, and even since leaving that of Opasoitac, we are free of the Apaches, which pirates, according to the report which the Pimas have always given me, are the last ones bordering on this region. They extend to the river of La Assumpción,[2] a stream which empties into this one about half way between the pueblos of Zutaquizon and Opasoitac and is thickly inhabited by these enemies. —13. From Tubac to San Martín, 61½ leagues.

Sunday, November 12.—At half past nine we raised our camp, now being free from the rain, which stopped at daylight. Continuing down the bottom lands of the river to the west-southwest, we traveled four leagues in the same number of hours, until we came to the foot of some hills near the river, on whose bank there is a good field of stubble, where camp was made for the night. This place was called San Diego.[3] In the course of the journey which

[1] San Martín was some five miles below Opasoitac. Anza gives the distance as one and a half leagues west-southwest, and Font as two short leagues west. From this I conclude that both of these villages were on the west flowing stretch of the river before it turns sharply northwest. In May, 1929, I followed the Gila from the Casa Grande to Yuma, checking Anza's camps.

[2] Salt River.

[3] Camp was made just east of Painted Rock Mountains, so-called from a spotted, black and white (pinto) peak. Font gives the march as five leagues west by north, and says there were some Indian ranchos where camp was made.

I made last year from here to the pueblo of Opasoitac I said that it was well settled with heathen who had good fields, but now it is even more populous through many advantages resulting from the peace which they enjoy. This harmony has caused many people to come out from those groves or forests where they were in hiding to protect themselves from the attacks of their enemies, and as a result all the way to here we have come through continuous villages and signs of cultivation.—14. From Tubac to San Diego, 65½ leagues.

Monday, November 13.—At a quarter past eight we set forth on the march, leaving the river to the right because it now turns toward the north. We went southwest for a league which was occupied by some small hills;[1] this distance passed we went down to a valley, and from it, after turning to the west and also the west-southwest, and traveling three more leagues, we came to the river at the place called La Rinconada, where there is pasturage, and where a halt was made for the night. A quarter of a league before reaching this place, without any difficulty we crossed the Gila River, which had only five or six palms of water where it was the deepest.[2] —15. From Tubac to La Rinconada, 69½ leagues.

[1] Painted Rock Mountains. The old stage line followed the same trail.

[2] La Rinconada, called Aritoac by Font, was north of the Gila and just west of Painted Rock range. The crossing of the river was near Oatman's Flat, where the Oatman massacre occurred in 1851. (See Bancroft, *Arizona and New Mexico*, 484–486). Anza's La Rinconada is now spelled Rincón. It is where the mountains come close to the river, forming an angle or rincón.

Tuesday, November 14.—At half past nine we raised our train and set forth on the march toward the southwest, immediately climbing a stony mesa which extends for about a league. Then we descended to the river, going with slight turns in the same direction and to the west. After this we traveled three more leagues, until half past one, when we came to Agua Caliente, where camp was made for the night.[1]—16. From Tubac to Agua Caliente, 73½ leagues.

Wednesday, November 15.—Today was devoted to rest for everybody, because this place abounds in pasturage and affords facilities for the families to wash, of which they have great need. Last year the place was deserted on account of the war which its inhabitants were waging with the Yumas. But things are now so different that more than two hun-

[1] The place still bears the name of Agua Caliente (Hot Spring). Camp according to Font was about two leagues from the river. The river bottom is four miles wide here, and the hot springs are nearly two miles from the main river channel. Font calls this place or district San Bernardino del Agua Caliente, but Anza gives the name San Bernardino to a camp lower down. Agua Caliente is due north of Burke's Station on the old road along the south side of the river.

Garcés makes this entry for November 14: "Having traveled 4 leagues west-southwest we arrived at the Agua Caliente. . . . There came about 200 souls to visit us. I showed them the pictures, and preached to them, and to the proposition whether they wished to be baptized and have padres in their land, they answered, 'Yes.' I proposed to the old men that they join our party, in order that the señor comandante might make in the name of the king a governor and an alcalde; to which responded one old man very seriously: 'Behold, the justice is to punish the bad; but none of us being bad, for what is the justice? Already have ye seen, Españoles, that we steal not, neither do we quarrel, and though we be with a woman we take no liberty of doing anything wrong.' I do not believe all that

dred persons have assembled, and they informed me that they desired to have a chief to govern them like the Yumas, and like their old friends, the Pimas. Being pleased with the request, and they having nominated to me two persons, I appointed one as governor and the other as alcalde.[1] Beforehand they pledged their word to recognize the king as their lord and to obey all orders that might be given to them in his name by the royal ministers. The same was done on three different occasions by all the persons present at the act, and they agreed that it was the duty of these officers to rule them, all the way from La Rinconada to San Bernardino, from the extremes and the center of which district there were people who promised to recognize them as their rulers. Before installing them in their offices I instructed them in their principal duties. This so

of their goodness, yet it is certain that this Opa nation is not less serious than the Pima. Having been asked what information they possessed of their ancestors, they told me about the same things as the Gileños said to the señor comandante, and Padre Font put in his diary, concerning the deluge and creation; and added, that their origin was from near the sea in which an old woman created their progenitors; that this old woman is still somewhere, and that she it is who sends the corals that come out of the sea; that when they die their ghost goes to live toward the western sea; that some, after they die, live like owls; and finally they said that they themselves do not understand such things well, and that those who know it all are those who live in the sierra over there beyond the Rio Colorado. The señor comandante made a governor and alcalde, who behaved very haughtily, saying that now their names would reach the king; this, perhaps, may cause some jealousy on the part of the Captain Palma.'' (Garcés, *Diary*, in Elliott Coues, *On the Trail of a Spanish Pioneer*, I, 118–123.)

[1] The governor was named Carlos and the alcalde was called Francisco (Font).

frightened the governor that for more than an hour he did not cease to tremble so hard that he appeared to be shivering from the severest chill. These things having been done, glass beads and tobacco were distributed amongst them, by means of which this election was made more pleasing.

Thursday, November 16.—Having raised our train, at half past nine we set forth, continuing down the river toward the southwest with some turns to the west. In this direction we traveled six and a half hours and covered seven leagues, at the end of which a halt was made for the night at a place with little pasturage, in the neighborhood of San Bernardino.[1] The reason why the journey today was so long was that the soldiers whom at the beginning of the march I sent to look for a place with plenty of pasturage made a mistake, on account of the many roads which there are now in the bottom lands, because now its inhabitants live in the open. —17. From Tubac to the neighborhood of San Bernardino, 80½ leagues.

Before I began the march four soldiers set out with a Yuma interpreter for the purpose of reporting our arrival in the near future to Salvador Palma, the captain of this tribe, and in order that, having done this, they might go to explore the watering places and the transit from the Colorado

[1] Camp was some distance below Palomas, near Nottbusch's Well. Anza gives the day's march as seven leagues and Font as nine. Font, being with the lost guides, camped a league below the main camp, but his estimate of distances was for the main camp.

River[1] to the Ciénega de San Sebastián, or to seek another road which may be more favorable to us than those known up to now, for to find such a one as this and learn whether the old ones have water, is what now most occupies my attention, in order that we may make our march to more fertile lands or lands better suited for making our roads through them.

A little above this place is San Bernardino,[2] last of the habitations of the Opas or Cocomaricopas, who are one and the same. In my former diary I gave their number according to the reports which they themselves and the Yumas gave me, but it occurs to me now to note that they are not so numerous as I indicated there. For, most of this tribe having come before me with the intention of not living hidden now, because of the peace which they enjoy, as well as to receive the presents which are given them in the name of his Majesty, for which purpose I have convoked them, there have assembled on the way from San Simón y Judas y de Opasoitac to here scarcely fifteen hundred persons, whereas all the country from here as far as the Yumas is unpopulated.

[1] These scouts passed Font and Eixarch and camped below them (Font).

[2] San Bernardino was near Palomas, probably above. Font says it was four leagues from Agua Caliente, and consisted of an island, when the river rose, on which there were some rancherías. Anza says the next camp was near San Bernardino, from which one would infer that it was closer than Font indicates.

Friday, November 17.—At half past ten in the morning we continued our way toward the southwest. Following along the river, and traveling until a little after twelve o'clock, we covered a league and a half, and then, because the previous journey was extraordinary, we halted in a place with some pasturage, to which we gave the name of El Pescadero.[1] —18. From Tubac to El Pescadero, 82 leagues.

Saturday, November 18.—At half past nine we raised our camp and went southwest for a league and a half, when we recrossed the Gila successfully. After this we continued west-southwest for another league and a half, until at one o'clock we came to the site of San Pasqual,[2] where pasturage was found and a halt was made to camp for the night. Here I was overtaken by the governor and the alcalde of the Opas elected three days before, with ten other men and four women, who are going voluntarily to the Yumas so that in my presence they may ratify the peace which, because of my former admonitions, the two tribes have agreed upon. Of this peace both tribes have given good proofs. Nevertheless,

[1] El Pescadero was near Farras Ranch, or perhaps lower down, near Texas Hill. Font says that they moved camp because at the last one there was no grass. Both reasons probably counted. He gives the distance as two leagues. El Pescadero means the fishing place.

[2] San Pasqual was at the foot of Cerro de San Pasqual (Mohawk Peak) about opposite Norton, which is on the Yuma-Phoenix road. The saddle animals were taken across the river to pasture while in camp here (Font). Font tells us that the Opas and Cocomaricopas extended down the Gila from Gila Bend to this point, and comprised three thousand souls. He suggested for them two missions, at Upasoitac and Agua Caliente.

Photo by Russell

Pima women.

Cocomaricopa women,

Photo by Lumholtz

Drinking from a desert pozo.

Photo by Bolton

The Colorado River at Yuma Junction.

these officials say that they will not be entirely satisfied if I am not present at the ceremony with Captain Palma and when they smoke and dance with the tribe under his command. Therefore I sent couriers to the Opas whom we left behind, and to other tribes, their allies, who have made certain and perpetual peace, promising them to enforce it together with everything conducive to their welfare.—19. From Tubac to San Pasqual, 85 leagues.

Sunday, November 19.—At two o'clock in the morning a soldier reported that his wife, Dolores, had been taken with violent parturition pains. I got up immediately to arrange that she be given assistance, wherewith she successfully gave birth to a boy, for which reason I suspended the march for today. At a suitable hour the child was baptized.

Monday, November 20.—The mother not being in a fit condition to travel, it was necessary to remain here today.

Tuesday, November 21.—The patient being taken with severe pains and other troubles following upon the childbirth, it was not possible to march today. In the days just past, especially yesterday and today, the cold has been so severe that as a result of it and of the ice, six of our saddle animals have died during the last four days. In the course of the carrying[1] which it has been necessary to make at this place there has been found in an estuary of the river a great quantity of salt that is both white and

[1] *Tragino.*

hard, from which the necessary supply has been obtained.

Wednesday, November 22.—At half past eleven we set forth on the march, continuing west-southwest along the bottom lands of the Gila by a road that was sandy in part, for in the stretch from this place to the junction with the Colorado begin the little sand hills which we commonly call médanos. They very badly crippled the riding animals because of their natural difficulty, as we experienced today, and now especially with the horned cattle. But having accomplished the passage and covered five leagues in as many hours, we halted for the night at the foot of a lone hill which we called Santa Cicilia, where the first pasturage was found.[1]—20. From Tubac to Santa Cicilia, 88 leagues.

Thursday, November 23.—Having loaded the packs, and even begun the march, the men who were driving the cattle reported that many beeves were lacking and had gone into the brush along the river, from which they could not extract them. On hearing this news, which required some delay and caused some trouble, I went back with men and also ordered those who were already on the way to return, since

[1] Anza gives the distance as five and Font as six leagues. Anza's totals are incorrect here (88 instead of 90). The Cerro de Santa Cecilia was Antelope Hill. Near this place is Antelope Bridge, where the road crosses the river. Baker Peaks are a few miles south. Font tells us that the Indians called the hill Cerrito del Metate, which, in fact, it resembles in shape. He mentions a ridge of sand hills on the left all the way from San Pasqual. The ridge is still there, and extends west nearly to Wellton.

as a result of the occurrence there was not time enough now to get to the camp site, which it was necessary to reach in the daytime, for otherwise we should expose ourselves to still greater delays. The work of extracting the cattle from the brush was completed at the end of the afternoon, after imponderable labor, because the animals obstinately refused to travel and in order to escape it refused to come out of their hiding places, where they became so enraged that they attacked as if they were wild cattle. At nightfall a woman who is near parturition was taken with pains which continued the whole night long.

Friday, November 24.—Because this woman was suffering with most severe pains it was necessary to suspend the march today. Later in the day it was seen that the pains were not those most appropriate for the complete result, and for this reason measures were taken to prevent the miscarriage with which she was threatened, by means of such medicines as it was possible to give her, and as a result she improved during the night.

Saturday, November 25.—At half past nine we moved our train and set forth on the march to the west-southwest. In this direction we traveled four leagues in as many hours, along the bottom lands of the river, over ground that was as soft as it was full of thick brush, and as a result of which one of our horses died. At half past one we halted in order to pass the night at a place where pasturage was

found and which we called Laguna Salada.[1] Shortly after twelve o'clock I was met by a messenger from Palma, captain of the Yumas, who was sent to welcome me and to tell me that for four days he had been awaiting me about eight leagues this side of his house, but since I did not come he had returned to assemble provisions and prepare lodgings for me there, and to ask if I would please inform him just when I should arrive, in order that he might return to meet me, as he desired to see me and all my people. —21. From Tubac to Laguna Salada, 92 leagues.

Sunday, November 26.—At ten o'clock we began our march, continuing along the same bottom lands and over the same kind of country, going west-northwest with some turns to the west. In this direction we traveled until nearly two o'clock, covering about four leagues, at the end of which we halted for the night at a place with some pasturage near some hills called Cerros del Cajón.—22. From Tubac to the Cerros del Cajón,[2] 96 leagues.

Monday, November 27.—At half past nine we continued our march, skirting some hills on the left and going toward the west with some turns to the west-northwest, until, at the end of three leagues,

[1] Anza says four leagues and Font five. Camp was west of Wellton, in the vicinity of Reynolds Well. Font calls the lake the Laguna Salobre, and says it was an overflow of the river and about a league from it.

[2] Font gives the direction as four leagues northwest, in sight of the river, paralleling the Gila Range. Camp was east of Dome near the west turn of the river. The Cerros del Cajón (the Hills of the Canyon) were some isolated peaks near the river at that point. By a slip Anza's copyist here writes Texón for Cajón.

and having traveled a little more than three hours, we came to the end of the hills which we were skirting, when I was obliged to halt for the night at a place called Los Cerritos, because there was pasturage here, which is lacking all the way to the junction of the rivers, a stretch which is difficult to cover because the ground is of pure sand.[1]—23. From Tubac to Los Cerritos, 99 leagues.

[1] Camp was near the west end of the pass through Gila Range. Font gives the distance as two leagues west-northwest, and says they camped "in a pass through which the Gila River runs." Anza says they were at the "end of the hills" they were skirting. Los Cerritos are some small peaks.

At three o'clock in the afternoon Salvador Palma, captain of the Yumas, arrived at our camp with a following of more than thirty of his people, all unarmed. As soon as he saw me he began to embrace me and to give me the most emphatic signs of joy and satisfaction at my arrival, which he told me was shared by all his tribe and all those along the river who know me.

This heathen captain had the courtesy to ask me about the health of his Majesty and of his Excellency the Viceroy, telling me that I was fortunate for having seen them, as they told him when he was at the presidio of San Miguel, and favored by having heard them speak;[1] and that in order to hear them he would gladly take off his ears and put on some Spanish ears so that he might understand what they would say. He begged me to tell him whether the Spaniards and fathers were now coming whom he had requested the governor to send to his country, since for a long time he had desired it, and in order to make himself deserving of it he had strictly fulfilled all the commands which I had given him, and

[1] Palma here alludes to Anza's recent visit to Mexico City, where he had seen Viceroy Bucareli. Of course he had not seen the king there.

especially that of refraining from war with any tribe. From this he excepted the tribe of the mountain range to the west, because he had heard that these people had gone to our new establishments of Alta California to steal the horses and that they had killed one of our men.[1] But with the rest he had maintained peace, and now had formed alliances with all, and restrained them from making war with various other tribes. In this, because of his warlike disposition, he had made no little sacrifice, as a gift to God and the king who had commanded him. And finally, all that he had done and was doing with the tribes, and all that he hoped to do, was in order that all these things might be perpetuated, and that the Spaniards and missionaries might settle here. To this end he offered all his lands in the name of his tribe, since all would be pleased if we should come for these purposes, and especially to Christianize them, for they wished to embrace all the laws of our religion, of which they had some information, and he especially, because he had dealt with our own people in their settlements; and with this understanding I must remain in his country with all of my expedition and report to the king about it.

To this I answered that I could not grant what he asked, but I assured him that just as his Majesty and his Excellency the Viceroy were sending me with these troops and families to another place to establish the true religion, because this had been

[1] He alluded to the murder of Father Jaume at San Diego.

promised to its natives previously, just so he and all his people would obtain the same favor in due time. He accepted my reply, but added that if by the time of my return our establishment in his country had not been effected, he would go with me to request it of his Excellency the Viceroy. To this I responded that I would very gladly conduct him to Mexico on condition that it should be with the approval of all his tribe, and that with this in view he must consult with them, and also bear in mind the great distance which he would have to travel.

In view of all the foregoing and of my experience with this captain and his tribe since my first visit, I have no doubt that they will embrace our faith and our customs with all complacency. Indeed, I have superabundant evidence that they are attached to both one and the other. One of many proofs is that now when they show us their wives they boast that they have only one. Another is that they still know how to say "Ave María," and repeat other words belonging to our prayers, which they ask us to teach them. More than this, we have found them now so well covered for modesty's sake that this has surprised us as much as their nakedness surprised us when they came before us on the first occasion. And finally, we note that they preserve the slight touch of good manners which we instilled in them when we passed, and all, generally speaking, urge us that now we shall remain to reside among them. On the night of this day I delivered to this captain the suit of clothes sent to him by his Excellency, which he

prized in the highest degree and showed to his people, who admired it with the same show of enthusiasm as its owner.

With these heathen in so friendly a disposition as they now manifest, I have not had much hesitation in trusting to them the safety and care of the two fathers who by order of his Excellency have come to remain at the junction of the rivers, for Captain Palma has told me that in his tribe and in his house he will be responsible for their safety as well as for the security of anything that I may leave in his care.

Tuesday, November 28.—At half past nine, having moved our train, we set forth on the march to the west-southwest, and at the end of four leagues and as many hours we arrived at the junction of the Gila and Colorado rivers, where, after safely crossing the first stream by a good ford, camp was made for the night.[1]—24. From Tubac to the junction of the Gila and Colorado rivers, 103 leagues.

In this place Captain Palma had provided for our lodging a large house made of branches, in which we were received by his wife and family, and by the family of another captain, his principal subaltern,[2] and by those of several others who came to welcome me one by one, each giving to all of us special demonstrations of joy at our arrival and likewise of

[1] Font gives the distance as five leagues. In all probability they did not follow all the bends of the tortuous river. Anza says camp was at the junction, but Font says it was about a league above. When Anza was here formerly this camp site was an island, but now, in November, it was not an island.

[2] Evidently Pablo, he of the ugly face.

their own liberality. Indeed, they invited all members of the expedition to eat, giving them in abundance beans, calabashes, maize, wheat and other grains which are used by them, and so many watermelons that we estimated that there must have been more than three thousand,[1] of which articles as well as of the other things mentioned we all had more than we could use.

Having learned that the four soldier explorers whom I sent from Agua Caliente had arrived this morning at the other side of the Colorado, I sent them orders to cross over to report to me on the matters I had entrusted to them. In response the commander crossed over and reported that even though for six consecutive days and at the cost of great labor they had looked for watering places and roads in the directions which I had indicated to them, they had not found any watering places or any sign that there were any, for they had found no tracks of either people or animals, but that having examined those which we already knew, they had found them in the same condition as when we made our first expedition.

Wednesday, November 29.—Being told by this soldier as well as by the Yumas that the Colorado River has no ford, it being necessary to swim for a long stretch, at seven o'clock in the morning I mounted a horse to go to explore. Having seen the

[1] This was not the season for harvesting watermelons. They had been preserved by burying them in dry sand. Father Eixarch tells us of this custom.

river I had no doubt that the report was true, so I made arrangements that logs should be brought to make rafts on which to take over safely at least the women and the pack loads. To this the Indians raised the objection that it was not possible because the water was too cold,[1] and that at best it would require a whole day to take over a single raft load, and even then at the risk of its being lost.

Facing this exigency and that of having to remain here many days, I ordered them to proceed with the bringing of logs. Then, going along the banks of the river upstream with a soldier of spirit and with another Yuma, I crossed over to seek a ford, and by virtue of having made soundings with the horses all the rest of the morning, about one o'clock in the afternoon we found one, although it was deep, at a place where the river divides into three branches. Besides the labor of finding the ford in this way and the danger we were in, there is to be added especially the difficulty of having to go back to camp through an impenetrable thicket which we found in our way and which forced us to go on foot.

As soon as I returned to camp I sent to have a road opened. This was accomplished after nightfall, and at that time I gave orders for crossing the river next day, with the precautions which seemed to me necessary. All received the orders with the more pleasure because they did not have to cross on rafts, being frightened by what they had heard the Indians say in regard to the coldness of the water.

[1] Too cold for the Indians to swim across, towing the raft.

Thursday, November 30.—At seven o'clock in the morning we began our march along the bottom lands up the Colorado. Going for about a quarter of a league[1] we unloaded, in order to take over all the provisions and equipage in half loads. This having been done, we began to cross the first branch of the river on the largest and strongest horses, leading by the bridles those on which the women and children were riding; and as a precaution, in case any one should fall, I stationed in front ten men on the downstream side. This branch was crossed in the main at a depth of five and a half palms of water and in the middle six. The second branch was crossed at a depth of four or five palms, and the last, which was the widest, was four palms deep in most places and six and a half at the deepest. In these crossings we had no other mishap than the falling of a man who was carrying a child, but he was rescued immediately. Although this mishap occurred a second time, all the families, the baggage, and most of the provisions got over to this bank of the river, where a halt was made to assemble and

[1] Font says that camp was a league above the junction, the latter being a league above the Puerto de la Concepción. Anza says that the distance from camp to the other side of the Colorado where they forded was a short league. Where they crossed, the river was three or four hundred varas wide in three branches. Three Yumas carried Father Garcés across on their shoulders, two at his head and one at his feet "stretched out face up" as if dead. Font rode across on a horse, led by one Yuma, with another at either side "holding me in order that I might not fall." Father Eixarch had evidently been able to shift for himself, for no comment is made about him.

bring over the rest of the provisions, there not being time to effect this today. The three branches of this river, if they were united, would not be less than two hundred and forty yards wide, which is about its width where it is not divided.

Having formerly and again today asked Father Garcés to tell me where he wished to stay with his companion, in order that I might make arrangements to leave him in the best built lodging, I went in his company, now late in the afternoon, to the house of Captain Palma, distant from here a quarter of a league, where he chose to await my return, and after nightfall we returned to our camp.[1]

Friday, December 1.—At sunrise I returned with our men and tools to the place selected by the fathers

[1] Anza says Palma's house was a fourth of a league from the camp made after crossing the Colorado. Font says that Palma's village and the friars' cabin were about a league downstream west by southwest, from the camp, and that Paso de la Concepción was about a league below Palma's house. Just below Palma's house the fourth branch of the Colorado was passed.

Father Garcés makes this entry in his diary for December 1: "This same evening came four Jalchedun women with one man, saying on behalf of their nation that already was it determined, from the message that we had sent to them, to make peace with the Yumas. Here ensued this night a great joke. Asking the Jalchedun of affairs in his country, he told us that there was in his land a man who had fled from the new Conversions of Californias; that this man had been killed and burned by the nations through which we passed, but that he had managed to come to life again in some mysterious manner; that he carried with him a viper, and finally that he was a great sorcerer, and that he was killing the Jalchedunes; in consequence of which they were in great terror. The señor comandante was somewhat mortified notwithstanding the great patience which he expends upon Indians, worthy to be imitated by all who devote themselves to such enterprises." (Garcés, *Diary*, in Elliott Coues, *On the Trail of a Spanish Pioneer*, I, 154–157.)

in which to remain, where I commenced to build a cabin in order that they might have shelter. At three in the afternoon a report was brought me from camp that two of the invalids, out of ten whom we customarily have had since we set out from Tubac, were in such danger that the sacrament of penance had been administered to them. Thereupon I returned to camp and had them given the few medicines which it was possible to find.

Saturday, December 2.—In the morning the patients were so ill that it was thought that both of them would die before the day was over, and consequently it was not possible to march. For this reason I sent my subaltern to attend to the building of the cabin for the fathers. They returned at the end of the afternoon with a report that it was nearly finished.

Sunday, December 3.—Although during the night the two patients were in the same danger as yesterday, I decided to move camp to a better site to see if it might afford them some relief. For this purpose we set forth on the march a little before eleven o'clock, following the Colorado River, and after traveling half an hour or a little less we halted at the place where Captain Palma lives and where he is doing what is necessary for the fathers who are remaining.[1] Here we halted for the night. The rest of the day was devoted to finishing the cabin already mentioned, and to separating the provisions and

[1] Note that Anza here gives the distance from camp to Palma's house as half an hour's travel.

other things which are being left for the maintenance of the two missionaries mentioned for more than four months. With them are remaining three interpreters and the same number of servants, and we are leaving saddle animals for the use of all of them, under the protection of the Yuma tribe and their Captain Palma, who is remaining in their company. For this reason he is not going with me as far as he went on the last occasion.—25. From Tubac to the habitation of the Yumas on the Colorado River, 103½ leagues.

Monday, December 4.—Having moved our train, at half past nine we set forth on the march down the Colorado River toward the west, from which direction we varied many times, as was required by the impenetrable thickets[1] of various kinds of trees and brush, for the march is made with indescribable difficulty, especially when it is necessary to drive cattle, and all the marches which follow are the same. And so we traveled four and a half leagues in more than five hours, until we reached the villages of San Pablo, a place well peopled with heathen, where a halt was made for the night. It was not possible to bring the horned cattle to this spot because the thickness of the brush prevented our doing so, and for this reason they remained about a league back of the place where we all camped. Last night the cold was so severe that it has increased the number of our sick, who now number eleven, and as another consequence two of our saddle animals have

[1] They are still there.

died.[1]—26. From Tubac to the Cerro de San Pablo on the same river, 108 leagues.

Tuesday, December 5.—Before ten o'clock we continued our march, still following the river, by a road just like the former one, thickly settled with heathen, with changes in direction running through the whole quadrant from west to south, in order to avoid the brush and the branches of the river which prevent the road from being straight. Having covered three leagues in this way, at a quarter to one we arrived at the neighborhood of the Laguna de los Coxas, where it was necessary to halt for the night to await the cattle, for they could not reach this place until five in the afternoon. To one of our patients who in the night appeared about to die, the sacrament of penance was administered. At this lake ends the jurisdiction of Captain Palma and of the Yuma tribe, which is followed immediately by the tribe of the Coxas.[2]—27. From Tubac to the Laguna de los Cojas on the same river, 111 leagues.

[1] Camp Cerro de San Pablo was just south of the present international boundary line, below Pilot Knob and in the vicinity of Algodones, Baja California. Font gives this march in more detail. Immediately on leaving camp at Palma's village they crossed a branch of the Colorado, a small overflow from far above. About a league after starting they reached Puerto de la Concepción. Here they stopped a while to view the vast expanse of the Colorado from the heights. Font gives the day's march as five leagues, west by south; one to Puerto de la Concepción, and four more to camp, near the lagoon of the rancherías of Captain Pablo a league after having passed Cerro de San Pablo, past whose foot the river flowed.

[2] Camp was at a lagoon some twelve miles southwest of Pilot Knob, near the river. Font gives this march as four leagues, mainly southwest. At San Pablo the river turned nearly south and it was

Photo by Paden

In Coyote Canyon. Fred Clark at left.

Photo by Stanley

The desert north of Santa Rosa de las Lajas. Mr. Allen at right.

Wednesday, December 6.—Raising our camp, at half past nine we continued down the bottom lands of the Colorado River, with changes in direction all the way from west to south for the same reasons as yesterday. Having traveled four leagues in as many hours, we arrived at the Laguna de Santa Olaya,[1] where a halt was made for the night, but the horned cattle were not able to reach the place during the whole day because of the hindrance of the thickets. A short time after we reached this lake several natives of the vicinity also arrived. Among them there were three fishermen with nets who in less than an hour caught for us more than a thousand fish from a third to a half a *jeme* long, among them being curbinas and skates. There is no doubt, therefore, that these fish come from the sea during the overflow of the Colorado River, which is the time when this and other lakes fill up, and consequently it is likewise certain that there is no fall in the river

not seen again, being at some distance to the left, yet they had been following its general course. At the right were the great sand dunes. The route lay near the line of the old Salton River—Imperial Canal.

[1] Camp was above Pescadero Dam. Anza gives the day's march as four leagues southwest, Font as five leagues southwest. In other words, the Laguna del Cojat was about half way from Pilot Knob to Laguna de Santa Olaya. Font says "the Laguna de Santa Olalla is narrow like a ditch (zanjón) and more than a league long, running in almost the same direction as the river, but apart from it about two leagues or somewhat more." Recently the Colorado left its old channel and swung west six or eight miles along the channel of Abejas River. North of Pescadero Dam and just west of the Colorado, there is a long narrow bed of an old lake. This may have been Laguna de Santa Olaya. A *jeme* is a short span.

until it reaches the Gulf of California, just as the Yumas assured me last time.—28. From Tubac to the Laguna de Santa Olaya at the same river, 115 leagues.

Thursday, December 7.—At this place we are to leave the river,[1] and have to make three marches without any pasturage and with very little water, for lack of which and especially of the latter it is necessary to make the march in divisions on different days, in order to get enough water for all. I have therefore decided to rest the animals here for two days and give time for our invalids to recuperate somewhat, so that they may be able to stand the three marches which are necessary. The cattle, likewise, will have to make two marches without water, for in their wild condition it is not possible to water them with vessels as is done with the horses.

Friday, December 8.—We spent the day at this site, which belongs to the Cogat tribe. Since I set forth in my former diary the details regarding the superiority of the lands here for crops I will not repeat them now, but will simply add that I am confirmed in my opinion that the Cogats are more numerous than the Yumas, and that the same tribes follow after these which I mentioned in the same diary.

To this tribe, to whom presents of glass beads and tobacco were given, as to the foregoing tribes,

[1] This is an indication that Anza had been following the general course of the river up to this time.

we have been indebted for their supplying us much more liberally than the others with their present crops, such as maize, beans, and calabashes, and more than two thousand watermelons of enormous size. Indeed, we threw watermelons away and left them because we had nothing in which to carry them. Likewise, they have continued to bring us skates and curbinas, besides the other fish which were mentioned on the first of the month.[1]

[1] See five letters and a list of supplies written by Anza at Santa Olaya on December 8, 1775 (Vol. V of this work).

FROM SANTA OLAYA TO SAN GABRIEL

Saturday, December 9.—In keeping with the plan outlined above, those of us who make up the first division set forth on the march at half past nine. Going west, and having traveled five leagues in as many hours, we arrived at El Carrisal,[1] whose wells, called Pozos de la Alegría,[2] we opened, and they appeared to have water enough to supply the necessities of all members of all the divisions, each of which comprises a third of the entire expedition, with the exception of the cattle. These, for the reason which has been given, are going directly from this Carrisal to San Sebastián, and since they have to travel two days without water, I left instructions to the men who are conducting them to carry water necessary for their own use. In the same way it is provided that the three divisions, both the troops

[1] Camp was on Paredones River. Anza gives the march as five leagues west from Santa Olaya to El Carrizal. Font calls this Pozo Salobre del Carrizal, and gives it as seven leagues west-northwest, a direction which corresponds to the diaries of the first expedition. On the way, about a league from Santa Olaya, they came to a salty lagoon without pasturage. This may well have been Laguna de los Nidos (now dry), which is situated close to Rodríguez's store, and some two or more miles from Pescadero Dam. A little over half way (four leagues out of seven, according to Font) they passed the salty little well of El Rosario.

[2] Wells of Joy, a name given them on the previous expedition.

and the pack train, shall carry maize, which was brought for the purpose, and grass in bundles, in order to give the saddle animals some food where there is none to be had.—29. From Tubac to the Pozos del Carrisal, or Pozos de la Alegría, 120 leagues.

Sunday, December 10.—Having given water very sparingly to all the mounts, we set forth on the march today at half past twelve, going west with some slight turns to the west-northwest. In this way we traveled about five leagues in a little more than five hours, until we came to a deep arroyo[1] which offered nothing except an abundance of firewood, but this was very much needed as a protection from the severe cold, and so a halt was made here for the night. At this place our mounts were given the forage and grain which were brought as a precaution against the lack of pasturage.—30. From Tubac to the Arroyo Hondo, 125 leagues.

Monday, December 11.—At three o'clock in the morning I gave orders that grain should be given

[1] Arroyo Hondo was about where New River is, and the camp was not far from Pascualitos. Anza gives the march as five leagues west and west-northwest to Arroyo Hondo. Font calls it Barranca Seca, and says the march was seven leagues west-northwest. In other words, El Carrizal was just half way between Santa Olaya and Arroyo Hondo, or Barranca Seca. Font says the road was "without sand dunes, because we went around them on one side and the other." On the way numerous barrancas were crossed. Half way they passed Pozo de las Angustias, so they were on Anza's first trail. According to Font, Arroyo Hondo was just half way to Santa Rosa, and El Carrizal just a fourth of the distance. Note, too, that Anza gives the direction as west to Carrizal and thence west-northwest. Anza and Font agree as to proportional distance.

to the animals again. Having saddled and loaded them, we set forth on the march at seven o'clock, traveling west with some turns to the west-northwest, and going around many sand dunes which crossed our trail. By this means, and with footing much more favorable than we had expected, we arrived at vespers at the Wells of Santa Rosa de las Lajas, having traveled ten leagues in a little more than ten hours.[1] Although at daybreak I sent men ahead with the necessary tools to open these wells, I found them running very slowly, but having set myself personally at the task we were able to give water to many saddle animals before ten o'clock. All day and tonight the weather has been cruelly cold, and to this is added the fact that this site is lacking in firewood and it has not been possible to gather any through lack of light.—31. From Tubac to Santa Rosa de las Lajas, 135 leagues.

[1] The Wells of Santa Rosa de las Lajas were at Yuha Well, a watering place in an arroyo seven miles nearly straight south of Plaster City. Anza gives the march as ten leagues west and west-northwest, Font as ten west-northwest and four a little more westward. Font says this place of Santa Rosa is an arroyo which appears to run under the sand, and to come out of some low hills which are spurs running out from the Sierra Madre which comes up from California Baja. They passed on the left "El Cerro del Imposible near here, which is a very high and rough Cerro, apart from the Sierra de San Gerónimo" (Cocopah Range). This Cerro del Imposible was the mountain which Anza failed to reach on his first trip. It was Signal Mountain, the final peak of Cocopah Range, twelve miles west of Mexicali, and just south of the boundary line. Font tells us that this road from El Carrizal to Santa Rosa was discovered by the soldiers sent ahead from the Gila on November 16, and that by it a way was found through the sand dunes. Who were these pathfinders?

Tuesday, December 12.—At two o'clock in the morning I set to work at the wells, and at this time we began by the light of the moon to water the rest of the saddle animals, and we also watered again those which had drunk the night before. As a result, before ten o'clock all were satisfied, and the wells were running so freely that from today forward, so long as they are kept clean, they are capable of furnishing, with some delay, all that is necessary for three hundred or more animals. And there would be a still greater abundance if the wells should be given secure curbing, for in this case they would be a vara deeper than at present. This accomplished, in spite of the strong, cold wind which has continued we set forth on the march at half past twelve, going north-northwest, with some turns to the north. In this direction and over good terrain we traveled about four leagues in as many hours, at the end of which we halted at the only site where there was firewood and pasturage, because fuel was extremely necessary as a protection from the severe cold, and to await the rain which was threatening from all directions.[1]—32. From Tubac to the plain before arriving at San Sebastián, 109 [139] leagues.

[1] Camp was about three miles north of Plaster City. Anza gives the march as four leagues north-northwest and north from Santa Rosa. Font for once makes the distance shorter, giving it as three leagues north, and calls the camp Arroyo Seco. It was at Coyote Wash, near Sacketts Well on the old road from Mexicali to Carrizo Station. It can be reached from the El Centro-San Diego highway by turning north at Plaster City.

Wednesday, December 13.—Day broke with threatening signs of snow, and indeed at daylight a few flakes fell, and it was seen that they were more abundant in the sierra which we had near by on our left. Nevertheless we set forth on the march at half past eight, going north-northwest over better terrain than the day before. We traveled in this direction about five and a half leagues, finishing the day's march by going another league and a half to the north, in order to reach the Marsh of San Sebastián, which we succeeded in doing at half past three.[1] The few heathen who live here came out to welcome us with great demonstrations of affection. At the time when we halted the strong cold wind, which had been very hard on our people, especially the women and children, quieted down somewhat. The sky also cleared a little more, and we were able to see that

[1] The day's march was between Carrizo Creek and Superstition Mountain. Camp was made on San Felipe Creek about at Harper's Well. On the old maps Mesquite Drill Hole is shown here, on the road from Carrizo Station. Camp was four miles west of Kane Spring, which is on the modern highway from Brawley to Indio. Anza gives the march as five and one-half leagues north-northwest, and one and one-half north, but adds only five and one-half leagues to the totals. Font gives it as seven long leagues north-northwest and north. San Sebastián was a spring of water somewhat hot or warm when it emerged, deep and permanent, like a marsh, and flowing very little. Near it there was a miry ditch or zanjón. Round about the earth was white with salt, and mesquite grew there. Font called the Indians Jecuiches. Harper's Well is a modern well, on the banks of Fish Creek or Carrizo Creek. About four hundred feet northeast of it, on the east bank of the creek, there is a natural well, now dry, but with a large mesquite growing in the middle, dead carrizo round about, and pottery and other signs of Indian occupation near by. To the west there are numerous salty springs.

the sierras through which we had to travel were more deeply covered with snow than we had ever imagined would be the case. Taking advantage of this quiet weather, I had all the firewood gathered that was possible, though it was not much because the region is lacking in it, in order to withstand the cold wind which came up again with great force at five o'clock with preludes of rain and snow. These inclemencies continued until night.—33. From Tubac to the Ciénega de San Sebastián, 144½ leagues.

Thursday, December 14.—As soon as day began to dawn it commenced to snow with fierce and extremely cold wind, which continued the entire day, and for this reason it was not possible to march. And since it is probable on account of the snow that on the next journey, to San Gregorio, there will not be such a shortage of water as we have assumed, I have decided to wait in this place for the two divisions which are following me.

At twelve o'clock the cattle arrived. As I have said, they came by a different route from the rest of the expedition, and in bringing them we lost ten head which became tired out. These animals, notwithstanding that they had not been watered for four days, needed so little in this present season that even when they were taken to the verge of the water most of them preferred to eat rather than drink.[1]

[1] Father Font gives a different impression on this point.

The second division did not put in its appearance during the whole day, although it ought to be here, and for this reason I conclude that it encountered the same storm as ourselves and was prevented by it from marching. At eleven o'clock at night it stopped snowing, but the mountains and plains continued to be so covered with snow that it looked like daylight, and there now followed a very severe freeze, as a consequence of which this was a night of extreme hardship.

Friday, December 15.—At daybreak it was very windy, and the snow which had fallen the day and the night before was very hard from the freezing weather which had preceded, as a result of which six of our cattle and one mule died. At a quarter past twelve the second division began to arrive, in charge of the sergeant. The people were crippled by the storm, which overtook them midway between Santa Rosa and here. In spite of all their efforts to reach here yesterday they were unable to do so, and on the way several persons were frozen, one of them so badly that in order to save his life it was necessary to bundle him up for two hours between four fires. As a result of these inclemencies five saddle animals died in their division. But aside from these there were no disasters on their march, and, indeed, because the division was slower than the first and came by a made road, with wells open, it was more conveniently supplied with water than the former division.

Saturday, December 16.—I remained in this place awaiting the third division. This morning four of our cattle died from injuries and cold because of the severe freezing weather. At eleven o'clock they informed me that when they were looking for some saddle animals which had disappeared from sight, they found that they were being driven off by four of the heathen who had come to see us. I therefore ordered the sergeant and four soldiers to go and follow them, with orders that if they should overtake the thieves in the open or in their villages they should three times require them to deliver the stolen animals, giving them to understand that if they did this again they would feel the force of our arms, but that they were not to punish them with weapons except in case the Indians by force of their own arms should attempt to retain the saddle animals or refuse to deliver them. At seven o'clock the sergeant returned with the report that he found the mounts in two different villages, distant about four leagues, where not a single man was to be seen, but he gave the women who were there to understand what his orders were, so that they might report them to their men.[1]

Sunday, December 17.—Since the third division did not appear yesterday, at seven o'clock in the morning I sent two soldiers to meet it with twenty saddle animals, in order that they may have new

[1] The animals were evidently recovered in the Santa Rosa Mountains, to the north of camp.

mounts to replace those which may be tired out or made useless because of the cold.

At half past three in the afternoon the third division arrived at this place in command of Alférez Don Joseph Moraga. His forces were in worse condition than the two earlier divisions because the storm of snow and cold had caught them in a more exposed position, and as a result several persons were frozen to the point of being in danger of death. From the same cause six saddle animals were left by the wayside and four others died. In attending to his division, providing fire for them, and in other services for their relief, this officer so exposed himself that he contracted very severe pains in his ears, and although these have been cured, the weather is so bad that he has been left totally deaf in both ears. Today two more of our cattle have died as a result of injury and cold.

In the midst of these misfortunes which have been caused us by the snowstorm, with the loss of the animals which have died, it almost seems to have been designed for the benefit of the health of our people, for whereas nine days ago we counted more than fifteen invalids, three of them dangerously ill, today there are less than five of the first class and none of the second. Their sudden recovery, which we have not hitherto experienced since we began the march, is attributed partly to the many watermelons which were eaten at the lake of Santa Olaya.

The details concerning this site and the people who inhabit it I set forth in my former diary, and

since I have nothing to add to what I have already said there, I will only note that the misery inseparable from all Indians abounds in these more than we have witnessed anywhere before reaching this place, but we shall be able to equal it with those from hereforward, of whose shortcomings likewise I gave an account in my diary cited. I also noted therein what happened to us then from the pasturage, which made our saddle animals useless because it purged them so. During the days that we have been here this time this trouble has not been experienced, and we attribute this to the fact that with the present rain and snow the saltiness of its leaves has decreased. This notice may be helpful as a means of removing fear of trouble at such a season as this.[1]

Monday, December 18.—Notwithstanding the care which we have tried to observe with the cattle, it has not been possible to keep down the mortality both from the cold and from injuries. This morning two of them were found dead and five others it is thought will not be able to go forward from this place. We have made such use of them as has been possible, making of them jerked beef and salting it well, but even so it is unpalatable because of its scent, color, and taste.

At half past one in the afternoon we raised our camp in order to set out and shorten the next journey. Going west, with some turns to the west-northwest, over level country, we traveled about

[1] See Anza's diary of his first expedition, entry for March 11.

three and a half leagues in as many hours, until we came to the first pasturage and firewood that was found in a wide valley, where a halt was made for the night.[1] All the sierras which we have seen today in all directions have appeared covered with snow except those along the line of our route. Today's march has been made with some comfort, because the weather has been quiet and the sun shining, this last being a blessing which we have not enjoyed for the last six days. After nightfall the cattle arrived at our camp, having been made to march since ten o'clock in the morning, in order that they might make some stops, but this precaution has not been sufficient to prevent the loss of five head from weariness and injuries.—34. From Tubac to Los Puertecitos, 148 leagues.

Tuesday, December 19.—At nine o'clock in the morning we raised our train and began the march toward the west, with repeated turns to the west-northwest, over sandy country with bad footing. In this direction we traveled four leagues in a little more than four hours, and at the end of this time

[1] Camp was east of the entrance to Borrego Valley. Anza's name, Los Puertecitos (Little Pass), alludes to the gap in the hills through which he entered the valley the next day. Anza gives the march as three and one-half leagues west-northwest. Font gives it as four leagues west by north, over level, sandy, but firm soil, except that when first leaving San Sebastián there were some barrancas and mires. At two leagues they passed an abandoned village site, evidently Anza's former camp. The road ran to the right of the clay hills seen to the southwest. Camp was in a flat where there was galleta grass, and the ground was white with a saline deposit.

we came to the site of San Gregorio.[1] This watering place appeared at first to have enough water for our saddle animals, but within two hours after we had halted we were left without any, and nearly half of the animals were still to be watered, notwithstanding that for greater economy we had led the first ones by the halters to drink. Being informed of this lack I went personally to have some wells opened, which was done in various places, digging them to the depth of more than an *estado*.[2] In all of them water was found, but it flowed so slowly that we concluded that we should not be able to achieve our purpose during the whole night, which in fact proved to be the case.

After nightfall the cattle arrived, and although they had taken all day to accomplish the journey, this was not sufficient to prevent the loss of four head. The same thing happened with three mounts, for these animals, like the rest, have become so scrawny and lean that they have no resemblance to those which started on the journey, especially those not accustomed to the cold, which is true of many of them. But of the few which come from the pre-

[1] Camp was in the San Felipe Wash. Anza gives the march as four leagues west and north-northwest, and Font as five leagues west by north. The march took them over the clay hills in front of Borrego Valley then northwest around the north side of the two red hills that stand near the entrance to the valley. Below camp the horses drank from a bitter and harmful well or spring which was found. (Font.)

[2] An *estado* is the height of a man.

sidios, notwithstanding that they are the ones which have done double work, not one has been lost. On leaving this place we begin the crossing of the range which runs from the Peninsula of California, which gives the appearance of having fair openings through which to go out to the port and mission of San Diego, not only from here but even from below Santa Rosa de las Lajas.—35. From Tubac to San Gregorio, 152 leagues.

Wednesday, December 20.—This morning it was so frigid and the night before was so extremely cold that three saddle animals and five head of cattle were frozen to death, and the weather was so hard on our people that almost none of them slept, for they spent the night occupied in feeding the fires in order to withstand it. At seven o'clock I was informed that for the reasons given, and on account of the thirst which the cattle of necessity felt, many of them had escaped in the darkness of the night from the men who were watching them. I therefore ordered three soldiers to go with a sergeant and a vaquero to look for them, and that the rest should proceed on the next journey, for, because of the lack of water indicated, it is not possible to remain here with all of our expedition.

Moving our train, at nine o'clock we set forth on the march toward the west-northwest, following the valley of Santa Catharina, which begins at San Sebastián and in great part cuts the mountain chain previously mentioned. Having traveled along the

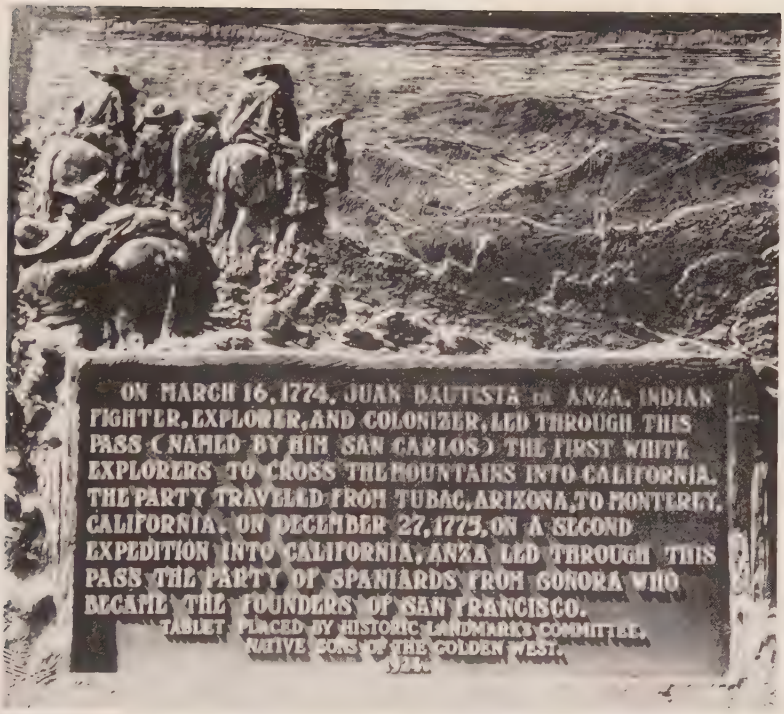

ON MARCH 16, 1774, JUAN BAUTISTA DE ANZA, INDIAN
FIGHTER, EXPLORER, AND COLONIZER, LED THROUGH THIS
PASS (NAMED BY HIM SAN CARLOS) THE FIRST WHITE
EXPLORERS TO CROSS THE MOUNTAINS INTO CALIFORNIA.
THE PARTY TRAVELLED FROM TUBAC, ARIZONA, TO MONTEREY,
CALIFORNIA. ON DECEMBER 27, 1775, ON A SECOND
EXPEDITION INTO CALIFORNIA, ANZA LED THROUGH THIS
PASS THE PARTY OF SPANIARDS FROM SONORA WHO
BECAME THE FOUNDERS OF SAN FRANCISCO.
TABLET PLACED BY HISTORIC LANDMARKS COMMITTEE,
NATIVE SONS OF THE GOLDEN WEST.

Photo by Knowland

Monument marking San Carlos Pass.

valley four leagues, three of them having some sand dunes, at the end of this distance we halted in the same valley where plentiful running water as well as some pasturage was found, both to wait for the cattle at a nearer place and because many of the horses of the people who were mounted were about to give out because they were so lean.

On arriving at this place, which we called El Vado,[1] we saw five of the heathen living here, but as soon as they caught sight of us they began to flee, leaving behind the vessels in which they were gathering seeds. In order that they might not be afraid I sent one soldier after them to bring them to the camp, so that I might give them presents. Having overtaken them he had them come a little nearer, but when they saw our men closer up they again fled. Seeing this I gave orders that they should not be pursued, lest they might consider it an act of violence. Their vessels, a bow, and three of their blankets of jack rabbit skin which they left behind, as I have said, I caused to be gathered up and placed where they could find them.

At seven o'clock at night the cattle which had set out ahead of us from San Gregorio arrived at the camp, eleven of them having died because they were completely worn-out. For the same reason five saddle animals were left at a watering place less than a league from where we were halted, with the inten-

[1] Camp was on Coyote Creek, in Coyote Canyon, above Beatty's Ranch house. Anza gives the march as four leagues west-northwest. The direction is in reality about northwest. El Vado means The Ford.

tion of sending in the morning to see if they were able to come forward.—36. From Tubac to the beginning of the water of Santa Catharina, 156 leagues.

Thursday, December 21.—The cattle and the men who were to conduct them not having appeared by daylight, at that hour I sent for them two soldiers with saddle animals, in order that all might have new mounts, giving orders that the cattle should be hurried as little as possible so as to prevent losses among them. At the same time I sent for the mounts which remained behind yesterday, but at ten o'clock they returned with only one because three had died, as had also the cattle which had remained behind on the same day.

Friday, December 22.—We remained in this place because the sergeant and the cattle which he was to bring did not put in an appearance during the whole day. At half past four in the afternoon the sergeant arrived with the distressing news that all the cattle, which he was not able to overtake until he reached the Marsh of San Sebastián, he found dead in the mires of that watering place, because they did not go to it by way of the trail which had freed them from the mires when we drove them. This loss comprised about fifty head of cattle. Those which were prevented from reaching the marshes already mentioned, and others which they found alive in them and were able to rescue, he brought to San Gregorio, where he gave them some water, because we had cleaned the wells during the time when we were there.

The foregoing loss cannot be charged to want of attention or care. This is proved by the lack of any such loss previous to this fatal event, and although other cattle have played out for causes already mentioned and unavoidable in so long a march, yet they have been brought with the greatest care possible, even to the extent that they have not been abandoned until they have died of inability to move. With this in view, at the time when I began the journey I provided seven men to devote themselves solely to caring for the cattle, watching and striving for their best management. In the journeys which have been made they have been left behind or sent ahead according to circumstances. And finally, no effort whatever has been spared to prevent any kind of misfortune, although in spite of this I have had the disaster here set forth, which has been to me as distressing as it is irreparable.

This afternoon four heathen, so lean and emaciated that they looked more like skeletons from the grave than living beings, came to our camp. Although they came full of perturbation, I made efforts to quiet them with hospitality and the accustomed presents, giving them food to eat and delivering to them the property which their women had abandoned. They appreciated this greatly and withdrew, carrying part of the things with them. A short time afterward six men not quite so badly off came and finished carrying away the things which had been left at our camp, confident that we would not injure them, since no injury had been

suffered by the first ones, who were weak and useless, these being among all classes of Indians the ones risked in such cases to come to reconnoiter our people.

All this day it has been threatening to rain, and it actually began at eleven o'clock at night, although not very heavily. We thought that in the sierra nearest to us it was snow which was falling.

Saturday, December 23.—At daylight it was raining, but as it had stopped at nine o'clock I gave orders to march, and we set forth at half past twelve, going northwest and west-northwest, in which direction runs the valley which we were now ascending, and up which we traveled a league and a half in an hour and three-quarters. At the end of this time we halted at the site of Santa Catharina,[1] being forced to do so by the weather, for it had been raining from the time when we mounted our horses until we arrived here. In this place we found a village of about forty heathen people. Only a few of them wished to come to see us, and for that reason only these few were given presents. After nightfall it rained more heavily.—37. From Tubac to the spring of Santa Catharina, 157½ leagues.

[1] Camp was at Reed's Springs, or Lower Willows, a beautiful fountain in Coyote Canyon, three or four miles above Beatty's Ranch. Anza gives the distance as a league and a half, and Font as a long league. Font calls the camp Pie del Sauce (Foot of the Willow), "on whose trunk Father Garcés wrote" of the attempt of the Mountain Indians to wound the animals during the last expedition. There are large willows there now, but I looked in vain for Garcés's carving.

Sunday, December 24.—Although it continued to rain until nearly daylight and the signs of rain continued, I decided to leave this place and did so at half past nine, continuing along the valley to the northwest with some turns to the west-northwest, through the stoniest country.[1] Having traveled in this direction three leagues in as many hours, we halted at the villages of the people who on our last journey we called Los Danzantes,[2] the stop being made necessary because a woman was taken with childbirth pains.

Although from seven o'clock in the morning until two in the afternoon it had been cloudy, with a fog so dense that one could hardly see anything twelve yards away, several heathen as timid as the foregoing allowed themselves to be seen by us on the march. In the place where we now are they have conducted themselves in the same way, although all are unarmed. At a quarter to eleven in the night our patient was successfully delivered of a boy, which makes three who have been delivered between

[1] It was along here that the Indians had been most hostile before.

[2] Los Danzantes were at Upper Willows or Fig Tree Spring. The march was up Coyote Canyon. On setting out they passed through the widening called Collins Valley. Anza gives the distance as three leagues. Font adds that the march was four leagues; that half way they passed a fair-sized spring (Middle Willows); and that they halted near another spring. This was Upper Willows or Fig Tree Spring. On the way up the Valley they saw Indians skulking among the rocks. Near the spring there was a village whose houses were some half subterranean grottoes among the rocks and partly covered with brush and earth like rabbit warrens. These grottoes, with walls and roofs blackened with smoke, are still to be seen beside the trail.

the presidio of Tubac and this place, besides two others who have miscarried. These and three others who miscarried on the way to San Miguel de Horcasitas make a total of eight, all enroute, with no other death than that of one woman.[1]—38. From Tubac to the villages of Los Danzantes, 160½ leagues.

Monday, December 25.—Because of the occurrence of last night already mentioned it was not possible to march. Today it has been as wet as yesterday, the land where we are being extremely so because it has rained so much here, but the patient has not experienced any bad results from it.

There not being in this place enough water for our cattle, although there is enough for the people, they went to drink at a place about a league from here where they drank yesterday in passing, for fear that what has happened to us would happen to them. After they had done this, running water in abundance was found a quarter of a league away to the southwest[2] of our camp and of the road which we are following, with an abundance of pasturage and firewood, which we now know about for another occasion.

Tuesday, December 26.—Today having dawned fair, at the regular hour the sun came out bright. For this reason and because the mother was better and had the pluck to march, we prepared to break camp, and at a quarter to nine set forth, ascending the valley which has been mentioned, going west-

[1] The one who died at La Canoa. See p. 7.

[2] By a slip the MS. reads southeast.

northwest. Having traveled along the valley for about three-quarters of a league, at a place where it narrowed greatly we left it at our left and immediately climbed a small ridge. This was followed by two other smaller ones, by which we arrived at the pass or opening of San Carlos,[1] having traveled in all only about two and a half leagues in four hours, because of the stops which it was necessary to make. Here we halted for the night because it has been raining ever since nine o'clock, although very lightly, since this rain, if it should become harder, might injure the woman who was delivered night before last, and since the march although short has been for the most part up and down. With this march the sierra or cordillera which runs to and ends at Baja California is now overcome or passed. Rain continued until half past four in the afternoon. After it

[1] Puerto de San Carlos was the pass at Fred Clark's corral, at the east end of Cahuilla Valley. Above the Upper Willows some three or four miles the canyon forks, with Horse Canyon on the right (ascending), Nance Canyon in the middle, and the main canyon (Tule) at the left. Passing the mouth of Horse Canyon, Anza climbed the ridge between Nance and Tule and camped at the fine springs in the flat just before reaching Fred Clark's corral. The flat is in Nance Canyon where it swings around to the trail again. Anza gives the distance as two and one-half leagues, and Font as three leagues, which is more nearly correct. Font's description of the route is excellent: The road follows the principal arroyo of the dry canyon, which gets much narrower until the foot of the ridge is reached, which now has some rather bad spots. The ridge is divided into two stretches; the first is rather bad and long, the second less so, and between the two there is a fairly level stretch. From the highest point one descends a rather narrow, dry arroyo, and on reaching some large round rocks one descends a gentle and short slope to the flat where camp was made. The two ridges and the arroyo are clearly recognized by one following the trail today, and the large round rocks are still plainly to be seen. A superb diarist was Font.

began to get dark a heavy, distant thunder was heard, and this was followed by an earthquake which lasted four minutes.—39. From Tubac to the Puerto de San Carlos, 163 leagues.

Wednesday, December 27.—Raising our train, at a quarter to ten we set forth on the march to the west-northwest, and, immediately mounting a very narrow, rocky ridge,[1] we came out to level country with an abundance of the best pasturage, trees, and grass that we have seen thus far. Over this country we continued for two and a half leagues until we passed the Laguna del Príncipe, and having traveled beyond it two and a half leagues, we halted for the night at the site of San Patricio. This last stretch of country has been very miry. Because it froze heavily last night one horse and two cattle died.—40. From Tubac to San Patricio, 168 leagues.

I have always desired, and up to recently I have hoped that I should be able to go straight from this vicinity to the presidio of Monte Rey or to the missions near there.[2] But since our cattle are now use-

[1] This is the rocky ridge at Fred Clark's corral, through which the Puerto de San Carlos opens into Cahuilla Valley. Laguna del Príncipe is now Dry Lake, some six or seven miles northwest of the pass, on Contreras's ranch. San Patricio was at the head of Bautista Canyon, at the northwestern extremity of Cahuilla Valley. Eldredge makes the mistake of thinking that Anza turned aside into Horse Canyon, crossed Vandeventer Flat, and entered Hemet Valley instead of Cahuilla Valley.

[2] Anza means here that he had hoped to go directly to Monterey without touching at San Gabriel. One reason may have been his ambition to discover a new route, for from San Gabriel he was on Portolá's trail. He apparently hoped to follow Fages's trail through the San Bernardino range, to Antelope Valley, San Joaquin Valley, and San Luís Obispo.

less and because of the difficulty of that journey, and knowing that it would cause the loss of all, especially of the cattle, I have been forced to give up this plan, in order to prevent such a disaster. Indeed, to have done otherwise would have meant the certain loss of a great part of our saddle animals. And since the missions on the way can coöperate for our relief, I have sent forward to them by three soldiers a report as to the time when I shall reach there and one also to the commander, Don Fernando Rivera y Moncada, so that he may arrange to have the necessary provisions at the missions, adjusting them to those which I tell him I am carrying. Likewise, I am telling this commander to advise me and order whatever may be best, or he may think best, to promote my arrival at his presidio and to expedite our journey to explore the Rio de San Francisco, in coöperation with the commander of the packet boat which ought to accompany us in case it is there. And I am requesting that in order that this may not be prevented by my delay he shall tell me beforehand whatever will best contribute to the desired end.

All the sierras which we have seen today in the direction of the South Sea, which in the main are independent of the cordillera of Baja California, are so snow-covered that scarcely any trees can be seen on the summits. This sight has been terrifying to most of the people of our expedition who, since they were born in the Tierra Caliente,[1] have never seen such a thing before. As a result they

[1] The Hot Country.

have become so melancholy that some of the women had to weep. Through their tears they managed to say, "If so many animals died of cold and the people nearly died in places where there was less snow, how will it be in the place where we see so much of it?" I checked these complaints by various counsels, telling them that the cold would be moderated when we got to the seacoast and its missions, as had already been experienced. And so, since the coast where they were born is hot, they have concluded that it will be the same here, and that in the missions there will be a remedy for troubles which may arise.

Thursday, December 28.—In addition to the cold and the extreme wetness of the ground, in the night the woman who was delivered four days ago was taken with severe pains, with signs of a hard spasm, and as she was this way in the morning it was not possible to travel today. At two in the afternoon I sent the cattle and the worn-out horses to pass the night two leagues from this place in order that they may make the next journey with greater ease.

Friday, December 29.—The patient having experienced some alleviation during the night and yesterday, we were able to set forth. At half past nine we began the march down the valley of San Patricio, which runs west and west-northwest in the main to join the river of Señor San Joseph on the north. Having traveled six leagues in these directions in the course of seven hours, we arrived at four o'clock in the afternoon at the river named, where a halt was made for the night. In the march which we have made today we have found the valley so full

of running water that we have crossed it about two hundred times. Notwithstanding that day before yesterday I sent all the incapacitated saddle animals forward in order that they might divide the journey, this did not prevent us from losing two in spite of all the efforts which were made. On reaching this place eight heathen appeared in sight about a gunshot away, but, because of their nature, they did not wish to come any closer, and they retired to the sierra as soon as they saw our people pass.[1]—41. From Tubac to the valley of San Joseph, 174 leagues.

Saturday, December 30.—Raising our train, at a quarter past nine we set forth on the march toward the west-northwest. We descended the spacious and beautiful valley of San Joseph until we came to the lake of San Antonio Bucareli and, having traveled to reach it a little more than four leagues in the same number of hours, a halt was made here for the night.[2]—42. From Tubac to Laguna de San Antonio de Bucareli, 178 leagues.

Sunday, December 31.—Having raised our camp, at nine o'clock we continued our march, going a

[1] The march was down Cañada de San Patricio (Bautista Canyon) to Valle de San Joseph (San Jacinto Valley), and north past Vallevista. Crossing the valley, Anza pitched camp on the San Jacinto River, above San Jacinto. Anza gives the distance as six leagues and Font as seven long leagues. An automobile road has recently been opened from Hemet up Bautista Canyon, close along Anza's trail. Font calls the Indians near camp the Jeniguechis. The valley above camp he calls Cañada del Paraiso (Paradise Valley).

[2] Lake San Antonio de Bucareli was San Jacinto Lake, which was drained a few years ago. Anza gives the distance as a little more than four leagues. Font says they traveled five leagues and halted in the Valle de San Joseph at the foot of a hill. The march was south of the river, and camp was at the turn of Mt. Rudolph.

league to the west to turn some hills; then, leaving these on our right, we went west-northwest, in which direction we made six more leagues in seven and a half hours, until we came to the river of Señora Santa Anna, where we halted for the night. The making of this journey at one stretch has been necessary for the lack of firewood, of which there is none after leaving the river of Señor San Joseph, whence we brought wood to San Antonio, for without firewood in a season so cold and wet as the present it is not possible to exist, and especially under the extraordinary circumstances of our march. Indeed our cattle, because most of them are lame and tired and are driven separately, did not reach this site until midnight, arriving minus one cow and two horses, which fell down completely exhausted and could not be raised.[1]—43. From Tubac to the Santa Anna River, 185 leagues.

[1] The hill around which Anza swung on leaving camp was Mt. Rudolph. Anza gives the distance to the Santa Ana River as one league west and six west-northwest. Font gives it as eight west-northwest with short turns to the west. He tells us that on leaving camp they left the old trail to avoid a detour and some bad places, and by a little pass crossed the hills which here close the Valle de San Joseph, went a league over level country, then three across a valley that communicated with the Valle de San Joseph; then they came to some hills, ascended an easy pass, and for a league descended a narrow canyon which widened out to the Valle de Santa Ana, then three leagues across the valley to the river. From the two diaries and personal exploration I conclude that Anza on leaving camp went past Lakeview and through the hills by Bernasconi Pass. Then crossing La Vina Valley and March Field, he ascended the ridge south of Box Spring Canyon, and descended the slope by Sycamore Canyon. Then, crossing the valley he reached the Santa Ana River below Mt. Rubidoux and camped near the Southern Pacific Railroad bridge.

January 1, 1776.—Having gone to explore this river of Santa Anna in addition to what was done yesterday, it was found to be almost unfordable for the people, not so much because of its depth as of the rapidity of its current, which upsets most of the saddle animals. For this reason it was necessary to reinforce the bridge which I made during the last journey, and also to open a road in order that our cattle might enter to cross it. These tasks could not be completed until after twelve o'clock, at which time the women were taken over first, next all the perishable things, and then the rest of the cargo and our stock, of which a horse and a cow were drowned because they did not have strength enough to withstand the force of the current. For the reasons set forth, and the fact that there was no firewood until the end of the next journey, it was not possible to set out with all the expedition, which finished crossing the river at three o'clock in the afternoon. Nevertheless, at this time I sent the cattle and the tired saddle animals forward so that they might divide the march.

At this same time, the crossing having been completed, arrived the three soldiers whom I sent to the mission of San Gabriel on the 27th of last month for the purpose there mentioned. From the mission the father ministers sent me seventeen saddle animals. The corporal who has the mission under his command gives me the sad news that a few days ago the heathen and the reduced Indians of the mission of San Diego, together with those farther inland,

attacked that mission, killed one of the missionary fathers and two servants, wounded all the few soldiers of the guard, and burned the small buildings of the pueblo.[1] He says that he has heard that the Indians of the neighborhood of the mission in his command are assembling to attack it also, and that for these reasons he has not carried out my order to forward the message which I sent to his commander, Don Fernando Rivera y Moncada, whom he is awaiting in order that he may take measures regarding the present occurrences, since he sent him a report of them about a month ago.

Tuesday, January 2.—At half past eight we set forth on the march toward the west-northwest over level country with good pasturage and fair weather, which continued until nearly ten o'clock, when it began to rain lightly. Soon the storm became so heavy that most of our people got very wet, but since there was no firewood the march was continued until, after making six leagues in as many hours, we arrived at Arroyo de los Alisos.[2] A short time after we began our march I sent two soldiers to the mission of San Gabriel to report that I would arrive there next day if there was no bad luck, and with

[1] The story of the uprising at San Diego is told in detail by Font.

[2] Arroyo de los Alisos was San Antonio Creek, and camp was near Ontario. Anza and Font both give the march as six leagues west-northwest; Font says the road was all level except on leaving the Santa Ana River, when they crossed some long, gentle sloping hills. The crossing was near the Southern Pacific Railroad bridge, and the hills passed were Jurupa Hills, near Pedley. At camp Font mentions a large sycamore (aliso) on whose trunk he carved with a knife "ANO 1776. VINO LA EXPEDICION DE SAN FRANCISCO."

orders to the effect that if in the meanwhile anything of the kind which they feared should occur they must send me the appropriate notice. The rain, with intermittent snow, continued until eleven at night, when it began to abate.—44. From Tubac to Arroyo de los Alisos, 191 leagues.

Wednesday, January 3.—Notwithstanding that it was not certain whether it would rain or not, although it was very cloudy, we set forth on the march at a quarter to nine, continuing over good country toward the west with some turns to the west-southwest. In this direction we traveled five leagues in a little more than five hours, until we crossed the river of the mission of San Gabriel, where a halt was made because the saddle animals were completely worn-out, since the road had been so miry, as well as because a woman had been complaining bitterly as a result of a wetting which she received yesterday; and besides, I saw that we should not be able to reach the place to which they have moved this mission.[1]—45. From Tubac to the crossing of the river of Mission San Gabriel, 196 leagues.

[1] Camp was made on San Gabriel Wash nearly east of the present site of the mission. Since Anza's last journey the mission had been moved about a league north to its present site. Anza gives the march as five leagues west-northwest. The route swung northwest past Laverne and San Dimas, thence directly toward San Gabriel. Font says that about a league after starting they threaded a pass or opening "formed on the right by the skirts of the Sierra Nevada and on the left by some low hills which turn to the west, and at whose foot there is a lagoon when it rains." This pass, near San Dimas, was called on the first expedition Puerto de los Osos.

Thursday, January 4.—At nine o'clock we raised our train, and having set forth on the march we continued to the west for two leagues, which were covered in as many hours. At the end of this time we arrived at the mission of San Gabriel, where I met Don Fernando Rivera y Moncada, the commander of all this Northern California. He had arrived the day before on his way to the port of San Diego to repair as far as possible the disaster which had taken place there and where it is feared others equal or worse may happen, but since he learned that I would arrive soon he thought it well to await me.[1]—46. From Tubac to Mission San Gabriel, 198 leagues.

Friday, January 5.—This commander informed me in detail of everything that had happened at the mission of San Diego, saying that it was necessary for him to go there for a time to see if it was possible to capture the prime movers of the rebellion,[2] and that he planned to administer to them punishment appropriate to their assault, as well as to others who merit it. He did not doubt that these would be many, for the common report given by the few who escaped is that the number of those who attacked must be six hundred, among them being both heathen and Christian Indians newly reduced.

[1] Font gives the distance as two leagues west-southwest, inclining somewhat west, which is evidently more exact. He gives a long description of Mission San Gabriel at that time. Rivera had come from Monterey, his capital.

[2] In the uprising Fray Luís Jaume (Jayme) had been killed.

Diario de la Ruta, y Operaciones que Yo el Yn.te Capitan Theniente Coronel, y Capitan del R.l Presidio de Tubac en la Provincia y Gobernacion de Sonora; practico segunda vez de la mencionada antecion ala California Septemptrional al Orden del Señor Gobernador Rey D.n Antonio Maria Bucarely, y Ursua, Primer Caballero, y Capitan General de la N.E. como consta de su Superior Decreto de vaixta, y quatro de Novembre del año proximo pasado de mil setecientos setenta, y quatro, à efecto de conducir treinta Soldados con un Oficial y Sargento à la referida California, en Fuerza del Real Presidio de San Carlos de Monte Rey y para el establecimiento del Puerto de San Francisco, todos Casados, y Reclutados en la enunciada Provincia cuyas mugeres, hijos, y demas deem Dependientes, se expresan mas por en todo à Caso, con el total de los que asienden en esta Expedicion.

Individuos comprehendidos enella.

Comandante D.n Juan Bautista de Anza ..... 1.
P.e Superior y de Propaganda Fide del Colegio de
S.ta Cruz de Querretaro Fray Pedro Font ..... 1.
P.e Fr. Francisco Garces, y P.e Fr. Thomas Eciane, destinados por el S.or Bucareli à efecto de quedarse en el Rio Colorado à el enunsio, y Catechismo de la nueva Gentil Religion cuyos havitadores mientras se verifica mi Regresso ..... 2.
Alferez D.n Joseph Bachin Moraga ..... 1.
Sargento, Juan Pablo Pefalva ..... 1.
Diez Soldados del citado Presidio de mi Cargo à fin de Reconocerse con migo, y asseguraran la Expedicion ..... 10.
Veinte, y ocho Personas los echo con el Oficial

First page of Anza's diary.

Thinking the soldiery which he brings with him insufficient to undertake these measures which he considers appropriate to effect the pacification which they desire in these new establishments, and especially in San Diego, where they expect a second rebellion, he requested me, for whatever in these particulars may be of interest to the service of the king, to please aid him in his plans with the soldiers whom I am bringing at my command to deliver at the presidio of Monte Rey. He assumed that the more urgent circumstances described would not delay their arrival at Monte Rey, and that they would be no less ready for the exploration of the River of San Francisco, in which we both ought to take part, since he feared that it would be impossible to accomplish this expedition during the present season of the rains, which do not permit of going forward, both because of the condition of the land as well as because of the intervening rivers.[1]

In view of all the foregoing, and thinking that his Excellency the Viceroy would approve of my furnishing this commander the aid which he asks of me, as important for the high purposes to which it is directed, I replied that not only would I furnish a part of the troops of my command, but that I would volunteer to go personally if it were necessary to take part in any military action. The commander told me that he thought such a thing might happen, and asked

[1] Anza means that Rivera argued that since the roads to Monterey were unfit for travel at the time, the detour to San Diego would not delay their arrival at their destination.

me to assist him in deciding any question that may arise in the service of both majesties. For my part I have therefore promised to do this, as well as to proceed in accord with him in the affair and in reporting to his Excellency any operations which we may undertake in these matters.

Saturday, January 6.—We agreed, the commander of these establishments and I, to take from the troop which comes under my orders, seventeen of the twenty soldiers which I bring from the presidios of the province in which I live, to go to the port and mission of San Diego; to leave in this mission[1] the officer who also has come from the same province with the families which I am bringing; to mount these soldiers on the best riding animals of my expedition, and others which the commander has furnished; to take also to San Diego a pack train of mules from the same expedition, to bring to it some of the provisions which are in the warehouse there; and that today this troop shall be furnished with the provisions which it may need for the journey.

[1] San Gabriel. The officer referred to was Moraga.

THE DETOUR TO SAN DIEGO

Sunday, January 7.—In fulfillment of what was agreed upon hereinbefore, we set forth on the march at twelve o'clock with the seventeen soldiers of my expedition mentioned and twelve from these establishments, over the open and continuous road for the presidio of San Diego. Since this presidio, according to what is said, is very near the coast, and since its distance from this mission is estimated at forty leagues, and its direction southeast and east-southeast, I shall not make further mention of the road and of the sites where it is necessary to stop, as happened today after nightfall at the river of Santa Anna, we having traveled six leagues in a little less than six hours.[1]—From Tubac to the Santa Anna River on the road to San Diego, 204 leagues.

Monday, January 8.—At a quarter past seven we set forth on the march, and having traveled till half past four and covered eleven leagues, we halted to camp for the night at Arroyo de la Magdalena, alias La Quema. At a place three-quarters of a league down the arroyo they had begun to found a new mission with the name of San Juan Capistrano, but eight days after taking possession it was abandoned

[1] The river still goes by the same name. Camp was near the hills eastward of Anaheim, in the neighborhood of Olive.

entirely because of the unfortunate event at San Diego, to which the missionary fathers and the guard of the mission withdrew.[1]

Tuesday, January 9.—At half past seven we set forth on the march and, having traveled until five o'clock and covered eleven leagues, we halted at the arroyo of San Juan Capistrano, where we spent the night.[2]—From Tubac to San Juan Capistrano, 226 leagues.

Wednesday, January 10.—At half past seven in the morning we continued our march. Traveling until four o'clock in the afternoon and covering nine leagues, we reached the village of La Soledad, whose people are now reduced and Christian, or regarded as such. Here we halted for the night, during which its people brought a large supply of sardines of extraordinary size to sell us.[3]—From Tubac to the village of La Soledad, 235 leagues.

Thursday, January 11.—A little after half past seven we continued our march and, having traveled three leagues, at ten o'clock we arrived at the port,

[1] Camp was some two miles north of mission San Juan Capistrano, on Arroyo del Trabuco, then called Arroyo de la Magdalena, alias La Quema. Arroyo Trabuco, now so-called, flows southwest to San Juan Capistrano, and from Font's diary we would infer that Anza descended this stream four leagues.

[2] Camp was on San Luís Rey River, then called Arroyo de San Juan Capistrano.

[3] Camp was in Soledad Valley, south of Delmar, and some ten miles north of San Diego. Font says that from camp at San Dieguillo (San Dieguito) they went three leagues southeast. Anza gives the next day's march as three leagues and Font as four leagues. Hence La Soledad must have been at least ten miles from San Diego. This would put camp about at Sorrento.

presidio, and mission of San Diego. The inhabitants welcomed us with the greatest pleasure and inexpressible satisfaction, commensurate with the fears they have felt ever since the 6th of last November, when the mission which was about a league and three-quarters from the presidio was destroyed, down to the present moment, when they have had the first response to their first appeal.—From Tubac to the port and presidio of San Diego, 238 leagues.

In the interim before our arrival here a second attack had been threatened by those who made the first one, among whom, according to the statements of several natives from here, are included all those reduced or Christianized and belonging to the mission. This is doubtless true, even though they might not say so, for it is certain that the church and part of the house of the mission were sacked of many things by a considerable number of people before the attack was begun, which was about one o'clock at night, and it appears impossible that this and the fire which they set beforehand, or their accustomed yell or war cry, could have failed to be observed by someone who could have given the alarm in time. But this charge is explained by saying that beforehand they were arrested in their own huts by the mountain heathen, on whom they lay the blame in order to exculpate themselves from treason.

To this treachery, it cannot be denied, must be added some carelessness on the part of the guard and escort of soldiers which the mission had. For they did

not hear the enemy or discover them until the sentinel saw the fire, which spread to their own guardhouse and to all the rest of the mission, whose buildings were of tule, the material best calculated to burn, as happened. Thereupon all those living there ran out precipitately to take refuge in a stockade, whose gate, through the good fortune and forethought of one of the missionaries, they covered with some bales of clothing. This stockade was the seat of their fortune, for those who had the luck to get inside of it escaped. Indeed, the other father and the two servants who died in the action were killed outside of the stockade, the former much farther away than the latter, because he had fled to escape to a place where it is inferred the barbarians found him.

The presidio might have suffered the same ruin or tragedy as the mission if the attack had been made on it which also they had planned, with the idea, first of all, of getting hold of the two cannons which it has. This forethought could not have been taken by the mountain heathen, who are even ignorant of the use of ordinary arms, if it had not been suggested by the converted Indians who already have knowledge of them. It is well known that a band of Indians set out with this purpose. It had been agreed that as soon as those who remained in the mission should see the fire at the presidio they should adopt the same procedure. But as those at the mission made the attack prematurely, when the others were half way on the road they concluded that the sentinel of the presidio must have seen the fire, and that in

consequence they would be discovered, and by the time they arrived they would not be able to get possession of the cannons. So they gave up their plan and all returned to the mission, which was fortunate for this place, where certainly, because of its inferior location and buildings, its few troops, and other circumstances, the ruin would have been greater.

Thus it is that the enemy did them a favor in assuming that they would be watchful, for the fire of the pueblo was not seen nor was its misfortune known here until they reported it from there. On getting the news the sergeant in command of the presidio went to the pueblo, and it was at this time that they brought here the dead and wounded, which included all the soldiers of the guard and two servants, and some saddle animals, which the barbarians might safely have driven off. Why they did not do so is unknown. Besides all the foregoing, on the very day when the mission was destroyed the same thing happened to the new one of San Juan Capistrano,[1] which I mentioned halfway between here and San Gabriel, and the event has filled everybody with terror and caused them to realize what the natives of this region are capable of attempting, which formerly they did not believe, a confidence that has been the perdition of everything. All the prisoners declare that forty villages took part in the attack.

It does not seem to me proper to overlook the coolness with which the inhabitants of the pueblo or

[1] That is, it was abandoned.

mission undertook to exculpate themselves from their treason, or that of the villages nearby. I have already stated that the former said that the first thing the heathen did (for so they call the mountain Indians to whom they attribute the assault and the massacre) was to seize them, but that as soon as they found themselves free they charged upon them and put them to flight toward the sierra. But before they were arrested they did not tell about this feat of which they now boast, as one might expect, to any of our people, but reported it to them only long after the attack had taken place. Besides this, several days afterward some persons were discovered wounded by balls[1] which had the good fortune in the most active and hardest part of the engagement to kill two of the most intrepid and boldest Indians, by whose example the rest were cowed.

This event has resulted in the loss of all the Christendom which had been won, and which, as I am told by the missionary father, reached nearly five hundred souls from various nearby villages. Indeed, since all took part in or knew of the rebellion (although they deny it), fearful of punishment because they did not come out victorious they have fled, and very few now come to the pueblo to receive instruction, and the number of those who live in it is likewise small. The father missionary who died at the hands of the barbarians had succeeded in learning

[1] An indication that they had taken part in the attack and been wounded by the Spanish defenders.

the language of these heathen, which extends over a large district, and this is one of the most serious losses.[1]

Friday, January 12.—The commander, having learned of these reports that spread about after the rebellion had taken place in the establishment, began to seek other information which would lead to the discovery of the whereabouts of the Indians who are reputed to be the principal chiefs, in order to arrange for their apprehension.

Saturday, January 13.—Nothing has happened on my part worthy of note.

Sunday, January 14.—The same as yesterday.

Monday, January 15.—The commander of these establishments told me that although he has tried to find out if by means of some of the reduced Indians he might bring about the delivery of those who were reported to him as the authors of the rebellion under consideration, he has not found any one whom he can trust; and hoping for the success of this plan and the fulfillment of his hopes and for the quietude which he desires, he begged me to give him my opinion, in order that even though he should not achieve his purpose he at least might make the attempt.

In view of this, and taking advantage of what is known concerning the matter, we agreed that under pretext of changing the guard of the horse herd, the sergeant should set out tonight from this presidio

[1] A full account of this uprising is given in Palóu's *New California.*

with seventeen soldiers and an interpreter (from whom also the object was concealed), to go by morning to a place a long distance from this presidio, whence it is known that the rebels are accustomed to come, or where there are people who through fear may deliver them to us. This march was begun at eight o'clock at night, its object being unknown to anybody in the place except the one who executed it and the two of us who decided on and made the plans for the expedition, so that the rebels may have no knowledge of it.

Tuesday, January 16.—Nothing occurred except that at four o'clock in the afternoon it was noticed that a large smoke was being sent up in the direction in which we judged the sergeant to be going. From this we infer that the heathen have spied him and are giving news of it to others, for this method is common among them all.

Wednesday and Thursday, January 17 and 18.—There was nothing to note.

Friday, January 19.—At seven o'clock at night the party returned in charge of the sergeant, bringing four heathen, two of whom were chiefs of villages who contributed to the attack on the destroyed mission. The others were private individuals who, together with the foregoing, declare that the two principal chiefs of the rebels, Christians called Carlos and Francisco, are now in the roughest part of the sierra with a band of heathen, fearful that we may hunt them out in order to punish them. They also

say that they have been intending to return to attack this presidio for the purpose of destroying it, but that now, since they have learned of our arrival here, they have given up the plan. These four heathen were secured for the night by being put in prison.

Saturday, January 20.—Commander Don Fernando de Rivera y Moncada asked me to join him in taking the testimony which he obtained from these four heathen. They told the same story as before, adding that the late rebellion was planned entirely by Christian Indians, who suggested it to the heathen who for this reason came to take part in it. Having obtained this information, the commander considered it wise to say to the two private heathen, in order that they might persuade all those of their kind that they must become peaceful and not listen to the counsels of the bad, since these counsels were causing their destruction and incommoding their lives, that he would persecute them, and would do it in short order with the troops, who would set upon them immediately, beginning at once if they did not deliver the two indicated heads of the recent sedition and unless all came to surrender.

Sunday, January 21.—Nothing occurred except that it began to rain and continued until well after nightfall.

Monday, January 22.—Noting today the continuation of the rains, which occur in this region from November until March, with some fair spells, and

that the measures which the commander of the place thinks necessary to correct and punish the rebellion which occurred here are going somewhat slowly, for the first reason I thought it wise to confer with him concerning the matter, so that I might not be charged with luke-warmness through failure to proceed on my way to carry out the orders of his Excellency, especially that of going with all my expedition to the presidio of Monte Rey and from there to the exploration of the River of San Francisco. So I asked the commander to tell me what, more or less, he needed in the way of aid from me, saying that if he thought it would take longer than all the present month I feared that it would interfere with the fulfillment of the instructions which have been given me. I told him that in order that this might not happen, and assuming that he was unable to leave this place, it appeared to me that I ought to leave him ten soldiers of my command so that he might continue his operations; and that with the remaining seven I ought to return to San Gabriel and from there continue with my expedition until I should deliver it at Monte Rey, so that from there I might go on, even at the risk of the rains, to explore the harbor of San Francisco, in order thereby to report to his Excellency what I might observe in the reconnaissance.

To this proposal the commander replied that I must already know that there was nothing at present of more importance for the service of God and the king than the complete pacification of the rebellion

which had occurred, for without it he considered this important port as lost, and that if the evil spread, all the remaining establishments of his command would fall. He therefore requested that I should have the goodness not to take from San Gabriel the soldiers whom I have there in my command to deliver at Monte Rey, for being in the middle of the frontier they could lend a hand from there if it were necessary. He added that since he is not going to the founding of the fort and mission of San Francisco until he sees this situation entirely tranquil, or until he shall have new orders concerning the matter from his Excellency the Viceroy, to whom up to the present the uprising has not been reported, it would not be harmful to retain the troops at San Gabriel.

But this pacification, as I see it, will be very slow, especially if it is to result from any punishment or example, for the rebels will not experience any such thing until after the rains have ceased, nor until the few mounts now possessed by the soldiers of this presidio, which are almost unable to move, as well as those which I have brought here, shall have recuperated. And so, in order not to oppose any plan of the person who is in command of this frontier, it appears to me to be in the interest of the king to agree to what he requests of me, and leave these troops where he thinks best, and also for me to remain here as he requests of me, to await the return of another party which he intends to send into the sierra as soon as the weather clears, to get informa-

tion concerning the rebels and their plans. But when that party returns, if it brings no news which I think requires my remaining here, especially for service in the nature of offensive operations in the field, which is what I offered to come here for, I shall return at once to carry out, for my part, the orders of his Excellency, assuming now that this commander will be present at Monte Rey and the port of San Francisco, and that he shall charge himself with taking command of my expedition before it reaches the former place and make himself responsible for it to his Excellency. Indeed, for me to await the completion of the task in which this commander plans to employ himself many months, I think would be reprehensible conduct on my part, and especially if I fail to do what I can without prejudice to him.

Tuesday, January 23.—It continued raining almost all day.

Wednesday, January 24.—Nothing occurred except that there were continual signs of rain which were not fulfilled.

Thursday, January 25.—Morning dawned clear and so Commander Don Fernando decided to send sixteen soldiers in charge of their sergeant to seek the two prime movers of the uprising who, according to reports, come occasionally to a village not very far from here. The sergeant set out after nightfall, and is to reach the place in the morning, appropriate precaution having been taken so that the Indians who reside here may not give the others any warning.

Friday, January 26.—At half past seven o'clock at night the party who set out in charge of the sergeant returned, bringing nine Indians accused of having taken part in the attack and the destruction of the mission, among them being two Christians and one of the captains of the village of San Luís, who are also indicated as being ring leaders in the rebellion, in which village and in whose possession were found various fragments of the sacred vestments which they stole. To those least culpable a sound beating was given the same night, but because there was no place in which to secure them they were given their liberty, with the warning that it was through our clemency that they were allowed to escape with their lives, which we would proceed to take if they hid the principal rebels. The two most under suspicion were put in handcuffs and under guard of a sentinel. At half past nine the same party set out to go by morning to the village of La Soledad, distant three leagues, to which, they say, one of those whom they regard as a principal leader, now called Carlos, has come to watch our movements.

Saturday, January 27.—A little before noon the party returned with the report that the Indian whom they were seeking had left La Soledad the day before. The captain of that village even denied that he had been there, but others having declared that this was untrue, the sergeant gave the captain the appropriate beating, and warned him that if next time he did not report Carlos's coming there he would be treated as an out and out enemy.

Sunday, January 28.—Nothing of importance occurred.

Monday, January 29.—The same as yesterday.

Tuesday and Wednesday, January 30 and 31.—For my part I have nothing to write about.

Thursday, February 1.—At twelve o'clock today a party of six soldiers set out with letters for his Excellency, containing news of the rebellion and of the events that have taken place here, from the commander of these establishments as well as from me. This party goes as far as the first mission of Old California, and in case there should not be an opportunity there to send the letters to the next mission the party is to take them there itself.

Friday, February 2.—Morning dawned with signs of rain which were verified during the afternoon and part of the night.

Saturday, February 3.—At seven o'clock in the morning five soldiers arrived from the mission of San Gabriel with a report from Lieutenant Don Josef Joachín Moraga and the commissary of the troop destined for the fort of San Francisco, informing me that the father minister of the mission charged with supplying that troop with provisions has told them that he cannot do so in the future, because if he does he will lack what is necessary for the Indians of his mission, and that in view of this he has furnished only what was necessary for half rations for eight days. With this news the soldiers were very much displeased; and even granting that the

en la tarde, y parte de la Noche.

Dia 31 Sauado. } Antes de ayer de la mañana, arrivaron unos Soldados de la Mision de San Gabriel, con parte del Theniente Dn. Josef Joachin Arraga, y el Proveedor de la Tropa, destinada al Puerto de San Francisco, en que me participan, que el Padre Ministro de ella encargado de proveer à dha Tropa de Viveres, les ha avisado, que no lo puede executar en lo sucesivo, por que de hacerlo le faltaria el preciso para los Indios de su Reduccion, y que en esta inteligencia, solo havia dado para ocho dias la correspondiente, à media Ración, con cuya novedad quedava muy disgustada la Tropa, y la que auia dandosela por entero, no corresponde en mucho à la que tiene consignada por su Real Junta de Guerra y Rl. Hacienda, attento à las escaseces que hay en dha Mision de dhos Efectos, y la imposibilidad que hay de conducirlos à ella de los Puertos de Monte Rey, y este en que estamos, q. son los que los tienen

Este accidente, participado, como es regular, al Comandante Dn. Fernando Rivera, nos ha sido de qual sentimiento, por que nos trastornan las providencias que hauiamos tomado, à fin de asegurar la tranquilidad que es necessaria en los Indios Reducidos, que en el dia, no ha venido à presentarse ninguno; y en vista de todo nos convenimos ambos, en que se lleve de aqui un Cabo de Mar, y fusil, para que se provea à dha Tropa, y que passen à cinco Soldados con sus respectivas Familias à Monte Rey, supuesto que no hay dhos Efectos en San Gabriel, ni modo de conducirlos, de aqui à la propria, y que queden en ella, las otras diez Raciones para su Escolta, passando la mas de la anterior, à Reforzar este Presidio, para las Cosechas

A page of Anza's diary.

ration should be a full one, it does not correspond very closely to the one assigned by his Excellency in council of war and royal exchequer, considering the scarcity in the mission and its inability to bring supplies to it from the ports of Monte Rey and this one where we are, which are the places where provisions are to be had.

This misfortune having been reported, as was natural, to Commander Don Fernando Rivera, it has been to both of us alike a matter for sorrow, because it upsets the plans which we have made to insure the tranquillity which is necessary in the rebellious Indians, not one of whom has yet come to present himself. In view of everything we agreed that a pack train of maize and beans shall be sent from here, in order that those troops may be supplied; that twenty soldiers shall go with their families to Monte Rey, since there are no provisions in San Gabriel nor any means of carrying them there from here; and that the other ten shall remain at that mission to guard it, most of the soldiers of the former coming to reinforce this presidio for the scouting expeditions which may be considered necessary and be undertaken.

Likewise we have agreed that I shall escort the families mentioned until I take them beyond the Channel of Santa Barbara, in view of the dense population of Indians who inhabit the country as far as there, and who last year took arms against our men, although they were defeated by them. From there, free of this duty, the next establishments being now

in good condition, making it possible for the troop mentioned to take some rests, which will be necessary because of the present rains, I shall go ahead[1] for the purpose of gaining time to prepare in Monte Rey for my journey for the exploration of the port of San Francisco, in case it is permitted by the floods of the rivers, which are regarded as unfordable until April or May.

These decisions, which were made through necessity, are a matter of regret to both the commander and to me, for they appear to be contrary in part to the plans which have just been reported to his Excellency. But the cause of the change has already been stated. Moreover, it is also patent that the sole aim of the decisions made is to restore to this presidio the desired tranquillity which the commander is trying to establish, and to facilitate the exploration mentioned, in order to proceed to the foundation. Both aims free us of any charge of insincerity; indeed, even our own interests would lead us to desire to be finishing the latter task now, and that in its execution we should meet no obstacle.

Sunday, February 4.—At ten o'clock in the morning the pack train of provisions mentioned set out. It had been decided on some time back, but since even the mules which carried them were very weak, it had been suspended until today, the time set from the first for starting, after which I was to set forth.

[1] Leaving the colonists to follow more slowly. This part of the plan was not carried out, and Anza remained with his colony till it reached Monterey.

Monday, February 5.—At daybreak it was raining, the storm having come up since nine o'clock last night.

Tuesday, February 6.—The rain continued, with a very strong wind.

Wednesday, February 7.—It was raining this morning the same as yesterday, and the ground was so miry that only with difficulty have they been able to come to report from the guard of the horse herd, which is less than a league from here.

Thursday, February 8.—As impassable as yesterday.

Friday, February 9.—Notwithstanding that the arroyo near this presidio is extremely difficult, I decided to set forth and we crossed it in almost six palms of water. We had some difficulty at the next arroyo, San Dieguito, and another, because all the creeks have become rivers. At the arroyo of Agua Hedionda we halted to pass the night.[1]

Saturday, February 10.—At seven o'clock in the morning we continued our march, the ground being very miry, and at vespers we halted at the arroyo of La Quema.[2]

Sunday, February 11.—At the same time as yesterday morning, and over drier country now, we continued our march until half past four in the afternoon, when we arrived at the Santa Ana River, where I

[1] Agua Hedionda still bears the same name. It is a creek which enters the ocean just south of Carlsbad.

[2] Font, more exactly, says they halted at a small arroyo "a league before reaching La Quema."

halted for the night.[1] Here I overtook the pack train which is carrying the provisions, it having set out from San Diego on the 4th. The corporal in charge reported to me that there had been no other difficulty on his march than the rain already mentioned, and the miry places which have made it impossible for him to travel any faster.

Monday, February 12.—We set forth, all together now, for the mission of San Gabriel, where we arrived in the middle of the afternoon. Here I learned of the incident that occurred at twelve o'clock the night before. It was that a soldier, one of the old ones of these establishments, who at the time was entrusted with the care of the saddle animals of all the guard and those of the mission, deserted in company with three muleteers of my train and a servant of the sergeant of the expedition. For this purpose they carried off about twenty-five saddle animals, the best of those belonging to both, although the greater part of them belonged to the mission. In this theft were included also two mules belonging to the expedition.

The first that was known of this matter was when one of the muleteers who have remained returned at midnight from the ranch of the soldiers to sleep at his camp and noted some fragments scattered about. Inferring from this that there had been a robbery, he immediately reported to the officer and the commissary, and they went at once to examine the site and the pieces, inquiring for the guard in

[1] The indications are that camp was near Olive, as on the southward journey.

whose charge they had been. He was not found, but they did find that they had stolen some glass beads, tobacco, and chocolate, which indicated a desertion. A review of all the men being held, it was found that the persons mentioned were lacking, besides two muskets, a saddle, and other things of less importance which they were able to lay their hands on.

In view of all the foregoing, and it not being noticed in the morning that the saddle animals mentioned were lacking, for they were turned out loose in the fields, they sent to where our mounts were being guarded for those necessary to follow the deserters, and Lieutenant Moraga set out after them with ten soldiers, determined to follow them two days, which is as much as the animals can stand, although they chose the best of them.

I have done all I could to learn whether the disease of desertion has spread to the soldiers, or to persons who have come to settle in these places, but I have not found any one so infected. This seems to be proved by the event itself, for among those who have fled no one from these classes is included. And it is the common opinion that the soldier influenced the other four, for they say he has been under suspicion of desertion ever since he came, and is so desperate and bold that on another occasion he attempted to desert from Baja California on a tule raft. He sailed on it at the will of the wind for a day, but the next day he was wafted back to the very land from which he wished to escape.—

From Tubac to the mission of San Gabriel, counting the journey to San Diego and the return to this mission, 278 leagues have been traveled.

Tuesday, February 13.—It is necessary to await the return of Lieutenant Moraga, because both he and the seven soldiers who are with him have to go forward to escort their families. Moreover, the country is impassable because of the mires which are caused by the heavy rains, which have been continuous during these last six days. For all these reasons I decided to await him.

Wednesday, February 14.—I continued to wait, as explained above, and today there was some rain.

Thursday, February 15.—At half past seven at night arrived two of the soldiers who were accompanying the lieutenant who is pursuing the deserters. He sent them back from the region of the Laguna de San Antonio Bucareli,[1] on the road to Sonora, on the night of the day when he set out from here. The reason was as follows: Having lost the road on account of the thick fog, he turned back while it was still foggy to find it again. He discovered that the relay which he had brought in his rear guard had kept on the road and had gone ahead at a time when one of the soldiers was run away with by his horse. Fearing that he would not overtake the relay without a long delay, he thought it best to entrust it to another in order that they might return here, he continuing on his way without any loss of time.

[1] Lake San Jacinto, now dry.

From what is inferred from the trail, the deserters have not stopped anywhere except to change horses. This they are doing frequently, and since they are taking a better relay than those who are following them, it will be difficult for them to overtake them unless the deserters become careless.

Friday, February 16.—Before daybreak it began to rain, and at nine o'clock the land was so miry that although our horse herd is not a league away, those who came to give a report of it and of its guard were about an hour and a half on the way. They reported that on account of the mires it is not possible to guard the horse herd, for which reason the herd will be turned loose and watched.

Saturday, February 17.—The weather was clear until three in the afternoon, when the few clouds which remained from the day and the night before discharged some water.

Sunday, February 18.—It ceased raining and nothing in particular occurred.

Monday, February 19.—Nothing worth mentioning happened.

Tuesday, February 20.—Lieutenant Moraga, who is following the deserters, has not yet returned, and I conclude from this delay that he has followed them as far as the Colorado River, making it impossible for him to return so soon. And since it is not permissible to await him any longer, through lack of provisions and inability to bring them from the other missions, I have decided to set forth with most of the expedition for the presidio of Monte Rey, as Don Fernando Rivera and I agreed, and as has been set forth hereinbefore. I am leaving orders that as soon as Lieutenant Moraga returns he shall follow and overtake me, with the escort which I am leaving here. I am also arranging that twelve soldiers of my expedition now at this mission are to remain, including the four who are with the lieutenant, in order that with this number and five of the old soldiers of these establishments, the necessary guard may remain in this one, in charge of the sergeant of my expedition. Eight are to go to the presidio of San Diego to bring provisions for both guards and for the twelve families who are remaining here, setting out on the 22d of this month with a pack train of mules, also belonging to my

expedition. For this reason I am reporting to Don Fernando Rivera everything that has occurred, and telling him what supplies I am leaving for the troops and families destined for this place. They consist of only enough for twenty-three days.

Wednesday, February 21.—At half past eleven, when everything was ready for the march, I set forth with seventeen of the soldiers and the same number of the families destined to remain in this California, besides six of my company. Four of these last are remaining here to await Lieutenant Moraga, as has been said, and also to escort the cattle belonging to the colonists. I set out on the regular road to Monte Rey, which we followed for a little more than a league to the southwest. Continuing for another league to the west-southwest,[1] we crossed the Porciúncula River. After this we made three more leagues, traveling until five o'clock in the afternoon, having marched five and a half hours, when we halted at El Portezuelo, where the night was passed. Notwithstanding that for a number of days past it has not rained very hard, the road has been so heavy that many of the mules which carried the loads fell down.[2]—From Tubac to El Portezuelo, exclusive of the distance traveled in going to and returning from San Diego, 203 leagues.

[1] Font says west to the river.

[2] The route was evidently along the line of the Southern Pacific Railroad through Alhambra to Los Angeles River, thence northwest up the river through the Portezuelo. Camp was at the turn of the mountains west of Glendale.

Thursday, February 22.—Having moved our train, at eight o'clock in the morning we continued on our way. Going mainly to the west, over better footing than yesterday and by the trail mentioned, we made seven leagues in as many hours, traveling until three in the afternoon, and reaching the site of Agua Escondida, where camp was made for the night.—From Tubac to Agua Escondida, 210 leagues.[1]

Friday, February 23.—Raising our train, at eight o'clock we set forth, going southwest for a league, at the end of which we continued, gradually rising, for a matter of three leagues, at which distance we finished crossing a small range which we began to ascend yesterday. The last descent of it is very dangerous, but having passed it, most of the women going on foot, we continued five more leagues to the northwest. We accomplished all this in ten hours, and at six o'clock we reached the Santa Clara River, where the night was passed, it having been impossible to halt before this for lack of firewood.[2]—From Tubac to the Santa Clara River, 219 leagues.

Saturday, February 24.—With a dense fog and signs of rain we raised our camp, and a little before nine o'clock set forth to the west. Having trav-

[1] The route lay along the south side of San Fernando Valley to Calabasas and Las Virgenes Creek, near which camp was made. Agua Escondida ordinarily means a watering place some distance off the road.

[2] The route was through Grape Arbor, Russell Valley, Newbury Park, down the west slope of Conejo Mountain (La Cuesta), Camarillo, El Rio, and the Santa Clara River. For details see Font's diary.

eled two leagues we reached the first village of the Channel of Santa Barbara, along which we went in the same direction, and in which it runs throughout its length except for a few short turns to the northwest. In a little more than six hours we traveled four leagues, and at three o'clock in the afternoon we came to the Rancherías del Rincón, where a halt was made for the night. In these two villages we have found an abundance of good fish, some of which it has been estimated are more than a foot long exclusive of the tail, especially the female sardines, which are full of spawn.[1]—From Tubac to the Rancherías del Rincón, 225 leagues.

Sunday, February 25.—At nine o'clock we continued our march along the same Channel and in the same direction, traveling seven leagues in a little more than seven hours, and making camp in the neighborhood of the villages of Mexcaltitán a little before reaching them. In the three villages through which we have passed before these we have found a greater abundance of fish and sardines than in the previous ones.[2]—From Tubac to the Rancherías de Mexcaltitán, 232 leagues.

[1] The first village of the Santa Barbara Channel was at Ventura, or Rio de la Asumpta (Ventura River). Rancherías del Rincón were on Rincón Creek, near Rincón Point, on the boundary between Ventura and Santa Barbara counties. The day's march was close along the beach, and nearly northwest.

[2] The day's march was a long one. It took the colony past Santa Barbara to the neighborhood of Goleta and of María Creek. Camp was a league northeast of Mescaltitán (Font). The name Mescaltitán is now represented by Mescal Island, southwest of Goleta. Here there were several villages on the banks of the estuary or lagoon and two or more on the islands in the estuary.

Monday, February 26.—At half past eight we set forth on the march, continuing along the same Channel. We went west in the main, although during the first part of the march, for about a league and a half, until we reached and passed the villages of Mexcaltitán, we descended west-southwest, after which we traveled for six and a half leagues more until we passed the Ranchería Nueva, having already passed by five others, all abounding in fish. Here we concluded the day's march, having traveled a little less than seven hours.[1]—From Tubac to the Ranchería Nueva, 239 leagues.

Tuesday, February 27.—At eight o'clock we raised our camp and continued on our way, still following the same Channel toward the west. In this direction we traveled eight leagues in slightly more than eight hours, until we had passed a little beyond the village of El Cojo, having left behind four other habitations of the same kind. At three o'clock in the afternoon we halted for the night at the place named.[2]—From Tubac to the Rancherías del Cojo, 247 leagues.

Wednesday, February 28.—At the same hour as yesterday we set forth on the march, following along the same Channel to the west, with short turns to the west-northwest, and traveled until we reached

[1] Ranchería Nueva was apparently at Tajiguas Creek. According to both Anza and Font it was half way from the camp near Mescaltitán to El Cojo.

[2] The village of El Cojo (The Lame) was at Cañada del Cojo, just east of Point Concepción.

the last village called the Ranchería de los Pedernales, which is preceded by that of La Espada, having now finished the Channel and gone four and a half leagues. From here we went northwest, keeping very close to the coast for five more leagues, when we came at four o'clock in the afternoon to the Santa Rosa River.[1] We could not cross it now because the tide was entering it and so we halted for the night. The circumstances of the heathen who live on this Channel, their number, their mode of living in rational union, the building of vessels with which they fish, and other qualities which are not usually found among such people, I noted in my former diary and journey, and for this reason I am not repeating them in this one.—From Tubac to the Santa Rosa River, 256½ leagues.

Thursday, February 29.—At six o'clock in the morning I sent to learn the condition of the river. On account of the flood of water poured into it by the rise of the sea it was not fordable until half past twelve, when with the falling of the tide it was possible to cross. We now went over successfully, after which we continued our march to the northwest for two hours and three-quarters, traveling about three leagues, at the end of which we halted at Laguna Graciosa to pass the night, since for four or five hours forward from here there is neither water nor

1 Camp was near Surf. The village of La Espada was at Espada Creek, and that of Los Pedernales east of Rocky Point. The Santa Rosa River was the present Santa Ynez, where camp was made.

firewood.[1]—From Tubac to Laguna Graciosa, 259½ leagues.

Friday, March 1.—With fog and cold wind, at a quarter to eight in the morning we moved our train and set forth on the march to the northeast, with some turns to the north, in which direction we traveled about three leagues until we came to the village of the Laguna Larga. From here we continued in the last-named direction for two more leagues, at the end of which we turned toward the northwest or west-northwest, and likewise to the west, for about two and a half leagues, when we came to the shore of the sea. Turning again to the north, we traveled about a league and a half more, at the end of which we arrived at a quarter past five at the village of El Buchón, having traveled nine leagues in nine and a half hours. Here we halted for the night.[2]—From Tubac to the Ranchería del Buchón, 268½ leagues.

Saturday, March 2.—We raised our camp and set forth on the march. After going northeast for a league we turned to the north for another league,

[1] Laguna Graciosa was the lake at San Antonio Creek, near the coast. By a slip the MS. reads "Precioso" in this sentence.

[2] The route was near to the line of the Southern Pacific Railroad most of the way. Laguna Larga (Long Lake) was Guadalupe Lake, east of which Anza went. The shore was reached above Oso Flaco Lake. El Buchón was in Price Canyon half way from Pismo to the Asphalt Mines near Maxwellton. This is made certain by Font, who tells us that next day "on emerging from a canyon about a league from the camp site [at the village of El Buchón] we traveled along the foot of a hill, between whose rocks we saw right on the road some springs of tar which rise there." These springs of tar were at the Asphalt Mines.

and then gradually descended toward the northwest for still another league, when we arrived at the mission of San Luís just as it was striking half past eleven, having traveled three and a half hours.

Although it is more than a month since it has rained in this region, today many mires were encountered, one being so dangerous that it was necessary to carry over all the packloads on the shoulders of the men, most of the people going on foot. Some of them, who wished to avoid wetting their feet, and hoping that the mounts would bring them out safely, paid well for it by getting much wetter. This greater disaster fell especially on our colonists and those who had most primped up to enter the pueblo.

The welcome which they gave us corresponded to their pleasure, and was such as may be imagined with people who spend all the days of their years without seeing any other faces than the twelve or thirteen to which most of these establishments are reduced, including the missionaries and the guard. And, aside from their long and painful exile from the world, as they say, we found them agitated by the event that happened at San Diego, thinking that after the first uprising another and worse one might have taken place, as the rebels threatened; and what is more, by the understanding that I had appeared with my expedition on the Colorado River, as the same rebels reported, just at the time of their rebellion, as was very easy for our people, induced by their own fear, to believe. But having seen me, all

melancholy and sadness disappeared, and they have turned to giving thanks to divine providence and to the present efficient government, that in such a timely manner this aid in the way of troops should have come to them.[1]—From Tubac to the mission of San Luís, 271½ leagues.

Sunday, March 3.—I devoted the present day to rest for the entire expedition.

Monday, March 4.—At a quarter past nine we set forth from this mission, going northeast for about a league and a half, in the course of which we climbed up a spur of the Sierra de Santa Lucía. Then, having traveled an equal distance or a little more to the north, we passed the site and river of Santa Margarita. This we followed downstream toward the northwest and west-northwest, in which direction it runs, until we came to the site of La Assumpción, where we halted, having made in the whole march about seven leagues in seven and a quarter hours.[2]—From Tubac to the ford of La Asumpción, 278½ leagues.

Tuesday, March 5.—A little before half past eight we set forth on the march, immediately crossing the river of Monte Rey, which was done successfully although the river was somewhat deep. From

[1] The route was essentially that of the Southern Pacific Railroad through Maxwellton to San Luís Obispo.

[2] The route was (essentially along the line of the automobile highway) northeast for a league up San Luís Creek, then north over La Cuesta to Santa Margarita Creek, down that stream and Salinas River to La Assumpción above Atascadero. The name is preserved in Asunción. Font gives the details of the route better than Anza.

here we continued north with some turns to the north [west] for three leagues, at the end of which we left the river at our right and climbed some small hills to the northwest. Continuing over these to the west-northwest, in which direction they run, we descended in four more leagues to the Nacimiento River. From here we traveled for another league to the west, until we came to the first ford of the San Antonio River, where at half past four o'clock in the afternoon we halted to pass the night, having traveled eight leagues in the same number of hours.[1] —From Tubac to the ford of the San Antonio River, 286½ leagues.

Wednesday, March 6.—At eight o'clock we moved our train and immediately crossed the river named, and then ascended it to the west-southwest for about half a league. After this we continued along the same bottom lands, which little by little turn northwest, and traveled almost to the place where it rises and to the mission of San Antonio, where we arrived at four o'clock in the afternoon, having covered eight leagues in as many hours. The welcome which they gave us here was as warm as at the foregoing missions. This one presented our troop with two very fat hogs and a supply of suet from them, a present which, on account of the condition of the

[1] The first three leagues took them to Paso Robles. Here they turned northwest over the hills along the Oak Flat Road (Paso Robles), to San Marcos Creek, then a little west of north to Nacimiento Ranch, thence west-northwest to San Antonio River near King Well. Font gives the details more exactly than Anza. I traced the trail over this stretch in August, 1929.

country and the needs of our soldiers, has been appreciated accordingly.[1]—From Tubac to the mission of San Antonio, 294½ leagues.

Thursday, March 7.—This day I devoted to rest for all the expedition. At one o'clock in the afternoon Lieutenant Moraga arrived at this mission with a report that on the 16th of last month, about four leagues before he reached the Colorado River and the Laguna de Santa Olaya, he succeeded in overtaking the soldier and the muleteers who had deserted from the mission of San Gabriel. As soon as he overtook them they surrendered without resistance except that two of them ran a short distance. But when he ordered them to surrender they did so, and he disarmed and bound them immediately, returning from that very place by the same road over which he had gone.

In various depositions which this officer has taken from the deserters for the purpose of learning whether the soldiers or any of the other members of the expedition wished to accompany them, and what may have been their motives for committing the treason of which they are guilty, they reveal nothing except what caused it. This was that a muleteer, having stolen two arrobas of chocolate, the sealed box of which was in his charge, as well as some aguardiente taken from a sealed barrel, he became frightened lest as soon as I should notice this shortage and others of similar import I should

[1] The route was close along the San Antonio River to San Antonio Mission.

punish him as he merited, because these things were property of the expedition and entrusted to his care. Not having any way of exculpating himself from everything, he now invited the five persons mentioned to flee with him, the plan being to go out to the province of Sonora to hide themselves there in order not to be discovered.

The day agreed upon arrived—the same day on which the soldier mentioned was to guard the saddle animals of the mission and of its escort. After he had put them at night in a place convenient for the rest, they went to the instigator to ask for the things which they took on the day of the desertion, as has been said. He complied, saying, "There you have them," adding that he was not going with them now because he feared the risk of the road, and the officers of our settlements if he should go without a passport from me, but that if they wished to go he would keep their secret. Thereupon, always fearful of being discovered, the five mentioned finally decided to go, as they did.

As soon as this officer[1] returned to the mission of San Gabriel he put the men in prison, and learning that the muleteer, instigator of so much evil, was on his way to San Diego, he ordered the sergeant, commander of the former mission, that as soon as he returned he should arrest him and keep all of them secured.

All the foregoing, as well as that he lost seven riding animals in pursuit of these men, this officer

[1] Moraga.

reported to Commander Rivera, as it had been arranged that he should do. To me likewise he has reported that the heathen of the Marsh of San Sebastían, and others as far as the Pass of San Carlos, wished to make war upon him, and secretly wounded three of the riding animals, although they did not capture them, in order that the Spaniards might not be able to use them, but as soon as they made the attempt he set upon them, which was enough to cause them to flee. These same barbarians have done this on three former occasions, and it has been tolerated in them up to now in order to justify our cause. This officer assures me likewise that both he and the soldiers who accompanied him noted among these heathen signs which indicate that they took part in the sacking and destruction of the mission of San Diego, circumstances sufficient to warrant regarding them as vicious as they are, and as bad as they have manifested themselves by other happenings among them ever since our first visit.

Friday, March 8.—Lieutenant Moraga and the three soldiers whom I left him in order that he might follow me, having joined us, I set forth from this mission of San Antonio at a quarter to nine o'clock. Going northeast and north for three leagues, as far as El Roble Caido,[1] from here we continued northwest for about four more leagues, until at a quarter

[1] The first league was northeast up Sulphur Spring Canyon, then east to the Jolon Road, northeast down Kent Canyon (Roble Caido was here), not Arroyo Seco as Eldredge thought, then north past King City, to a point nearly east of Greenfield. Camp was in the valley still shown on the map as Posa de los Ositos (*sic*).

past three we came to Los Ossitos on the river of Monte Rey, where the march was finished, having traveled seven leagues in seven hours. At twelve o'clock tonight it rained.—From Tubac to Los Ossitos, 301½ leagues.

Saturday, March 9.—A little before eight o'clock we raised our camp and set forth to the west-northwest over a spacious and beautiful plain, following the bottom lands of the river. Traveling in this direction eight leagues in eight hours, we came to the place of Los Correos, where we ended our journey at three in the afternoon, because there were signs of rain.[1]—From Tubac to Los Correos, 309½ leagues.

Sunday, March 10.—A little before four it began to rain lightly and continued until seven. Since it looked as if it would clear up entirely, I gave orders to raise our train, and we set forth on the march at half past eight, continuing west-northwest along the river until we had traveled three leagues. We now changed our direction and left the river, going west and also west-southwest. Following this direction we arrived after four o'clock at the presidio of Monte Rey, having traveled seven leagues in a little more than eight hours. When we arrived it was raining heavily, having begun at eleven o'clock.[2]—From Tu-

[1] The march was along the Salinas River. Camp was somewhere between Somavia School and Chualar. The name of Los Correos (where couriers were sent ahead) is preserved in Rancho Guadalupe y Llanetes de los Correos, which is in that stretch along the river.

[2] The river was followed to a point very near Spreckels. Anza turned southwest essentially along the present highway to Monterey. Font mentions Buena Vista and El Toro, two names still on the map in essentially the same locations as those indicated by him.

bac to the presidio and port of Monte Rey, 316½ leagues.

From the time of leaving my presidio until my arrival here sixty-two days' marches have been made, this being a few less than I estimated even when I was in Mexico. In all these days of travel we have had no losses among the people whom I have conducted except the woman mentioned as having died of childbirth on the first night after we set forth from Tubac. Other adversities experienced and related herein are those common to roads less extended and more open, and even provided with everything necessary to guard against mishaps. The rain storm continued until nightfall.

Sunday, March 11.—The reverend father president of the missions of these new establishments came with three other friars from the mission of Carmelo, which is a league distant, to welcome me and to invite me to go to the mission. With their aid we had the advantage of Mass and a sermon, given by our father chaplain, Fray Pedro Font, as an act of thanksgiving for the successful arrival of the expedition at this presidio. With great energy he exhorted our people to manifest their Catholicism by their exemplary lives, as a mirror which the piety of his Majesty is sending to these regions to convert its heathen, this being the principal purpose for which they have been brought.

In the afternoon of this day I went to the mission of Carmelo, where I was surprised at the large num-

ber of new Christians settled there, for they exceed three hundred souls, whereas two years ago when I was at the mission I did not see a third as many. I have noted the same thing in all the missions which I have passed through, notwithstanding that not all of the fruit that has been gathered exists in them now, because the missions have not produced the necessary provisions to maintain them, for up to now, although the country is very well adapted to all kinds of crops, there has not been an opportunity to plant them. Nevertheless, this year the fields are larger; and in proportion as crops abound the spiritual conquest will increase, for the Indians are numerous, even if most of them receive conversion and faith by way of the mouth, as they say with good reason, because they like our grains and gifts of other things which they did not have and had never heard of.

Other conditions and good qualities of all this New California I shall omit to state, because this has been done in numerous accounts that are better than mine. So I conclude by saying that with the exception of minerals, from Mexico to here, counting both the coasts and the interior districts and their respective climates, I have seen no other region so advantageous as this for the raising of all kinds of stock, and the production of the principal grains suitable for food, which is remarkable, for it produces these as well as most kinds of vegetables. And the climate afforded these latter at the time of trans-

planting them is such that with only this effort they grow so tender and large that I have not seen their equal even among those best cultivated.

Notable also in this mission of Carmelo is the great abundance of salmon which enter the river to spawn. They are so large that I saw one six palms long, and with good nets and not a great deal of labor it would be possible to establish a good commerce in them. The shoals of huge sardines are even larger and very frequent, but to the catching of these and other fish they have given little attention, and less care in proportion to their abundance, although if they had only set to running the launch which is in Monte Rey, and asked for nets from San Blas, they might have seen themselves always abundantly supplied with fish and the vessels which bring provisions loaded with them.

Tuesday, March 12.—I remained at this mission, and from here began to make preparations to go within two days to explore the port and river of San Francisco.

Wednesday, March 13.—At twelve o'clock today I was suddenly attacked by some very severe and sharp pains in the groin, the hip, the knee, and the left thigh, which have been so violent that I could not breathe and I have thought I should be suffocated and die. To these ills some fever was added, and I got no relief from the medicines possessed by the presidio doctor. Therefore, after six hours of torment I resorted to a root from my province which,

made into a salve, reduced the pains by half, but I could not sleep at all during the night, and could lie in only one position.

From Thursday to Tuesday, March 14, 15, 16, 17, 18 and 19.—No relief, unable to rise, worn-out with fever and continually restless.

On Sunday, March 17, I sent eight soldiers of the presidio of Monte Rey to Commander Don Fernando Rivera, as he requested me to do. And because the troops who come assigned to the port of San Francisco regret not going immediately to their destination, since they are numerous enough, I am writing him to this effect, begging him, on my part, that he permit them so to do, with a view to my return and to the exploration which I am going to make of the port mentioned. And I am offering even to conduct these troops thither myself if he is not able to come and do it and cannot entrust it to the officer who has come for this purpose.[1]

Wednesday and Thursday, March 20 and 21.—Aided by some medicines and assisted by other persons I was able to take a step.

[1] Moraga.

A SITE FOR SAN FRANCISCO

Friday, March 22.—Having had some relief, and being able to take a few steps, I decided, although against the advice of the surgeon, to mount a horse to continue my journey for the exploration of the port and river of San Francisco, hoping with the exercise of the road to recover my health. For this purpose they mounted me on horseback, and not feeling any worse I made the journey to Monte Rey, where I passed the rest of the day and the night.

Saturday, March 23.—With Lieutenant Don Joseph Joachín Moraga, the Rev. Father Fr. Pedro Font, and a corporal of this presidio of Monte Rey, two other soldiers of this presidio and eight of my company, and equipped with provisions for twenty days, I set forth from the presidio at half past nine, taking the same road, as a better route to the port of San Francisco. Going to the east for about half a league, and continuing to the east-northeast for four more leagues, at the end of this distance we forded the River of Monte Rey. From here we continued to the northeast and north-northeast over a good plain with beautiful pastures for about three leagues and arrived at half past three at La Assumpción, at the beginning of a canyon with some trees, having trav-

eled seven leagues in seven hours.[1]—From Tubac to La Asunción, 323½ leagues.

Sunday, March 24.—At half past seven we set forth northeast, ascending the canyon mentioned, and some ridges which ended in a steep descent by which we came to and passed the arroyo of San Benito, which has only water enough for travelers. To here we had come two leagues. We now turned to the north-northwest with considerable turns to the northwest, through a spacious plain, until we had gone about six more leagues, arriving at half past three at the site of San Bernardino and also that of Las Llagas, having traveled eight leagues in eight hours. Here we camped for the night.[2]

About two leagues before reaching this place, near a water course which we passed, we saw a village of seventeen huts, three of whose heathen inhabitants came to make us a present of an equal number of fish, for which we gave them compensation. A league and a half farther on there came to us twenty-two natives, of more than seventy persons of both sexes who were out hunting. These unfortunates had nothing more to offer us than the few arrows of the

[1] The route to the river was considerably west of the highway to the Salinas thence to the vicinity of Sugar Loaf Mountain. La Natividad is the name of a settlement and a rancho in the neighborhood.

[2] They crossed the Gabilán Range, descended to the site of Mission San Juan Bautista, skirted the west side of San Benito Valley, crossed Pájaro River near Sargent, and skirted the west side of Gilroy Valley. Camp was on Llagas Creek, to which they dropped down after crossing the spur of hills northwest of San Martín. Font gives the conclusive data.

kind which they use, and though we did not accept them we gave them our usual presents. We have noted here that in the place where the last Mass was said[1] when our people traveled through here, the trees where they nailed and set up the altar are now full of arrows, decorated with colored feathers and hung with some little bags of food, now decayed, which indicates the acknowledgment which these heathen render. We do not know to whom it is offered, but with others of whom I have some knowledge it is usually to the immortality of their own people, although confused and very different from real immortality. This site might serve in the future as a place for a settlement, for it does not lack a fair amount of land and water for crops, and timber and firewood are to be had in abundance close by.—From Tubac to San Bernardino, 331½ leagues.

Monday, March 25.—A little before eight o'clock we set forth along the edge of some low hills on the left, which run to the northwest for a little more than three leagues. Having passed these we entered a spacious plain with many oaks and live oaks. After traveling a short distance in the plain we turned to the west-northwest, and then began to meet many heathen, who went notifying those ahead, greedy for the glass beads which I gave them. With such a company as this we continued for about a league and a half, after which they left us. Continuing our route in the same direction for about three leagues and a half, we turned to the west, going close to some small

[1] By Palóu in 1774.

hills at our left, and arrived at the arroyo of San Joseph Cupertino, which is useful only for travelers. Here we halted for the night, having come eight leagues in seven and a half hours. From this place we have seen at our right the estuary which runs from the port of San Francisco. In order to get around it to see the great river of the same name we shall have to return to this place or go even farther back.[1]—From Tubac to San Joseph Cupertino, 339½ leagues.

Tuesday, March 26.—At half past seven we set forth to the northwest, crossing three arroyos with a small amount of water. The fourth, which we came to after having traveled a little less than four leagues, was the arroyo of San Francisco. It was proposed and marked for a mission,[2] as is shown by a cross, but subsequently it has been found that it is not suitable for the purpose because it lacks water in the dry season. This is too bad, for it certainly has all the other advantages that might be desired, such as an abundance of heathen, good land for crops, plentiful and choice timber near by, and other things which make it desirable. At this arroyo we found a village of about twenty huts whose inhabitants were given presents of glass beads.

[1] From Llagas Creek they continued north-northwest to the gap near Coyote, then swung west-northwest along the northern skirts of the Santa Teresa Hills. Camp was evidently on Calabasas Creek, near the hills, some two miles north of Saratoga, or possibly on Campbell Creek right at Saratoga. Cupertino preserves the name, but is farther out in the plain than was the site of the camp.

[2] By Palóu, during his expedition in 1774.

Continuing our route from here, and going in general to the west-northwest, although the turns which we made in the first direction were small and almost negligible,[1] we passed by two other villages to whom we made the same gifts. Here ends the abundance of oaks, live oaks and other trees which we have had on all sides on the way from San Bernardino. Leaving these villages and continuing on our way, we came upon two others, the second one being on the arroyo of San Matheo. From here we passed on to another, distant about half a league, and here at half past three we halted for the night, having traveled for eight hours and covered about eight leagues. All these arroyos mentioned today, and a larger number which have been passed dry shod, we have found grown with many tall and thick laurels of extraordinary and most fragrant scent.[2]— From Tubac to the arroyo of San Matheo, 347½ leagues.

Wednesday, March 27.—A little before seven we set forth on the march, going in the main to the northwest, whereby we arrived at half past ten at the mouth of the port of San Francisco. Here we halted on the banks of a lake[3] which until today has

[1] *Pequeñas hasta parar.*

[2] Camp was northwest of San Mateo, near Hoyt School. Arroyo de San Francisco is now San Francisquito Creek, which was crossed northwest of Palo Alto. Arroyo San Mateo is now San Mateo Creek.

[3] Camp was at Mountain Lake on the south edge of the presidio grounds. Anza's leagues are long. Font gives the distance as six leagues. By air line it was about seventeen miles. The route lay for ten miles straight north-northwest past the Cemeteries, to Colma,

been regarded as a lagoon, because its outlet into the sea had not been seen, but it has a stream sufficient for a mill. Here we concluded a march of about four leagues made in three and a half hours. Although, as I have said, we halted at the lake mentioned, as soon as our baggage was unloaded I went to inspect the neighborhood of the mouth, going west and south in order to see if there are any conveniences for the establishment of the fort. In this pursuit I employed the time from the hour mentioned until five, when I returned. The advantages of the site which I have noted are running water of good quality and of the quantity already expressed, to which are added other streams nearby in the same directions, much firewood and good pasturage, sufficient and even in superabundance for pasturing cattle. But along with these good qualities one must mention the lack of timber, for in the district examined there is none even for barracks, but I shall continue to look for some tomorrow in the remaining directions.—From Tubac to the port of San Francisco, 351½ leagues.

Thursday, March 28.—I went to the narrowest opening made by the mouth of the port, where nobody had been before.[1] There I set up a cross, and at its foot I buried under the ground a notice of what I have seen, in order that it may serve as a guide to any vessels that may enter, as well as a report of

then some seven or eight miles nearly straight north to Mountain Lake. Font tells us they saw a lake (Merced) at their left, and did not go to the coast.

[1] Rivera and Palóu had only reached Point Lobos.

what I am going on to explore in order to establish the fort belonging to this harbor.

This done, I continued exploring the country on the shore of the harbor to the east and east-southeast. Very soon after leaving the site of our camp I began to find running water, an infinite supply of firewood, timber for barracks, mostly of oak, both green and dry and of good thickness, but bent toward the ground because of the constant northwest winds on this coast. Likewise, after continuing to the southeast a league and a half along the coast of the estuary,[1] I found a good site for planting crops with irrigation by taking the water from a good spring or fountain, even though it should diminish to half the volume which is running now above the site. And since a little more than half a league to the east of the camp there is a very large lake[2] which cannot be anything less than permanent at all seasons, and which is running at present, either because its fountain is perpetual or because it has a spring now, whichever the case may be, with a week's labor and with a stockade and an earthen embankment it could be made extremely abundant. It does not have any land which could be irrigated, because the tide of the sea overflows the lowlands there, but on the banks of the lake good gardens can be planted, for it is already known that the climate is good, and that the crops grow with less moisture because of

[1] He evidently reached Dolores Creek.

[2] This lake seems to have been in the flat northeast of Mountain Lake, in the vicinity of the Marina.

the heavy fogs which fall almost every night, and of the cloudy days, which are many in the course of a year, and even the majority, it may be said.

In the district which I have examined today and from which I returned at five o'clock in the afternoon, I have also encountered numerous and docile heathen, who have accompanied me with great pleasure but without going a step outside of their respective territories, because of the enmity which is common among them.

Friday, March 29.—At a quarter past seven I packed up our equipage and sent it back by the same route over which we had come, with orders to await me at the arroyo of San Matheo. Then, with a party of five soldiers and my father chaplain, I continued to explore the district which I had not covered to the southeast, and the region which overlooks the estuary that runs to the south and inland from the port. I again went to the lake with the spring which I mentioned yesterday, and likewise to the spring which I called Los Dolores.[1] About half a league from here, to the southeast, there is a wide and long valley with plentiful moisture where more than a hundred and twenty fanegas of wheat can be sown.[2] There is also a little spring of good drinking water which appears not to dry up, because it has a good-sized village which also enjoys a plentiful supply of firewood. From here forward and until I again struck the road which I followed in coming there is nothing note-

1 Mission San Francisco (Dolores) was later founded here.

2 This was apparently in the same valley as Dolores.

worthy. But the exploration that has been made on this occasion, in the region where it was prognosticated that there would be the same sterility as at the west of our port mentioned, shows that this region, with the exception of what relates to timber for large beams, is not only fertile but extremely so.

Therefore, this presidio and fort will have an abundance and variety of water, firewood, and building stone. It will not lack a place in which to plant good fields, although somewhat distant, nor pastures for cattle without equal in quality and abundance. And besides enjoying these fine advantages, of which those who have formerly come as far as the mouth of the port have not even had hopes, it will enjoy even more if established at the place already mentioned, where it is narrowest, to mark which I am leaving erected a cross, as I indicated on the 28th.[1] From this place or point to the opposite point we estimate the distance to be a quarter of a league, for it must be this wide, more or less, as is shown by the maps which must have been presented by the officers of the marine who have entered it to explore, and as also will be seen from our own map.[2]

A short time after I reached the road by which we came I left it at my left, with the intention of exploring the valley of San Andrés and the lake of Merced,[3] and other places intermediate between the coast and the estuary, notwithstanding that others have done this at more favorable times and have re-

[1] At Fort Point. [2] Made by Father Font.

[3] He means the small lake southwest of Baden Station which Rivera and Palóu called Merced.

ported their explorations to his Excellency. For this reason I omit relating them in detail, saying only that this valley has all the favorable circumstances required for the establishment of a mission, which would have the advantage of plentiful crops, both seasonal and with irrigation, as well as plenty of heathen, and would serve as a way-station between Monte Rey and the port of San Francisco.[1]

From this valley, which is distant about four and a half leagues from the port, there can be taken to it on mules, since in these establishments there are as yet no oxen, all the timber, both of pine and redwood as they call it here, as well as live oak, cottonwood, and willow, which may be needed for building, for it abounds in all of these, and the country being level as far as the port would aid in this. Therefore it appears to me that there is nothing to prevent occupying this most famous port at the place where it ought to be occupied. Moreover, any other place where the establishment of the garrison which ought to protect it might be effected, is distant for the purpose and very unhandy.

Night having fallen, at a quarter past six I went down to the arroyo of San Andrés and to another, that of San Matheo, where it descends to empty into the estuary.[2] There I found in our camp nearly

[1] Palóu and Rivera explored the San Andrés Valley in 1774.

[2] Font's map shows that on this day Anza went northeast from Mountain Lake to the beach near the Marina, then clear around the beach and up Islais Creek to Colma. From here he crossed the ridge southwest to San Andrés Lake, descended San Andrés Valley, apparently to a point a little south of Almshouse Canyon, then returned north to camp on San Mateo Creek.

all the men of the village, very friendly, content, and joyful, putting themselves out to serve us in every way, a circumstance which I have noted in all the natives seen from the 26th up to now, but one which I had not experienced theretofore since leaving the people of the Colorado River. These whom I am speaking of now are poorer and more miserable than those others, but because they have been described by others who have dealt with them before me, I refrain from speaking of their characteristics. This afternoon it rained for about an hour and a half, although not very heavily. The same afternoon we succeeded in killing with bullets a monstrous bear which came out upon our road, whose very fat flesh was taken advantage of by those who like it.[1]— From Tubac, returning from the port of San Francisco to the arroyo of San Matheo, 355½ leagues.

[1] This bear was killed in the vicinity of Crystal Springs Lake. (See Font.)

AROUND THE BAY

Saturday, March 30.—At half past two in the morning a fairly heavy rain fell and lasted until three, and at a quarter past seven we raised our camp with the purpose of continuing our route to the San Francisco River. With this in view we retraced for some distance the trail by which we had come, continuing to the east-southeast for about three and a half leagues, until we crossed the arroyo of San Francisco. Here we left the road and directed our march to encircle the southern estuary, over a route which hitherto had not been followed in going around it, in order to see if we might save the great detour which they have formerly made. For this purpose we turned east-southeast,[1] and having traveled about a league after leaving the arroyo of San Francisco, we discovered three springs or creeks of abundant water which run to empty into the estuary. Half a league further on we came to another, and near it a settlement of about a hundred heathen, to whom I gave presents.[2] Then, going about another league and a half we came to a large arroyo or fair-sized river, where with difficulty we found a ford.

[1] Past Palo Alto.

[2] These were Madera, San Antonio, Permanente and Stevens creeks. This village would be on Stevens Creek, near Mountain View, perhaps north of it. The route was an arc from Palo Alto, nearly through Mountain View to the vicinity of Agnews, where camp was made. The river crossed was the Guadalupe.

Having crossed it, at four o'clock we halted for the night on its banks, partly because it had been raining and partly because it was threatening to rain harder, having traveled to here about six leagues and a half in about eight hours.

To this arroyo or river we gave the name of Guadalupe. It has abundant and good timber of cottonwood, ash, willow, and other kinds. In all directions there is a great abundance of firewood, and likewise agricultural lands for raising crops by natural humidity, or by irrigation if the river is permanent, as we conjecture, in which case it would make possible a large settlement. The estuary does not reach to the region through which we have passed, as was supposed, and for this reason we have saved about a day and a half's travel which has been lost by all those who formerly have tried to go to the San Francisco River. In the place where we are camped there are three good-sized villages, each about as large as the last one mentioned, composed of people like the foregoing, and by whom, according to the paths and trails, the region upstream appears to be populated.

Today we measured a red pine tree of the kind which abound in the sierra nearby to the west, and although this tree was away from the center of the mountains, for it stands on the arroyo of San Francisco, it was found to be fifty-six and a half varas high and five and a half varas in circumference.[1]— From Tubac to the Guadalupe River, 362 leagues.

[1] This was the *palo alto* still standing at Palo Alto.

Sunday, March 31.—Today dawned fair, and at eight o'clock we set forth on the march. Having traveled about a league to the north-northwest we came to a narrow arm of the estuary which we supposed was the end, but as it prevented our passage because it was so miry we had to go back that far to the real terminus of the arm mentioned, at the mouth of an arroyo which the soldiers from Monte Rey think is the one which they call Arroyo del Coyote.[1] This enabled us to see several villages of heathen near the place where we left the mouth of the arroyo mentioned. We continued our route to the north for about two leagues,[2] when we came to the road which on other occasions they have taken to the river toward which we are going. The road runs close to a small range completely bare of trees, for none are seen except some which grow in the canyons. We followed the first one, which has plenty of trees and has water in abundance until it joins the estuary. From this arroyo we turned to the northwest. Continuing in this direction we crossed four arroyos with little water, and at a quarter to four in the afternoon we halted for the night at the last one, having traveled about seven leagues in a little less than seven hours.

Today in passing we have seen six villages, whose inhabitants, not accustomed to seeing us, fled like

[1] They apparently went nearly north along the line of the Southern Pacific Railroad, to Coyote River, then had to swing east to the bend in Coyote River where it turns west.

[2] This would take them about to Mission San José.

wild beasts. Notwithstanding this, about forty heathen have come close to us and I have given them presents. The last one whom we encountered discovered us about forty paces away, and although less than five steps from where he was there was a place where he might have hidden, such was his terror that he lay down in his tracks, or rather I think that he involuntarily fell down through fright. Since he and we were on the same trail, I reached the place where he was lying prone more dead than alive, without any particular movement of lips or limbs. I tried to relieve his fright and to get him to stand up, but for a long time I was unable to succeed, for he had courage enough only to take weakly some glass beads, most of which he let fall. Seeing this, I thought it best to leave the unfortunate fellow alone, and if I had not done so I think he would have died. We attribute this spasm to the fact that up to that moment he had never had even a remote notice of us or of any people other than those of his own kind. The Indians who have been seen from the first arroyo forward are not short haired like those from the mission of San Antonio to the port of San Francisco. These of which we are now speaking wear their hair tied up on the very top of their heads where only a piece of thread is to be seen.[1]—From Tubac to Arroyo de la Arina, 369 leagues.

[1] Arroyo de la Arina was San Lorenzo Creek. Font's map shows Fruitvale Creek, at Mills College, coming in at the head of San Leandro Bay, and another arroyo (San Leandro) between it and Arroyo de la Arina. It shows that the line of march was well inland, close to the hills.

Monday, April 1.—At seven o'clock we set forth on the march continuing northwest along the sierra mentioned, and having traveled about two and a half leagues and crossed two arroyos with a little water and a growth of trees which reaches to the shores of the southern estuary, we came abreast of a large grove of pines or redwoods,[1] and after about another league and a half of travel we found ourselves in front of the mouth of the port of San Francisco. We saw distinctly the two points which form it, and farther inland, and as a result we concluded that the estuary is not five leagues wide, as they have supposed. Indeed, I think that it would be scarcely four leagues.

From the last site mentioned we continued north-northwest, over some hills, to cross which we must have gone about half a league. From them we descended to some plains two leagues wide, whence we saw the interior islands of the port, and observed that in front of the beginning of these hills the northern estuary continues to the north. Having completed this plain we climbed other hills from which we descended to a deep arroyo, without much water or many trees, where we found a village of about a hundred persons, to whom I gave the customary gifts. From here we continued over other hills, going part of the time to the north and part to the

[1] When abreast of the grove of redwoods they were about at Mills College. Five miles beyond, near Lake Merritt, they were in front of the Golden Gate. They crossed the hills from Lake Merritt to the vicinity of the Technical High School.

northeast, keeping close to the coast of the estuary, and having traveled about another league we came to another village like the foregoing. From here, continuing in the same way over hills and along the coast for still another league, we halted at a quarter past four in the afternoon to camp for the night in a little valley with stagnant water and very little firewood, having traveled about ten leagues in as many hours.[1]—From Tubac to the neighborhood of the river commonly called San Francisco, and its disemboguement into this port, 379 leagues.

Where we are camped we are very close to the place where the Rio de San Francisco empties into the harbor of the same name, and near a village that is larger than the two mentioned, judging from the number of men who have assembled to see us. Among these and all the persons of their class whom we have carefully observed today, we have not noticed any one with white or pink skin such as apparently were seen during the first journey through this region.[2] Indeed, in color and hair they are not different from those seen hitherto. Those along the Channel of Santa Barbara and especially on the Colorado River are fairer than these, and these here have sparser beards than those on the other side of the estuary. But the reports which they give of their generosity

[1] The plain which they crossed extended through Oakland, Berkeley, Albany, Richmond and San Pablo. The deep arroyo to which they descended was evidently Wildcat Creek. Camp was six miles beyond at Rodeo Creek.

[2] This reference is to the statements of Crespi and Fages.

we have seen verified, for they have given us two kinds of cooked roots of the sorts they use.[1] Likewise, their language is different from that on the other side of the southern estuary, and they wear their hair long and tied up on the top of their heads, as was observed among those of yesterday; and they are all equally poor.

The sites which we have passed yesterday and today, are provided with water, it is true, but excepting that of Guadalupe, both the sites and the water are very different from what was said of them in the first expedition, and I do not consider any one of the places suitable for a settlement, or that any one would be adapted to irrigation on even a small scale. Indeed, besides the scarcity of water, the arroyos are very deep. They have very little highland, and the lowlands generally are flooded by the tides. It might be that if the interiors of the valleys were explored they would be found useful for the purpose, and, notwithstanding what has been said, the fields are as green with grass and as thickly covered with various wild flowers as those farther back. The march all day has been very painful because of the sancudo fly, which is as plentiful here as on the coasts of the Tierra Caliente.[2] About half way on the road today we saw one of those deer eight spans high which are found along here, but although the soldiers chased it they were not able to overtake it.

[1] Font gives details here.

[2] The hot regions of Mexico are called Tierra Caliente.

Tuesday, April 2.—At a quarter past seven we broke camp to continue our journey, which we began by going east over some hills, and at less than a quarter of a league we came to a village of about five hundred souls,[1] from which a little before we set out ten heathen came adorned with plumes and garlands of flowers to invite us to pass through their settlement. They came to our camp singing, and in the same way they continued to their village, from which all the people came out to welcome us, following with some order three singers, who placed in the tops of the trees three bunches of feathers and some strings of feathers of various colors, which were moved and raised up by the wind. Both sexes danced and gave presents of their edibles. This gift and the former one I repaid by giving glass beads to big and little, with which they were pleased.

From this village we continued over hills which from here forward were higher and steeper, until a league was passed, when we descended to the junction of the river and the estuary, where we halted to take the latitude.[2] Having noted with careful attention the distance of this river, and its width where it empties into the estuary, we concluded that it is not a quarter of a league wide. It is so quiet that we saw no movement in a little raft of tule on which two heathen were fishing. On similar rafts five others crossed from this side of the river to the other in

[1] This village was at Tormey.

[2] The stop was made above Selby, and a short distance below the Carquinez Bridge.

less than a quarter of an hour. We measured some poles with which in the middle of the river they had anchored the raft which was fishing, and they were thirteen varas long, from which the depth may be inferred.

While waiting for the hour to make the observation and to march I carefully explored the bank of this river, because I was struck by the fact that I did not see any flotsam or trees on it as I have noted in all the rivers that I have seen. And besides, I observed that there is a rise above the present water of only about two or three varas at the top of which there is a deposit of fresh water mussel shells. In my care I charged everybody to tell me if they noted whether there might be a higher rise, and if they saw any débris which the water would naturally cast off, but during the whole day nothing more was noted than what has been stated and that the water is unfit for drinking because it is so salty.

Having made our observation and mapped the mouth, with the island which is in it,[1] we continued our march, going east and east-northeast for about a league over some high hills, because the bank of the river afforded no passage, after which we continued another league east-southeast and southeast. After going two leagues along the river one sees to the north, on the other side of it, a sierra very thickly covered with snow which must be thirty or forty leagues away.[2] From here we saw that the river begins to widen to about half a league; and going

[1] Mare Island. [2] Mt. St. Helena?

forward in addition to the leagues mentioned a little more than a quarter of a league over land more distant, in order to escape the marshes, we traveled about two more leagues to the southeast, with some small turns to the south, and at five o'clock in the afternoon we halted in order to pass the night at an arroyo of salty water in pools which on the first journey they called Santa Angela de Fulgino, having traveled five leagues in as many hours.—From Tubac to Santa Angela de Fulgino, 384 leagues.[1]

For half a league up the river we kept very close to the sierra which we have had on our right and which we skirted until yesterday. And we now again came to have it on the same side, so improved in abundance of firewood, and timber of oak and live oak, that all its canyons are well provided with one and the other, the very opposite of what is seen on the other side of the river, where in four leagues we have not seen a single tree.[2]

During the halt which we made before noon the heathen, whom we have already said were fishing, sold us a fish two and one-eighth varas long, unknown to everybody and entirely lacking in scales or interior bones, for the only bones it had were those of the head, and between the skin and the flesh there were some very perfect stars painted on the skull as if with dots. In place of cartilage and other bony

[1] They followed the strait to Martinez, then turned eastward along the highway to Pacheco, where camp was made on Walnut Creek. From Selby to this place it is just fifteen miles by automobile.

[2] On the north shore of Carquinez Strait.

substances they had some nerves or tendons. Their eyes were gilded but very small. Notwithstanding that we did not know the fish we ate it and found it very palatable and tender, especially in certain places where it had lean meat just like beef.

When we halted this afternoon about thirty heathen came from a village which we left behind and from another which we have immediately ahead. I gave them presents as soon as they came, and they repaid us by beginning to steal with hands and feet on the least show of carelessness. For this reason and because it was now getting dark I told them to say good-night. They objected, and at last I had to order them with severity to go. Then one of them became so bold as to threaten me with a club which he carried in his hands, but I took it away from him, and hit him with it twice, and this was enough to make them all run, and to cause the bold one to give me to understand that he was going away to sleep.

Wednesday, April 3.—A little after seven we set forth on the march, leaving on the right the sierra mentioned and going to the east-northeast. We crossed a good and grass-covered plain for about a league, after which we went about half a league to the northeast over some hills, from which we saw the three arms of the river noted by those who first discovered it, but whereas they mention only three islands we have seen seven low ones.

We now descended to another plain which extends to the river, but although we wished to go directly to it this was not possible because many

marshes intervened. Going around these, we turned again to the east-northeast, with some short turns to the east, over a very sterile and dry plain which must extend two and a half leagues, at the end of which we came to a village of about four hundred persons.[1] Many of them ran hastily to see us, and as they did so they placed strings of white feathers on some poles for us as a sign of peace. I gave them presents and they reciprocated with theirs, especially with fine pieces of salmon already cooked in a pit. They were on the banks of the river, whose water we tasted, and it was now very fresh, but we noted that it was changeable.

From here we traveled about another league to the east-southeast[2] along the same plain, which has some groves of live oaks and oaks, and at the end of this distance we ascended a high hill to see what we could see. The first thing we noticed was that the river which we had thought would turn to the east, continued to the east-northeast, and that from here upstream it appeared to us to be more like a large lake than a river. This impression was supported by the fact that up to now we had not seen the current which was reported on the first journey, and that the water appeared to have an ebb and flow, and also by the fact that we had not found any

[1] From Pacheco they crossed the valley northeastward through Concord, up Willow Pass to the top of the ridge, and continued east to the site of Antioch, where the village stood. Font tells us that just east of the village there was a tule marsh, and just east of that a chain of sand hills with oak trees. The marsh and the ridge (Oak Ridge) are both just east of Antioch.

[2] By a slip the MS. reads east-northeast. Font corrects the error.

flotsam, and that the surf continued.[1] From that hill we saw to the east and to the north an interminable plain without any groves, and to the northeast the snow-covered sierra which we mentioned yesterday. Descending from the hill we traveled northeast for half a league, going to the river to halt for the night. On its banks, in a green grove of live oaks and oaks, we pitched our camp at four o'clock in the afternoon, at an abandoned village which I called San Ricardo, having traveled about six leagues in nine hours.[2]

It is to be noted that when he discovered this river Commander Faxes returned before reaching the preceding village.[3]

As soon as we halted we went to the bank of the river, and threw logs into it, the largest possible, and instead of carrying them away the river returned them to the place where we were. We still noted a surf in the river. And having set up stakes at the edge of the waves we observed that from half-past five in the afternoon until a quarter past ten, sixteen and one-half yards of beach were uncovered, and that the water fell three and a quarter yards. For this reason and those mentioned before we have been led to doubt whether this is a river, or a lake formed by the water of the tulares, so famous in these establishments, which are found to

[1] *Resaca.*

[2] From Antioch Anza continued southeast to the region of Oak Grove Cemetery and climbed a hill in the vicinity. Then they went northeast to San Ricardo, near the site of Antioch Bridge.

[3] Some of Fages's men, however, went to the same village.

the north and east of the missions of San Luís and San Antonio, and extending toward this place. I have therefore decided to ascend this river or lake still farther, to see if we can ascertain a little more clearly what it is, for the information of the Superior Government, since we are here, in view of the lack of opportunities in this country for such explorations.

We have noted that the fish most abundant at present from the mouth of the bay to here are the salmon. They are very red in color, and are tender, and none of those we have seen is less than five quarters long. Today we met twenty-two heathen loaded with these fish and from carrying four apiece they were almost bushed. At the village which we passed there were so many that it seems impossible that its residents could eat them, and yet part of the inhabitants were in their little tule rafts engaged in catching more.

Today we saw and passed very close to about twenty-five deer, from six to seven spans high,[1] but in spite of all the efforts which the soldiers made they were not able to get any of them. The heathen who yesterday molested us came out today to our road to give us presents of their edibles. I repaid them and they returned happy to their dwellings. Those whom we have seen today along the way appear to be different in language from those further back, but in nothing else.—From Tubac to San Ricardo, 390 leagues.

[1] These were elk. They were encountered east of Willow Pass and pursued to Concord Valley (Font).

Thursday, April 4.—At a quarter past seven we set out on the march toward the east, with the intention of ascending the banks of this river or lake for two days, unless we should be able to cross it, but after we had gone a short distance we were forced by an estuary of water and marshes to leave the bank, and because it interfered with our march we left it at our left and continued to go around it to the east-northeast.[1] In this direction we traveled about three leagues, at the end of which the water and the marshes kept getting bigger.

To get around them I made such efforts as were possible, both on foot and on horseback, but the water and the marshes alike prevented our going to the east-northeast, the way we ought to have gone, forcing us in the opposite direction, that is, to the east and southeast. In these directions we traveled about five leagues, at the end of which we came to a greater abundance of water running to the river or lake from which we had come. And as we beheld more water and more marshes in all the immense plain which we saw to the east and to the north, the two soldiers who belong to this country assured me now that this water comes from the tulares which run in those directions and are distant twenty-five or thirty leagues from the missions of San Luís and San Antonio, and which even in dry season they have found unfordable.

[1] Font gives the direction as east-southeast from San Ricardo, and this is probably correct.

This information, together with what I had observed, caused me to think that what has been regarded as a river is merely a great lake, formed from the waters supplied to it by the tulares and the Sierra Nevada which I have mentioned hereinbefore, and which is not less than thirty leagues away, because this is the width of the tulares. Since it was impossible for me to conquer these tulares without going around their head they forced me to change my plan, and at two in the afternoon I decided to return.[1]—From Tubac to the place where I left the river or lake of San Francisco, to return to Sonora, 398 leagues.

The Return Journey

For this reason I set out to the south-southwest, and having traveled in this direction across a sterile plain for about a league and a half, we then began to ascend some hills belonging to the sierras which we mentioned yesterday on our right. Having finished these hills and the sierra with another league and a half of travel, we descended to other hills, at the head of the valley of Santa Angela de Fulgino. Following these for another league and a half, at half past five in the afternoon we halted for the night on the same hills, at the first water and fire-

[1] From San Ricardo Anza swung east, southeast and south along the edge of the sloughs past Oakley, Knightsen, and Byron to the vicinity of Bethany, where he decided to return to Monterey.

wood which we found, having traveled twelve and one-half leagues in ten hours.[1]

All the country which we have traversed today, with the exception of that which has water, and the stretch which we have traveled over the last hills, is barren of any pasturage or brush or trees, and apparently it continues in the same way toward the east. We assume that it is for this reason that we have not seen any Indians today in the marshes and tulares, but we know from the smokes that there are Indians, although they do not come out to this region, for we did not even see any tracks. We attempted to go to the nearest village, but it was not possible because of the mires and the water of various sloughs which we saw the Indians cross in their little rafts, of which we saw two made of this tule. We also saw that they made little mounds of earth as sites for their villages, to free them somewhat from the water.

Friday, April 5.—A little before seven we set forth over the same hills to cross the sierra which we have ahead of us, and which up to now has never been crossed in this region. We began the transit by ascending two leagues to the east, then continuing for another league east-southeast, and likewise southeast, whereby we descended to a valley[2] which

[1] Anza evidently entered the hills through Midway Valley, ascended the ridge near Patterson Pass, till he could see Livermore Valley, dropped into Livermore Valley near the Hetch Hetchy power plant, east of Livermore, and ascended Brown's Ridge to camp.

[2] Arroyo Mocho Canyon.

ran in the last-mentioned direction for about another league and a half. Then, because it became very narrow, we ascended some brush-covered[1] hills in the same direction, which lasted another league. We now descended to some small plains which were about two leagues long, and at the end of them we halted at five in the afternoon where there was some water in pools and very little pasturage, having traveled seven leagues in ten hours.—From the river or lake of San Francisco to the center of the Sierra del Chasco,[2] 11 leagues.

Saturday, April 6.—At a quarter to seven we began crossing the divide, going to the south-southeast, and having immediately ascended some high hills we descended a canyon which ran in the same direction and contained water, along which we traveled about two leagues, but as it ended in a fall it was necessary to go around it by some steep and difficult trails which lasted for about a league. Having finished this league, we again descended to the same canyon, which now afforded us fairly good footing for about another league. From here for-

[1] *Mattal.* These hills are covered with a reddish brush.

[2] From camp Anza swung southeast across Corral Hollow, ascended Crane Ridge near the county line, and descended to Arroyo Mocho near Buckeye Lodge or a little west of it. Following the valley along the present road for two leagues he crossed the S. S. grade (Blackbird Valley) three miles south of the county line. Descending four or five miles by the present road he entered San Antonio Valley and followed it to its southeastern extremity, camping on Sulphur Creek near Charles Schultze's house, which overlooks the head of the East Fork of Arroyo del Coyote. Sierra del Chasco means the "Mountain of the Joke," referring to the surprise they got at its width and difficulty.

ward in the same direction and until three more leagues were covered, the difficulties of the march were even greater, because if we traveled along the bottom there were many stones and much water. When one or the other became impassable, we turned to the slopes, down which we almost slid. In this way at half past four in the afternoon we came out to another valley, in which at this hour we halted for the night, having traveled seven leagues in a little less than ten hours.—From the river or lake of San Francisco to the emergence from the sierra mentioned,[1] 18 leagues.

To this place, as well as to all of the foregoing country, we have given the name of Sierra del Chasco, because of the joke it has played on us by its difficult passage due to its width, which nobody had anticipated. From here we have recognized the road by which we came, and on finishing the sierra we shall not be very distant from it. The range shows signs of having silver ore. It is well covered with oaks, live oaks, walnuts, pine, and hazelnuts, and in the principal valley[2] which cuts it I think water will always be found. It is not inhabited by heathen at present, but in the seasons of the fruits

[1] From camp they dropped down from the floor of San Antonio Valley to the headwaters of the East Fork of Arroyo del Coyote, and followed it past Gilroy Hot Springs to the mouth of Cañada de los Osos, in which they camped. Next day they ascended Cañada de los Osos southward, crossed the hills and emerged into the valley (San Pasqual) east of Gilroy, about at Prunedale School. Crossing the valley and rejoining their outward route they followed it to Monterey.

[2] San Antonio Valley.

mentioned some Indians go to gather them. Of these people only one was seen yesterday afternoon.

Sunday, April 7.—At a quarter past seven we began to ascend the valley in which we spent the night. We followed it to the south-southeast for a league and a half, when it ended in some low hills. Crossing these in another half league, we descended to the valley of San Pasqual, which we also crossed by going two and one-half leagues to the south. We now rejoined the road which we took in coming, and followed it for another league and a half to the south until we forded the Pájaro River. From here we continued southwest for another league until we crossed the arroyo of San Benito, and having ascended its steep slope, from here we continued in the same direction until we had passed some canyons and a valley extending for about two leagues, and from this valley we came out to the plain of the river of Monte Rey. Over this plain we traveled to the west-southwest and southwest for three leagues, crossed the river named, and halted on its banks at a quarter past five to camp for the night, having traveled twelve leagues in ten hours.—From the river named to the river of Monte Rey, 30 leagues.

Monday, April 8.—A little after seven we took the road by which we had come, following it to the west-southwest for three and one-half leagues. Continuing for another half league to the west, we reached the presidio of Monte Rey at half past ten in the morning, having traveled four leagues in three and one-half hours. This afternoon I went to the

mission of Carmelo, both to get some relief for my leg, for I still suffered greatly, and because there was a place to lodge there suitable for this purpose, while at the presidio there are no better quarters than my field tent.—From the San Francisco River to the port and presidio of Monte Rey, 34 leagues.

From Tuesday to Friday, April 9, 10, 11 and 12, I remained at this mission, and on this last day I sent five soldiers to the presidio of San Diego, with advice to the commander of these establishments, in order that he might be at the mission of San Gabriel from the 25th to the 26th of this month, to enable us to confer concerning the matters with which we both are entrusted. With regard to this advice and his coming we had made arrangements at the presidio when we bade each other good-bye.

Saturday, April 13.—With very little improvement in my health I set forth from the mission of Carmelo for the presidio of Monte Rey with the purpose of returning to my province, and of turning over to Lieutenant Moraga the affairs of the expedition which has come under my command, in the absence of Commander Don Fernando Rivera y Moncada, who, as is stated, is at the presidio of San Diego.

HOMEWARD BOUND

Sunday, April 14.—Having concluded my tasks, at two in the afternoon I began my return march in company with Father Fray Pedro Font, seven soldiers of my command, because two had gone to notify Commander Rivera and another had remained at the mission of San Gabriel; the commissary who came with the expedition; six muleteers of the expedition, because the rest who came are remaining voluntarily, and four of them I left as deserters and thieves sentenced to work on the fort of San Francisco until his Excellency shall make some other disposition; two of the three cowboys who came, for the other likewise remained here; and four of my servants.

At two in the afternoon, then, I set forth over the same road by which I had come. We followed it to the east-southeast for four leagues, for the most part through some hills, from which we descended to the river of Monte Rey, where, in the place which they call Buenavista, at six in the afternoon we halted for the night, having traveled three hours and covered four leagues.[1]

[1] They returned essentially along the line of the Salinas highway to the Salinas River near Spreckels.

This day has been the saddest one experienced by this presidio since its founding. When I mounted my horse in the plaza, the people whom I have led from their fatherlands, to which I am returning, remembering the good or bad treatment which they have experienced at my hands while they have been under my orders, most of them, especially the feminine sex, came to me sobbing with tears, which they declared they were shedding more because of my departure than of their exile, filling me with compassion. They showered me with embraces, best wishes, and praises which I do not merit. But in rememberance of them, and of the gratitude which I feel to all, and the affection which I have had for them ever since I recruited them, and in eulogy of their faithfulness, for up to now I have not seen a single sign of desertion in anyone of those whom I brought to remain in this exile, I may be permitted to record this praise of a people who, as time goes on, will be very useful to the monarchy in whose service they have voluntarily left their relatives and their fatherland, which is all they have to lose.

Monday, April 15.—At half past six we continued our way over the road mentioned, following it to the southeast. Having traveled about two leagues I met on his return the sergeant of the presidio of Monte Rey, whom on the 12th I detached from this presidio to take to that of San Diego the report which on that day I wrote to its commander, Don Fernando de Rivera. From Rivera he now deliv-

ered two letters, telling me that although he was following close behind, he had sent the sergeant ahead to deliver the letters to me. As soon as he handed them to me the sergeant said, in the presence of two fathers who were with me and several others in my company, that he wished to speak to me alone.

I went apart from the company indicated and the sergeant said to me: "Señor, my captain is becoming foolish and crazy, and his companions who are coming with him say the same. He has been excommunicated at the presidio of San Diego because he took the heathen Carlos from the church. Ever since he saw me I have experienced a thousand insults. He even deprived me of my office of sergeant, and he has done the same with the corporal and all the nine men who are with him. As soon as I met his Grace he asked me where I was going. When I told him that I had been sent by your Grace to take some letters to him, he replied, 'Well, Well! Go on back,' without accepting the letters. This was the day before yesterday, Saturday afternoon, before arriving at the mission of San Antonio. He passed that whole night without calling me for anything, but on Sunday, at the time for starting, he said, shouting: 'The letters from Don Juan, bring them to me!' I took them to him and as I delivered them I said to him, 'This one is from the Señor Lieutenant-colonel, and this one from Lieutenant Moraga.' To this he replied, 'All right!' and thrust them into his pocket sealed, just as they were

when I delivered them. Immediately he gave me two others for your Grace, ordering me to deliver them as soon as I should meet you.'"[1]

After listening to this account I opened the letters, which are mixed with official and confidential matters, and in which he replies to my dispatches of the 13th instant. Their purport is to refuse to permit the establishment of the fort of San Francisco, even though I might make it possible to found it with fewer soldiers than those which came for this purpose, as shown by his official dispatches and my replies to them.

This incident past, I ordered the sergeant to pursue his journey to Monte Rey, which he did immediately. Continuing on my way from here, in the direction stated, and having traveled about a league, I met the commander, saluted him, and asked him politely for his health. To this he replied that he was having trouble in one leg. I expressed my regret for his illness, and, immediately putting spurs to his mule, he said "Good-bye," and passed on. I returned the compliment and said to him as he started, "Will you have the goodness to reply to the letter which I last wrote your Grace, addressing me in Mexico or wherever you wish?" His answer was, "Very well!" At this reply and this action I said to the reverend fathers who are with me, in a voice which he could plainly hear, "Will your

[1] This interesting conversation took place near Buena Vista. Rivera was met a league further on, somewhere north of Somavia School.

Reverences please witness this occurrence and write me a certificate, so that it may be attested in the reports which I shall make to his Excellency?''

Other things occurred which I might report to his Excellency, but in the little which I saw of this man I did not recognize the craziness which the sergeant indicated, but instead a haughty reserve. Aside from the mortification which I felt, I cared not so much for his impoliteness as I feared that his lack of respect for the superior orders of his Excellency, requiring that he should confer with me concerning the matters entrusted to him, which he had failed to do in my former interviews, might lead to the perdition of both of us. For this reason, and because I had fulfilled my part of what is ordered by his Excellency, I refrained from words and other proceedings.

All the letters mentioned which I have written to this commander, and which I shall present to his Excellency, contain nothing except to beg him to effect as soon as possible the establishment of the port of San Francisco. On this subject alone could he find a reason for being resentful to me, and on this only because he is opposed to it, as is evident to the father missionaries and other inhabitants of this region, who before now have informed me of it. He has no other reason than that he thinks the troops under his orders are not sufficient for such an enterprise, although it is possible to found the presidio with even a smaller number, because of the

character of the Indians with whom they have to deal in this region.

After all the foregoing incidents, I continued by the road and direction mentioned until half past five in the afternoon, when I reached the site of San Bernarbé, where I halted for the night, having traveled sixteen leagues in eleven hours.

Tuesday, April 16.—At a quarter to seven we again took up the march, ascending the valley of San Bernarbé, alias El Roble Caido,[1] which runs in general to the south. Following this valley in the direction mentioned for two and one-half leagues over fairly good ground, we continued another league and a half in the same direction over some hills, from which we descended at half past ten to the mission of San Antonio, where we halted to remain here for the day, having traveled five leagues in three hours and three-quarters.

Wednesday, April 17.—At two in the afternoon we set out from the mission of San Antonio, following its valley or river downstream, which in the main runs to the south-southeast and east. In this direction we traveled about five leagues in four hours, halting for the night on the banks of the river mentioned at six in the afternoon.[2]

Thursday, April 18.—A little after six we set forth along the same river, which we followed in general to the east-southeast. Having traveled

[1] Kent Canyon, south of King City.

[2] Camp was on San Antonio River some fifteen miles southeast of old Mission San Antonio, about at Pleyto.

about five leagues we left the river and crossed some hills, which lasted about another league, until we crossed the Nacimiento River. We then came to other hills like the last, over which we traveled to the south-southeast and southeast for two leagues, when we descended to the river of Monte Rey. Along this stream we traveled to the east-southeast for four leagues; this done, we continued in the same direction for two more leagues, ascending the valley of Santa Margarita, in which we halted for the night, having traveled fourteen leagues in eleven hours.[1]

Friday, April 19.—At a quarter past six we continued our route up the valley of Santa Margarita to the east-southeast for two and one-half leagues, coming at the end of this distance to its village. Then we ascended to the southeast a range of not very high hills, over which we traveled two and one-half more leagues, and, continuing to the south for another league, at half past ten we came to the mission of San Luís, where we halted for a stop, having traveled six leagues in five and one-half hours.

In the afternoon today I was overtaken at this mission by one of the friars who live at the mission of Carmelo, who brought a letter from his father president, in order that I might present it to his Excellency. The father president also requests me through his messenger to do him the favor of awaiting him, so that I may ride with him from here

[1] Camp was between Atascadero and Santa Margarita.

to the mission of San Gabriel, planning, if the commander of these establishments arranges for it, to travel in his company, for he had said that he also was coming to overtake me. The reason why the father superior of these missions is consenting to make this journey is to see if he can harmonize and compose the troubles that have arisen between the commander and the father missionary of San Diego, on account of the taking by the commander of a refugee from the place where they celebrate Mass, and to intercede for the rebellious Indians of that mission, part of whom offer to give themselves up peacefully, but in reply, they say, the commander has threatened to receive them with grapeshot.

I also received at the hand of the father emissary[1] a letter from the commander in which he, like the father president, requests me to wait to confer with him regarding matters of the service, excusing himself for his manner of parting with me by saying that he was ill, besides other things which his letter contains and which likewise I shall present to his Excellency. Another letter was brought by the same friar from Lieutenant Moraga, in which he reports to me the arrival of the commander at Monte Rey. I will submit this letter with the others, for in it he expresses the opinion that his commander is demented.

Saturday, April 20.—I remained at the mission, waiting as I have been requested to do.

[1] Father Cambón.

Sunday, April 21.—I remained here for the reason expressed above. At four in the afternoon four soldiers arrived, and their corporal gave me news of his commander, saying that he was awaiting me a little more than a league away, having camped there for the night.[1] It rained today, and I served as godfather for five adults.

Immediately I sent a corporal and two of my soldiers to the commander with a reply to his letter, saying in substance that, notwithstanding his actions, I was willing to confer with him and await him for the purpose he mentions, providing that the conference shall be in writing and shall relate to the service, and that I will even await him here if he will notify me.

Monday, April 22.—At half past twelve I received the reply to my letter mentioned yesterday, by the same messengers by whom I sent mine. In it the commander says in substance that he thinks Mission San Gabriel a more appropriate place in which to speak of the matters which he indicates. It may be that he will change from there to another place, for his whole purpose is to get as far away as possible from the establishment of San Francisco, to which he is opposed.

Tuesday, April 23.—At seven I left the mission of San Luís and we set forth on the camino real for a league to the southeast. Then we traveled a

[1] Rivera was camped in the pass northeast of San Luís Obispo.

league to the southwest, and another to the south, going through the village of El Buchón, passing before we reached it some springs of asphalt or *chapopotte,* as they call it in the Kingdom.[1] From the village we descended to the beach, along which we traveled about two leagues to the south; these concluded, we left the beach and ascended some fair-sized sand dunes, which we crossed by going east. Then we turned south and south-southeast, across a plain which, together with the sand dunes, extended for about five leagues, until we reached the village of Laguna Larga.[2] From here we went forward for lack of firewood, ascending some hills to the south and south-southwest[3] for three leagues, and arriving at half past six in the afternoon at Laguna Graciosa, where we halted for the night, having traveled ten and one-half hours and covered thirteen leagues.[4]

Mention should be made of a report which a week ago they gave to Father Juan Figuer, one of the ministers of the mission San Luís, who is versed in the language of this region. Once when he went to the ocean beach they showed him some rocks some distance out to sea, telling him that twenty-three winters or years ago twelve persons like us

[1] Font tells us that the village of El Buchón was a league south of the asphalt springs near Maxwellton.

[2] Guadalupe Lake.

[3] Anza says southeast, but clearly it was southwest.

[4] Anza retraced his outward route. Laguna Graciosa was at the mouth of San Antonio Creek.

in whiteness, clothing, weapons, and other things they see, were shipwrecked and perished on those rocks. Before this misfortune they had disembarked from their launch, landed, and made the natives presents of glass beads, large knives, and pocket knives, these being the ones which our expedition found the first time they traveled through these regions. The father asked them if they saw another and larger vessel out at sea. They said "No," but there is no doubt that the vessel which they told of was wrecked, for besides the things given to them by the persons who were managing the vessel, they took advantage of its fragments, which they collected in the boats which they use, or of what the tide washed up on shore. Who these people might be I leave to be discussed by somebody who may be better informed than I.

Wednesday, April 24.—At a quarter to seven we resumed our march, going generally south-southwest. Having traveled three leagues we came to the Santa Rosa River, and because it was low tide it did not impede our passage. We traveled about another league in the same direction, and then descended gradually for about two more leagues to the east, when we came to the westernmost village of the Channel of Santa Barbara. We continued in that direction along the coast, passing through another village, until we made five more leagues or twelve in all, and arrived, after having traveled twelve hours, at the vicinity of the village of El

Cojo, where we halted at five in the afternoon to camp for the night.

Thursday, April 25.—At a quarter to seven we continued our journey along the Channel, which all the way runs from west to east, making it unnecessary to indicate the directions again. We passed eight of its villages, and near that of Mexcaltitán we halted for the night at a quarter past five, having traveled fourteen leagues in ten and one-half hours.

Friday, April 26.—At a quarter to seven we resumed our march along the same channel in the same direction. We passed the three large villages of Mexcaltitán and the village of La Laguna, after which followed the four near the river of San Buenaventura and the last one, called La Carpintería, where we ended our march for the day at a quarter past five in the afternoon, having traveled ten hours and made twelve leagues.[1] The fine circumstances of the heathen who inhabit this Channel for a distance of thirty leagues, more or less, in which there are seventeen villages of considerable size, midway between our establishments and between the two missions,[2] make it seem too bad that they have not received the same benefit as other heathen, for the reason indicated and also in order that there might not be so long a stretch of unoccupied country.

[1] Santa Rosa River is now called Santa Ynez. The westernmost village of the channel was east of Rocky Point. The village El Cojo was at Cojo Creek. Mexcaltitán was near Mescal Island. La Laguna was in eastern Santa Barbara, and La Carpintería was at Ventura River.

[2] San Gabriel and San Luís Obispo.

May heaven be pleased to afford these unhappy people their day of light, for in themselves they have advantages enabling them to subsist in their towns better than others, aided by their supply of fish, which is continuous and abundant. I consider them as trustworthy as others, for their advantageous condition of living in compact settlements has not given them the audacity to attempt any serious injury to our people, and this proves their docility and their peaceful nature.

Saturday, April 27.—At seven we resumed our march, and soon reached the end of the Channel, from which we continued to the east for two leagues, until we forded the Santa Clara River. From here we continued to the east-southeast for four more leagues, and then climbed the steep slope of a little range, along which we traveled to the east[1] three more leagues. Then, turning northeast for another league, we arrived at half past five in the afternoon at Agua Escondida, having traveled only ten leagues in almost eleven hours because four of them had been over bad country.

Sunday, April 28.—At seven we continued our journey along the little range mentioned, going east-northeast for more than a league, when we descended and finished the range. Then crossing the plain to the east, which lasted for about four leagues, we went three more over broken country

[1] The MS. reads north for east. Santa Clara River was crossed near El Rio. The cuesta or grade up Conejo Mountain was near Camarillo, and Agua Escondida was near Las Virgenes Creek.

in the same direction, making a total of more than eight leagues, arriving after ten hours of travel at five in the afternoon at Porciúncula River, where we camped for the night.[1] As soon as we halted I sent three soldiers to the nearby mission of San Gabriel, in order that the commander of these establishments might be notified of my arrival there in the near future.

Monday, April 29.—At half past six we resumed our march, going east-northeast for a league, after which we went another to the northeast and reached the mission of San Gabriel at eight, having made this distance in an hour and three-quarters. Here I halted for the purpose which I mentioned on the 22d instant. As soon as I arrived Commander Rivera sent me three dispatches, to which I replied, giving him time in which to write to his Excellency today, tomorrow and the following day.—From the San Francisco River to this mission of San Gabriel, 154 leagues, estimating the distance from here to Monte Rey at 120 leagues.

Tuesday, April 30.—At seven in the morning I sent with a dispatch to the commander, for his intelligence and guidance in what he ought to report to his Excellency, the plan or map[2] of the port of San Francisco, and of all the journey which I made in its exploration.

[1] Evidently they went through the gap near Glendale. Porciúncula River is now the Los Angeles.

[2] Made by Father Font.

Wednesday, May 1.—I remained at the mission. As soon as it was daylight I advised Commander Rivera that I was setting out today, asking if he needed more time to write to his Excellency, but he answered me that he did not and that his reports would overtake me in the night.

Thursday, May 2.—At four in the afternoon I began my return from this California to the province of Sonora, with the ten soldiers of my company, Father Fray Pedro Font, the commissary of the expedition in my command, and eight muleteers who came in the expedition intending to return, to which are added my servants already noted at the beginning of the diary. Having begun our march, we went east-northeast for two leagues and crossed the river of the old mission of San Gabriel, where we halted at a quarter to six to camp for the night, having traveled this distance in an hour and three-quarters. —From the San Francisco River to the ford of the San Gabriel, 156 leagues.

Friday, May 3.—At a quarter to seven we continued our march to the east-northeast, in which direction we traveled five leagues, arriving at eleven o'clock at the Arroyo de los Alizos or Ossos, where we halted to pass the hottest part of the day, and where about thirty heathen came to see us. From here we set out at three in the afternoon, traveling over a good plain to the east-southeast for about four and one-half leagues, at the end of which we halted at a quarter past six, to camp for the night

at a place without water and with little firewood, having traveled altogether today nine and one-half leagues in seven and one-half hours.—From the river named to the vicinity of the Santa Anna River, 165½ leagues.

A quarter of an hour after we had halted a corporal of the mission of San Gabriel came to our camp and delivered a letter to me from Commander Rivera, which I will present at the proper time. In it he tells me that because he lacked the time to seal a paper relating to a criminal who took refuge in the place where Mass is said at San Diego, and which is in the custody of the minister of that mission, he is not sending me a letter for his Excellency, and in order that I may not be delayed he is reporting this to me. After this he goes on to another matter, foreign to anything official, and concludes with a postscript begging me to excuse him to his Excellency for not writing to him because of the accident mentioned at the beginning.

This, as they say, is the matter of least importance for the information of his Excellency, and of consequence only to the interested party. From it one infers that this man in the three days which I gave him to write, those which he had by reaching San Gabriel ahead of me, and a part of today, might have employed them in matters which, it seems to me, are more important for the information of that superior, such as the present state of the uprising at San Diego, or his having agreed with me concern-

ing the port of San Francisco, and various other things important to his command, but of these he makes no mention.

Saturday, May 4.—At half past seven I ordered back to his post the corporal sent to me by Commander Rivera, with a reply to his letter, a copy of which I will present. I likewise enclosed one which he sent with mine for the father guardian of San Fernando de México, telling him that I was not taking it because I did not consider it respectful to his Excellency, to whom he was not writing, nor likewise to me. A little before seven we continued our journey to the east-southeast for a league and a half, when we came to the Santa Anna River and halted on its banks at a quarter past eight, because we had to camp in the afternoon without water. At half past twelve we resumed our march and continued to the east-southeast for about three leagues. At the end of this distance we finished crossing some low hills, from which we continued three more leagues to the southeast, finishing the journey at half past six, after traveling seven and one-half leagues in the same number of hours.[1]

Sunday, May 5.—At half past six we continued our journey to the east for two and one-half leagues, when we came to the beginning of the valley of Señor San Joseph, along which we traveled to the

[1] Arroyo de los Alisos was San Antonio Creek. Camp on the 3d was north of Santa Ana River, in the vicinity of Pedley. Camp on the 4th was at Bernasconi Pass, west of Lakeview.

east-southeast three more leagues, halting at eleven o'clock on its river, at the place where the canyon of San Patricio joins it. Up this canyon we again set out on the march at half past one, and having completed it, going mainly to the east and east-southeast, in which direction it begins, we halted at half past six, having traveled six leagues in five hours, which, together with the foregoing, made twelve leagues in ten hours.[1]

On the march which we made this morning along the skirts of some hills, several villages of heathen, which are united to harvest their grass seeds, discovered us very close to them. Their women and children fled to the tops of the hills, but the men, who must have been a few less than a hundred, presented themselves armed a bow shot away. I made signs that they should be quiet and that I did not mean to do them any damage. Thereupon many of them put down their arms, especially the one who seemed to be their chief, and in this way they followed us for a distance.—From the river named to San Patricio, 177½ leagues.

Monday, May 6.—A little before half past six we set forth to the east-southeast to cross the rough country of the valley of San Patricio, which lasted for two and one-half leagues, after which we descended to the valley of El Príncipe. Crossing this

[1] The valley of Señor San Joseph was San Jacinto Valley. Camp was on San Jacinto River above San Jacinto. Camp on the 5th at San Patricio was at the head of Bautista Canyon.

valley in two and one-half leagues we came to the opening or pass of San Carlos. From here we continued, descending its ridge. Having done this, we descended its principal canyon, which runs generally to the southeast, with some turns to the east-southeast, and arrived at four in the afternoon at Santa Catharina, having traveled only ten leagues in nine and one-half hours, because most of the terrain, especially from the pass to this place, is of bad footing for the riding animals. In passing today through San Carlos, and on our arrival here, we encountered in the two places more than a hundred heathen, who comported themselves as shyly as usual, not wishing to come to us, but fleeing instead to the summits of the hills. Today there was a fog so laden with water that it looked like rain, and a very fierce wind which continued all night.—From the river or lake of San Francisco to Santa Catharina, 187½ leagues.

Tuesday, May 7.—At five we resumed our way down the valley, which runs to the east-southeast. In this direction we made six leagues, reaching San Gregorio at a quarter past nine, where we halted for a short siesta and to give water to our riding animals. Having accomplished both of these things, we continued our march to the east-southeast for four leagues, after which we made three and one-half more to the east, arriving at half-past seven o'clock at night at San Sebastián, having traveled thirteen and one-half leagues in a little less than

ten hours. At this place we left the valley which we have followed from San Carlos to here.[1]—From the river named to San Sebastián, 201 leagues.

Wednesday, May 8.—For the purpose of making our transit from here to the Colorado River by a more direct route, and for the fourth time to seek a watering place in this stretch, I decided to travel a part of the afternoon in order that the riding animals may go forth watered, so that they can go without drinking until morning if we do not find the water which we are seeking. We set forth at a quarter to three toward the east, and traveled about a league and a half, at the end of which we came to a fair-sized spring of turgid water. From here we continued east-southeast, over level land without pasturage or any large trees, leaving at our right the hills or dunes of sand which at other times have greatly troubled us. Then, traveling about ten and one-half more leagues, at half past eleven at night we halted to give some rest and refreshment to our riding animals because now is the time of severe heat. The animals had nothing to eat except some little sprouts of evil taste, although they had traveled today for a distance of twelve leagues in eleven

[1] The valley of El Príncipe was the eastern portion of Cahuilla Valley, near Dry Lake. The pass of San Carlos was at the eastern extremity of Cahuilla Valley, at Fred Clark's Corral. From here they descended Coyote Canyon to Santa Catharina (Reed's Springs, or Lower Willows). San Gregorio was on San Felipe Creek in Borrego Valley and San Sebastián was at Harper's Well, at the junction of Carrizo and San Felipe creeks.

and three-fourths hours.[1]—From the river named to a forlorn plain, 213 leagues.

Thursday, May 9.—At five we resumed our march, continuing in the same direction and for the same purpose. Some points of sand dunes were crossed, and at a quarter to twelve, having traveled about eight leagues, we came to the wells of El Carrizal, alias de Alegría, having found no other water. Here we halted for a siesta because the heat of the sun was extreme. We watered our animals at its wells, which we found abundant, and at five in the afternoon we set out from them because there was no pasturage, in order to reach the Colorado River, which we did at the site of Laguna de Santa Olaya, having spent seven hours in traveling five leagues, with a loss of two or more, because with the darkness of the night and the thickness of the brush in these neighborhoods, it cost great effort to find the lake.[2]—From the river named to Laguna de Santa Olaya at the Colorado River, 226 leagues.

The Indians of San Sebastián have come to pledge peace with those of this river, notwithstanding that for some time back they have enjoyed this advantage. Indeed, the Yumas have kept their

[1] The spring a league and a half east of San Sebastián was Kane Spring. From here the route was near the highway (perhaps a little to the west) as far as Westmoreland, thence southeast to camp at Un Parmo Infeliz, evidently between Imperial and Holtville.

[2] The points of sand were crossed in the vicinity of Casey. El Carrizal was south of Cocopah, and Santa Olaya was above Pescadero Dam.

promise in this particular with the greatest exactness ever since I urged them to do so. It is too bad that this advantage is not sought for everybody on the road which we have opened from Sonora to California, for, besides the benefit which all the Indians would receive, we ourselves would profit by it for communication by letter from one place to the other. The matter consists merely in putting two tribes in the same state as the others, namely, the tribes of Santa Catharina and the valley of San Joseph,[1] both of which are allied with and related to those of missions San Diego and San Gabriel. I, for my part, would have had this matter well under way if I had found an interpreter who could make himself understood, but I have not been able to obtain one.

Friday, May 10.—The marches just accomplished, lacking in pasturage and good water and very long, have been very hard on our mounts, and in order that with good pasturage and good water they might recuperate somewhat, I decided to remain this afternoon at this lake. As soon as day dawned the natives of the place began to come to see us, sending the news of my arrival all along the river, and giving me to understand that my coming has pleased them. This tribe, which I consider the most worthy of all who live on the river, as soon as they saw me, had the hospitality and the generosity to bring me in abundance maize, beans, hard-shelled

[1] Santa Catharina was at Reed's Springs in Coyote Canyon, and the Valley of San Joseph was San Jacinto Valley.

squashes and others of their foods, without asking any recompense for them, but of course I have paid them. At three o'clock in the afternoon we set forth up the Colorado River, continuing to the east and the north, in which direction it goes, and, making turns and going through various villages of the Cahuen tribe which we passed, we arrived at half past six at Laguna de los Coxas, where we halted for the night, having traveled four leagues in three and one-half hours.—From the river named to Laguna de los Cojas, 230 leagues.

Saturday, May 11.—A little before five o'clock we resumed our march, continuing along the same river in the directions just mentioned, passing many villages, whose people in large numbers and of both sexes followed us, very joyful, from one village to another, until at eleven o'clock we reached the little pass of La Concepción, where we halted, having traveled seven and one-half leagues in six hours.[1]—From the river named to the junction of the Colorado and the Gila, 237½ leagues.

At this place I met Father Thomás Eziarc, one of the two friars sent by his Excellency, the Viceroy, to remain at this river until I should return, for the instruction and catechism of the tribes which inhabit it. Since they will make their report to the viceroy separately, I omit it and will only say that to me they report very favorably and in keeping

[1] Laguna de los Cojas was half way from Pescadero Dam to Pilot Knob (Algodones). The pass of La Concepción was at Fort Yuma Indian School.

with what was expected of these heathen, especially the Yuma tribe, and their Captain Palma, who has not left the side of the father mentioned during all the time that he has been here, serving him and presenting him with everything beyond belief; as well as coöperating by his example in the principal purpose for which the father has been sent here, hoping with him for the establishment of the true faith in this region, which also has been requested by other tribes allied with the Yumas.

Father Fray Francisco Garcés, that tireless soul, with only one servant, has traveled through many tribes of this river, above and below this place and apart from it. He also will give his own report. I did not find him here, but I did hear that he is with the tribe of the Galchedunes, the first of whom may be fifteen or twenty leagues from here.

Sunday, May 12.—At five I sent a messenger with a letter from me for Father Garcés, telling him of my return and that I am waiting to see if he wishes to go out with me, summoning him, in case he should be at the place where they have said, for the 14th of the present month, and assuring him that in case he does not come I shall leave him various provisions for his subsistence, as he by a letter requests me.

At night Palma, captain of the Yumas, came accompanied by two subordinates to beg me to take him to Mexico as I promised, to present him to his Excellency the Viceroy, so that he may repeat in person the petition that he may be permitted to

become a vassal of his Majesty, and that he be granted ministers to instruct his tribe and others, his allies, in the true faith, to which they are ready to submit themselves. In response to his request I told him to do what he might think best and advise me. To this he replied that he had already advised and consulted with his people, and that they gladly agreed; and that he was therefore presenting me his two subalterns mentioned, having already charged them to conserve the peace which they now enjoy, the possession of their lands, and the crops which he has indicated to them for their better conservation and union during his absence; and that they had promised strictly to fulfill these orders, as well as everything which I might wish to command them.

Having advised concerning this matter with the two fathers who are with me, we agreed to the request mentioned, reporting this result to the petitioners, with the comment that, to provide for every contingency, at least three others of their people ought to accompany Captain Palma, in order that they may be witnesses to the good treatment which he may receive and of whatever else may take place. This decision, which had never been even imagined by any of them, was to them a matter of the greatest satisfaction and pleasure, and they agreed to put it into effect and did so. Likewise, about two hundred men showed their satisfaction by manifesting to me that their captain was going upon this journey with the approval of the tribe.

Monday, May 13.—Yesterday I began assembling logs suitable for making a raft, because without one this river is impassable. Where it has three branches its current now is more than eight hundred varas wide. Although one might wish to cross here with this advantage, it is impossible because of the great marshes encountered before reaching it and after entering it, to which are added very dense thickets. So there is nothing else to do except to cross it at this place of La Concepción, and for a quarter of a league below, where the river is narrowed to about a hundred varas, although it has a very rapid current and dangerous whirlpools.

Having launched the raft and concluded at ten o'clock the loading of some people and a part of our equipage, everything was guided by twenty-three Yumas, who labored very hard against the rapid current to reach the other side. It was even more difficult to return, and this was not accomplished until half past three in the afternoon. At four o'clock we dispatched another raftload, and the force of the current drove it much farther down than the first, and its guides found it so impossible to bring it back whole that they took it apart in order to bring it back tomorrow in pieces.

Tuesday, May 14.—In the morning the river was much higher than yesterday. For this reason, and since our raftsmen raised objections because of the great force of the stream, in order to get all our train across I decided to proceed to taking it over

in small portions or pieces which could find room in baskets of mud and willows which they furnished. Even the women of this tribe, who possess greater dexterity in swimming than the men, offered to take them over. This operation was begun at seven o'clock in the morning. There was one woman who carried a fanega of beans and asked for her labor only two strings of glass beads, although five would not have been excessive. Nevertheless they were more than satisfied, it may be said. For this pay they swam in going and returning more than fifteen hundred yards, and yet they lost no time in returning to the labor, that is, the few who took part in it, for there were not enough suitable vessels for more. In twelve trips they finished the carrying.

At a quarter to six two rafts were completed and they now loaded them with the rest of our men and the things which could not be reduced to small pieces. The smaller raft was guided by thirty Yumas, and the larger one, on which I embarked at that time with the two fathers, the commissary, and other soldiers, was accompanied by about forty. When it left the shore it sank a little, and immediately more than two hundred persons, including some women, who were watching us nearby, jumped in to aid us. After this we continued our passage, which took us only twelve and a half minutes, in which time we must have sailed more than about eight hundred varas. As soon as we left the river we went to our encampment, which was about an

eighth of a league away. Here we reassembled everything which was already on this side and here we spent the night.

Wednesday, May 15.—As soon as it was daylight I gave orders to begin to send back to the other side the logs of one of our rafts, so that they might bring to this side for me two soldiers and a boy of mine who yesterday, at the time when the raft in which they were accompanying me sank, returned frightened to land, at the risk of drowning, if the land had not been so close and there had been no one to aid in pulling them out, for, possessed by their fear, they jumped in with their clothing on and with other impedimenta which would have contributed to their destruction.

I have said on another occasion that by keeping the tribes which dwell on this large-volumed river attached to us, we shall be able to cross it without great difficulty, but that otherwise it will be almost impossible, and I now assert this still more emphatically, since with the aid of their native experts it has cost us four days of toil. Nearly everything has been done voluntarily by these natives, and yet I am able to testify that in all this journey I have not been so overheated or so tired out anywhere else as here in effecting the crossing, and without their help it probably would have taken me twice as long.

Likewise I have stated that only at the place where the Gila joins the Colorado, crossing the two

separately, is there a ford in the dry season. This is only in the months from December to the middle of February, for all the rest of the year the Colorado River is unfordable even if not in flood. And when the flood comes the best crossing is here, they all say, for as I have said before there is the advantage that here it runs narrowed between knolls and hills for about a quarter of a league. The rest of the way, downstream, it widens out in its various branches as much as five leagues, and all require rafts, for although not all may be deep they are impassable because of the miry quality of the mud. Just now it must already be about three leagues wide in those places, and the greatest flood has not yet come, for that occurs from now to the middle or the end of July.

The fertility of the lands of this river we have witnessed on two former occasions, and now also, for besides the abundant harvest of wheat which they are gathering, its natives still have many kinds of beans, maize, hard-shelled squashes and other foods.

At half past eight the men and the remainder of the baggage finished crossing, and I therefore decided to leave this river, to continue my march along the road which runs to the pueblos nearest to the Gulf of California, having heard that there is water in the places through which I passed on the first journey, and wishing to save more than sixty leagues in order to get on my way to Mexico.

A little before twelve o'clock they reported to me from the other side that one of our men had arrived there. Assuming at once that he must be some deserter, I ordered them to bring him over, and this having been done it turned out as I have said. In fact he is one of those whom I had sentenced for this very offence to work on the fort of San Francisco, but by disposition of Commander Moncada during my absence on the exploration for the location of the mentioned fort three of them were transferred to the presidio of San Diego. From there, he declares, he fled on the 5th of the present month, for he was not kept in any prison. He says that he had no difficulties in his journey except that an attempt was made to kill him by ten heathen of a number whom he met. He came unarmed, and was lost for three days off the road which he was following, but he did not lack water to drink during that time. He again found his way and came out at Laguna de Santa Olaya, which he says he judges would be about thirty leagues from San Diego, with watering places accommodated to the transit. I asked him in what condition he left the Indians of San Diego, and he says that now, in the absence of Commander Rivera, they have arrested the Indian Francisco, prime mover of the rebellion which took place in that district, and that others have come to give themselves up, especially those of the village of Las Chollas, and that besides these he heard it said that all were disposed to do the same.

When we were ready to march, a great many heathen of both sexes came to bid us goodbye, for they know how to do this, as well as to salute by shaking hands. Among them came the two subalterns who are to remain with the powers of Captain Palma. All urged me to come back bringing fathers and Spaniards, and they repeated the same to their captain. I charged them not to forget to obey my orders and those of their general, so that thereby they might prove themselves deserving of the favor which they were asking, and which on my part I promised to solicit for them from the charity of his Excellency. At five o'clock in the afternoon we set forth on the march, ascending the Gila River toward the east and east-southeast, in which direction we traveled about five leagues, until half past nine, when we halted to pass the night by the Cerros del Cajón.[1]—From the river named to the Cerros del Cajón on the Gila River, 242½ leagues.

[1] The Cerros del Cajón were at the east end of the pass through the Gila Range, near Dome.

FROM YUMA TO HORCASITAS

Thursday, May 16.—A little before five o'clock we continued along the same river and in the same direction of east-northeast, until we had covered three leagues, after which we traveled four more and reached Laguna Salada[1] on the same river, making a total of seven leagues traveled in five and a half hours. Here we halted for the night because it was a site with some pasturage and because here we have to leave the river. Nearly to this place the river is settled with Yumas, whereas two years ago, on account of the wars which they waged with the Cocomaricopas, there was not a footprint of either tribe to be seen in a stretch of more than thirty leagues. But now one finds the roads well opened and sees their people very frequently, a benefit which has been brought to them by the peace established between them.—From the river named to Laguna Salada on the Gila River, 249½ leagues.

Friday, May 17.—Since the next watering place was quite distant, and it was not easy to reach it before eleven o'clock, when the sun overcomes men and animals, because it is extremely hot, I decided to start from this place in the afternoon, and did so at three o'clock, going southeast for about two

[1] Laguna Salada was some five miles west of Wellton.

leagues over good terrain. This continuing, we marched to the east-southeast for six more leagues and arrived at half past eleven at night at the Pozos de en Medio, which afforded some water for drinking, and where we halted for the rest of the night, having traveled eight leagues in the same number of hours. By digging, these wells afford water for a large number of saddle animals even in the dry season like the present. They have plentiful pasturage, which is likewise found all along the road which we have followed. For this reason and because it is free from stones it is always better than the one which up to now has been traveled to the junction of the rivers.[1]—From the river named to the Pozos de en Medio, 257½ leagues.

Saturday, May 18.—At five we resumed our march, going east-southeast over the road which runs from these wells to the Tinajas de la Candelaria, where we arrived at half past nine, having traveled five leagues. Going to examine them I found that they had plenty of water even for more animals than those which we had with us, which they took to water twice. The sun being now low, at six o'clock in the afternoon we continued our march, which was made for three leagues to the east-southeast over the regular road opened on our first journey. Having finished this distance and the crossing of some hills, and leaving these and the road which we had followed, we turned to the east

[1] He means that this route is better than that through Tinajas Altas Pass.

for about nine leagues when we arrived at Puerto Blanco.[1]—From the river named to Puerto Blanco, 266½ leagues.

Sunday, May 19.—Continuing our march from the last-named site without interruption during the whole night, going southeast three leagues, then three others to the east-southeast, making a total of eighteen leagues in eighteen and a half hours,[2] we arrived at half past eleven o'clock at the Arroyo de Sonóitac and the site of El Carrizal, where we found water and fairly good pasturage in abundance and where we halted to remain the rest of this day. In this day's march and the two preceding we have lost six saddle animals, most of them being those which I left at the Colorado River, where they had improved very little in flesh.—From the river named to Arroyo del Carrisal or de Sonóitac, 284½ leagues.

Monday, May 20.—At a quarter past five we set out from El Carrizal and traveled to the east eight leagues in six hours, until we reached the ruined mission of Sonóitac. Remaining there until half past five in the afternoon, we resumed our march, taking the road which goes to Quitobac. On this road we made three leagues to the southeast and south-southeast along the skirts of some hills, where at half past

[1] Pozos de en Medio were at Coyote Water, near Tinajas Altas. Tinajas de la Candelaria, formerly called Tinajas de la Purificación, were Cabeza Prieta Tanks. From Candelaria Anza followed his old trail past Tule Well through Tule Range, and then, instead of swinging east to Aguaje Empinado (Heart Tank) in Sierra Pinta, he made straight for Puerto Blanco in the O'Neill Hills. Font is apparently wrong at this point in his diary.

[2] Since six o'clock the night before.

eight we halted for the night at a site with good pasturage, completing today's journey of eleven leagues in the same number of hours.—From the river named to the place halfway to Quitobac, 295½ leagues.

Tuesday, May 21.—At half past four we set forth on our way by the same road, still along the hills which we bore on our right, and which have forced us to travel in general to the south. In this direction we made five leagues, whereby in the same number of hours we reached the village of Quitobac.[1] From here, after the greatest heat of the sun had passed, we set out at half past four in the afternoon and traveled east-southeast for two and a half leagues, skirting some small hills on the right. At the end of this distance we continued southeast for another league and a half and then turned south and southeast for two more, having passed the hills mentioned. Then, immediately entering a valley without water or pasturage, we traveled over it to the southeast for about three and a half leagues, and halted at half past eleven o'clock at night at a place with pasturage in the flat of San Juan de Mata, having traveled twelve hours and made fourteen leagues during the whole day.—From the river named to the flat of San Juan de Mata, 209½ leagues.

Wednesday, May 22.—A little before half past five we resumed our march, going southeast and likewise following a nearby chain of medium-sized hills on the right. Having made five and a half leagues, a

[1] From Puerto Blanco Anza followed his old trail through El Carrizal, Sonóita, Quitobac, San Juan de Mata, and San Ildefonso, to Caborca.

little after eleven o'clock we reached the wells of San Eduardo de la Arivaipia, which beforehand I had ordered opened. We found in them much more water than we needed, and here we halted until five o'clock in the afternoon. Then we continued our march over a made road, on which we traveled six leagues, arriving at eleven o'clock at night at the flat of San Yldephonzo where we halted to rest for the remainder of the night, having traveled eleven and a half leagues in almost eleven hours.—From the river named to the flat of San Yldephonzo, 221 leagues.

At this place it became necessary to redouble our care and vigilance, since it is in the path of the Apaches, and because the Pápago Indians whom I have left behind have heard of frequent robberies and murders made by them at the mission of Caborca and neighboring pueblos, which until the present year it may be said were free from such occurrences, or at least were in very different circumstances.

Thursday, May 23.—At five o'clock we resumed our journey over a continuous road to the southeast, with some slight turns to the east-southeast. In these directions we traveled six leagues and arrived at twelve o'clock at the mission of Caborca, where we halted to spend the day, having made the six leagues in the same number of hours.—From the river named to the mission of Caborca, 227 leagues.

At four o'clock in the afternoon I sent a letter by two of my soldiers to the captain of the presidio of El Altar, distant from here eight or nine leagues,

asking him for some saddle animals to enable me to go forward, since the greater part of ours are now in very bad condition because of the great distance which they have covered. The bearers carried orders to return tomorrow by midday, so that we might continue our march in the afternoon. The missionary fathers of this pueblo have confirmed the reports which the Pápago Indians gave me concerning the murders and robberies perpetrated by the Apaches in this vicinity, to which they have added other and greater atrocities that have occurred in various places, especially on the way from the mining camp of La Cieneguilla to the presidio of San Miguel, over which I have to travel.

Friday, May 24.—Since the two soldiers whom I sent to the presidio of El Altar for the purpose already stated did not return until nightfall, I was not able to set out today.

Saturday, May 25.—At ten o'clock in the morning the soldiers returned with the aid which I had asked for. At three o'clock in the afternoon we set forth on the camino real to La Cieneguilla, which runs east-southeast all the way from here to the presidio of San Miguel de Horcacitas. Having followed it until eleven o'clock at night, and traveled eight leagues, we halted at that hour to rest a while.

Sunday, May 26.—At four o'clock we resumed our march over good terrain, the same as yesterday afternoon, and having covered about six leagues, by nine o'clock we arrived at the Real de la Cieneguilla,

where we halted to pass this day.[1]—From the river named to the Real de la Cieneguilla, 247 leagues.

This mining camp, as is well known, and that of San Antonio de la Huerta, are the only ones in the province of Sonora which continue their production of gold, because both of them are free from the piracies of the Apaches. The first one even now produces weekly from sixty to sixty-five marks of gold, the second, as they tell me, a little less, and if these enemies would permit laborers to enter, and especially to the first one, its output would be much greater. But these cruel barbarians deprive us of these benefits and of even greater ones which we should enjoy, even in the farthest interior, it is more than probable. Within a short time, I believe, they will close the roads to this Cieneguilla, which even now is traveled with imponderable risk, so that very few have the courage to undertake it. To this camp they have to bring from the interior and the exterior of the provinces the provisions and other effects of commerce necessary for its subsistence, and if they are not obtained it is inevitable that it will come to a complete stop, as has happened to others equal if not better, which for the same causes are deserted and unworked, with notable injury to the royal estate and to their inhabitants.

Monday, May 27.—This morning advice was given by the interior pueblos that a party of more

[1] From Caborca to Horcasitas Anza was on a trail new to this expedition. La Cieneguilla (now Ciénega), Cerro Prieto, La Tortuga, La Mesa, and Horcasitas are all places still on the map.

than a hundred mounted hostile Apaches had taken the roads which come to this real. For this reason I thought it best to wait here today to ascertain what may result, in order to watch the party with the troops which are with me.

Tuesday, May 28.—As soon as it was daylight I sent out the party of ten soldiers who are with me to explore round about this real, but they returned at midday and reported that they had not seen any signs of the enemy.

Wednesday, May 29.—At three o'clock in the afternoon I set forth from this real, where I was joined by two pack trains of mules, that I might escort them, and with them I camped after nightfall without any mishap at Cerro Prieto, to which we had traveled about seven leagues in the same number of hours.—From the river named to Cerro Prieto, 248 leagues.

Thursday, May 30.—Having moved our train, at five o'clock in the morning we resumed our march and arrived at eleven o'clock at El Tecolote. Here we remained until two o'clock, when we finished watering our mounts, which was done with due precaution because we noted on our arrival that four enemies had done the same a little while before. Then, setting out at that hour, we traveled until vespers and halted for the night in the neighborhood of La Tortuga, having traveled to this place today ten leagues in the same number of hours.—From the river named to La Tortuga, 258 leagues.

xico, como se me tiene ordenado por el Exmo
Sor Virrey, y donde concluyo este diario,
en el dia, y año mencionado. ~

Juan Bapta de Anza

Last page of Anza's diary.

Friday, May 31.—A little before five o'clock we raised our train and traveled five leagues, as far as El Pozo de Crisanto, remaining there until three o'clock in the afternoon, when we continued our march for five more leagues, concluding today's journey after nightfall at La Mesa. At the time when we halted for the night the rear guard discovered a band of enemies who in deep silence crossed our road to hide themselves in a nearby wood. With this report it was necessary for us to take up arms, and in this way we passed the night, all the time expecting an attack.—From the river named to La Mesa, 268 leagues.

Saturday, June 1.—As soon as it was broad daylight I set out with four soldiers to reconnoiter the country, but I found nothing more than the tracks of about thirty of the enemies mentioned, who were headed in a different direction from the way we were going. Therefore I continued on this road with my train for two leagues, at the end of which I reached the presidio of San Miguel de Horcacitas, whence I shall continue my march to Mexico, as I have been ordered by his Excellency the Viceroy, and where I conclude this diary on the day and year mentioned. —From the river or lake of San Francisco to the presidio of San Miguel de Horcacitas, where this diary ends, 270 leagues, the total, going and coming, amounting to 823 leagues, to which are to be added seventy leagues which are estimated from here to the presidio of Tubac.

Juan Bap.ta de Anza (Rubric).

ADDENDA

Memorandum of the Observations Made During the Expedition Under My Command from the Province of Sonora to Northern California Mentioned in the Foregoing Diary[1]

For the reasons concerning this matter which are set forth in the diary, the day when the observation was made and the altitude indicated by the quadrant are given here, from which, as has been said, we afterward shall compute the latitude of each place, in which, as I have likewise said, I do not claim accuracy, through not being sure of the accuracy of the tables by which we have been guided.

Real de Santa Anna in the Pimería Alta, province and alcaldía of Sonora, October 7, 1775, the quadrant showed the meridian altitude of the lower limb of the sun to be 53° 28′. With this observation and the addition of the corresponding minutes and the rest for the complement or reduction of the altitude, we will say (as for the following places) that this place is in latitude 30° 46′.

Pueblo of San Ygnacio in the same province and alcaldía. On the 10th of the same month and year the quadrant indicated 52° 10′. Latitude of this place 30° 55½′.

[1] These observations were made by Father Font and are essentially the same as the uncorrected results given in his diary.

Royal Presidio of Tubac. On the 21st of the same month the quadrant indicated 47° 16′. Latitude of this place 31° 45½′.

Pueblo del Tuczon, the last pueblo on the northern border of the same province and alcaldía, where now exists the former presidio. On the 27th of the same month the quadrant indicated 44° 26′. Latitude of this place 32° 30′.

Casa del Rio Gila. On the 31st of the same month the quadrant indicated 44° 25′. Latitude of this place 33° 35′.

Point of the Sierra de San Pasqual on the same river. On November 19th of the same year the quadrant indicated 37° 20′. Latitude of this place 32° 54′.

Cerro de Santa Cicilia, alias del Metate, on the same river. On the 24th of the same month the quadrant indicated 36° 24′. Latitude of this place 32° 44½′.

Laguna de Santa Olaya on the Colorado River. On December 7th of the same year the quadrant indicated 34° 28′. Latitude of this place 32° 37′.

Ciénega de San Sebastián. On December 17th the quadrant indicated 33° 10′. Latitude of this place 33° 10½′.

Arroyo de San Patricio. On the 28th of the month the quadrant indicated 32° 48′. Latitude of this place 33° 37½′.

Mission San Gabriel in Northern California. On February 17, 1776, the quadrant indicated 43° 42′. Latitude of this pueblo 33° 58½′.

Port and Royal Presidio of San Diego. On January 12th of the same year the quadrant indicated 35° 20′. Latitude of this place 32° 40′.

Mission San Luís. On March 3d of the same year the quadrant indicated 48° 04′.

Mission San Antonio, in the same California, on the 7th of the same month the quadrant indicated 48° 52′. The latitudes of this place and the foregoing place of San Luís are not recorded because in the tables by which we were guided an error in their transcription was noted.

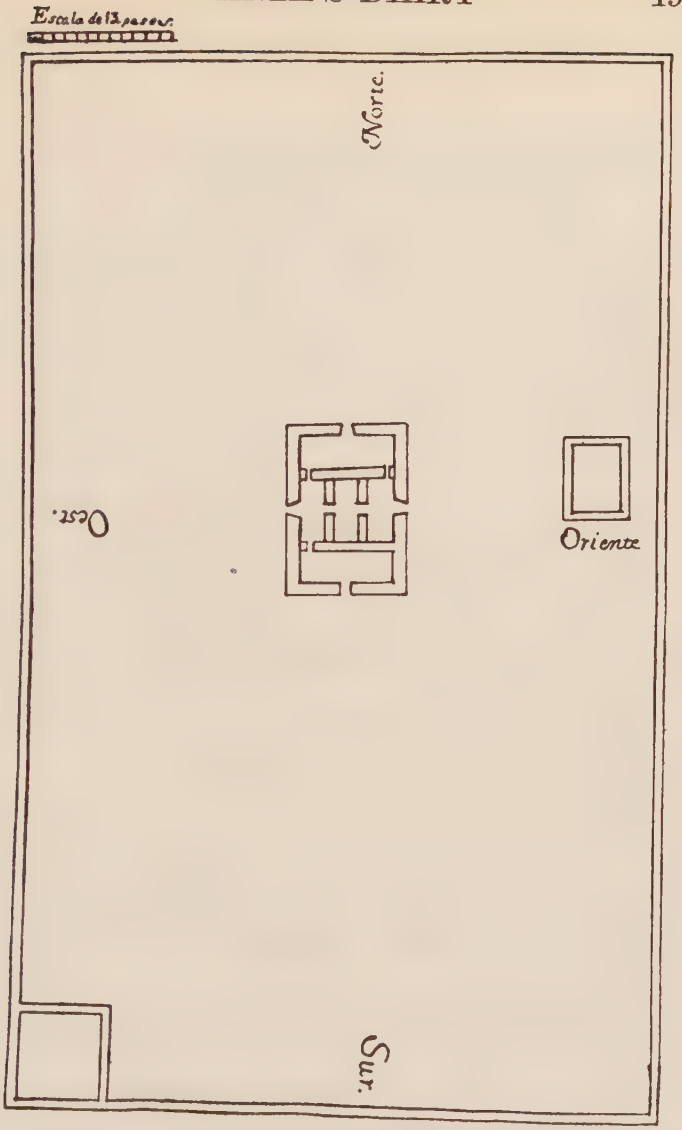
Mission of Carmelo. On the 22d of the same month the quadrant indicated 53° 05′. Latitude of this place 36° 27′.

Port of San Francisco. On March 28th the quadrant indicated 55° 21′. Latitude of this place 37° 40′.

Puerto de la Concepción and the site where the Colorado and Gila rivers unite. On May 13th the quadrant indicated 75° 38′. Latitude of this place 32° 39½′.

Pueblo de Caborca, last pueblo to the west in the province and government of Sonora. On the 28th of the same month the quadrant indicated 80° 00′. Latitude of this place 30° 38½′.

Villa and presidio of San Miguel de Horcacitas, capital of the province hereinbefore named. On June 2d the quadrant indicated 82° 34′. Latitude of this place 29° 28′.



Ichnographic Plan of the House Popularly but Incorrectly called Casa de Moctezuma, Situated on the Gila River in Latitude Thirty-three Degrees and Five Minutes, According to the Tables by which we are Guided.

Memorandum of the Measurements which were Observed and Recorded for the Foregoing Edifice[1]

This edifice is located in the place and latitude mentioned, with level country on all sides, about a league from the river, at the western end of a settlement which must have been about a league and a half long and a quarter of a league wide, and which provided itself with water by an aqueduct about six varas wide, which ran from the same river and was introduced into the middle of the settlement.

This edifice is almost square with the four cardinal points, as is noted, and is in the center of a rectangle at whose four corners it is seen that there were four bastions.

This rectangle is 420 geometrical feet long from north to south, and 260 from east to west.

The interior of the house is composed of five rooms divided as is shown in the drawing. The three innermost rooms are 26 feet long and 10 wide, and the two first which are at the ends are 38 feet long and 12 wide.

These rooms, which from story to story are the same height, are 11 feet long.

The doors for communication, which in all the rooms are parallel, are 5 feet high and 2 feet wide,

[1] Compare these data with those given by Font in his diary.

except the four principal entrances, which are a little larger.

The interior walls are 4 feet thick and the exterior 5.

The walls are perfectly filled with stone and mortar and are colored with red ochre, for this color even yet shows plainly. The exterior walls are tapering and it is noted that the inner walls taper all the way from the bottom to the top.

The edifice described has exterior measurements of 68 feet from north to south, and 48 from east to west.

The room shown apart from the house and rectangle mentioned, in the position indicated by the drawing, is 26 feet long and 19 wide.

The timber of these dwellings was chiefly pine and live oak, with some mesquite, the pine and oak being twenty-five or thirty leagues distant. Of these kinds of timber large fragments still remain, notwithstanding the fire which they have suffered, showing that they were of all thicknesses and sizes.

The material of this edifice is of pure clay taken from the region where it stands. But it is so well mixed with some unknown substance that it has withstood the long time which may be imagined, with its inclemencies, so firmly that even yet the walls maintain their top rows of stones, being built apparently of tapia with molds of various sizes.

It is very plainly seen that the edifice had three storeys, and there is good reason for thinking that

there were four, the first floor being a little below ground, as the Pima Indians who live in the neighborhood assure us they have seen.

To all of the rooms, all of which were truncated, the light was introduced, not only by the doors which have been mentioned, but also by some clairvoyants situated in the middle of the rooms, and facing east and west, through which, according to a tradition held by these Indians, their king—nicknamed El Amargo, because of his harsh rule—looked to watch the sun rise and set, and this was an indispensable and religious ceremony.

Finally, no indications of stairs were found for the management of the upper storeys, from which we infer that they must have been portable and of wood, and that they must have been destroyed in the fire which the edifice suffered.[1]

[1] Mange gives the following description of the ruins about Casa Grande as he and Kino saw them on November 18, 1697: "We continued west, and after going four leagues more arrived at noon at the Casas Grandes, within which Mass was said by Father Kino, who had not yet breakfasted. One of the houses is a large edifice whose principal room in the middle is of four storeys, those adjoining its four sides being of three. Its walls are two varas thick, are made of strong cement and clay, and are so smooth on the inside that they resemble planed boards, and so polished that they shine like Puebla pottery. The angles of the windows, which are square, are very true and without jambs or cross pieces of wood, and they must have made them with a mold or frame. The same is true of the doors, although they are narrow, by which we know it to be the work of Indians. It is 36 paces long and 21 wide. It is well built, as is seen from the drawing on the margin, and has foundations. An arquebus-shot away are seen twelve other half fallen houses, also having thick walls, and all with their roofs burned." (Juan Matheo Mange, *Luz de Tierra Incógnita,* libro II, cap. 5). In the edition of this work prepared by Fernández del Castillo and published by the Archivo General de la Nación (Mexico, 1926) is given a fuller version of Mange's description of the Casa Grande, taken from the Linga MS., together with Mange's drawings of the ruins.

FONT'S SHORT DIARY

1775–1776

(*K*)

DIARY OF FATHER FRAY PEDRO FONT, APOSTOLIC PREACHER OF THE COLLEGE OF SANTA CRUZ DE QUERETARO, DRAWN FROM THE NOTES WHICH HE KEPT ON THE WAY DURING THE JOURNEY WHICH HE MADE TO MONTEREY AND THE PORT OF SAN FRANCISCO IN COMPANY WITH SENOR DON JUAN BAUTISTA DE ANZA, LIEUTENANT-COLONEL OF CAVALRY, CAPTAIN OF THE PRESIDIO OF TUBAC, AND COMMANDER OF THE EXPEDITION SENT TO ESCORT THE FAMILIES AND SOLDIERS TO THE NEW ESTABLISHMENT OF THAT PORT, BY ORDER AND DISPOSITION OF THE MOST EXCELLENT SENOR BAILIO FREY DON ANTONIO MARIA BUCARELI Y URSUA, LIEUTENANT-GENERAL, VICEROY, GOVERNOR, AND CAPTAIN-GENERAL OF THIS NEW SPAIN.

This order was communicated to the reverend father guardian of the College of Santa Cruz de Querétaro, Fray Romualdo Cartagena, in a letter written to him on the 2d of January, 1775, and was reported to me by the same reverend father guardian in a letter dated the 20th of January of the same year, with an order that I should accompany the commander during the whole journey and observe the latitudes on the way.

This diary is accompanied by a map of the whole journey in which the route is indicated by dots. The days' journeys are indicated by numbers, and the notable places and sites which are mentioned in the diary are shown by letters of the alphabet. All this was made and done after the return from the journey at this mission of Ures in the month of June of the present year, 1776.[1]

[1] Diario que forma el P. Fr. Pedro Font . . . del viage que hizo à Monterey y Puerto de San Francisco. Designated as K. Original in the Bancroft Library. Supplemented and emended by the version in the Archivo General y Público, Mexico, Historia, Tomo 24. The additions are inserted within brackets [ ]. The text of K printed by the Academy of Pacific Coast History is referred to as A. P. C. H.

In the original manuscript the figures indicating the number of days traveled, and the summaries of distances covered, are placed in the margins. In this text they are printed in the body of the page. In the original the references to Font's map *A* to *I* and *a* to *e* are given in the page and repeated in the margins. In this text the marginal repetitions are omitted. No maps or plans accompany the Bancroft Library manuscript of this diary, but those accompanying Font's complete diary, presumably the same, are printed in Volume IV of this work. That diary, being much more detailed, is more fully annotated than this version. For corresponding items fuller notes are found also in Anza's diary than in this one.

FONT'S SHORT DIARY

REMARKS

I may note that in the observations which I was able to make with the astronomical quadrant of the expedition carried by the commander, I calculated the latitudes by some tables of Don Jorge Juan[1] which I accidentally was able to acquire, but which, because they were made for the meridian of Cádiz and for the years 1756, 1757, 1758, and 1759, require two corrections. And although the latitudes which I note are according to the observations which I made, with an effort to make the two corrections in the tables necessary for the calculation, for the greater satisfaction of experts in all the observations I express the meridian altitude of the lower limb of the sun which this quadrant recorded.

I may note also that with respect to the directions of the route I may have made some errors because I was not able to obtain a good compass, for only at San Xavier del Bac was I able to borrow from that mission a very small and bad one which scarcely worked. Therefore, although with respect to the directions which I note I took the greatest care, I am not entirely satisfied with them for lack

[1] A Spanish scientist of the middle eighteenth century.

of an instrument, and I have even tried to correct them somewhat in order to make the map in accordance with the latitudes observed.

Finally, I may note with respect to the leagues which I recorded that I calculated them by a measured league which I paced according to the marching pace. All those that I have indicated in the journey are Mexican leagues of five thousand varas or three thousand geometrical paces, of which twenty-eight make a degree of latitude on the earth's surface and twenty-three and a third in the air. They correspond to the seventeen and a half Spanish leagues by air and twenty-one on the earth's surface which make a degree according to Father Tosca (Tom. 8. Tract. 24. Lib. 1. Cap. 4. Prop. 23), a Spanish league consisting of four thousand geometrical paces, or 6666 and ⅔ varas, or 2 feet, according to Father Flores[1] in his *Clave Geográfica* (Cap. 3. § 3. Num. 125).

Day's Journey *Leagues*

1. September 29, 1775.—Most of the people, pack mules, and saddle animals of the expedition being now assembled, whose number I do not note down because I have not been able to learn it, Mass was sung for the success of the journey to the Most Holy Virgin of Guadalupe, who was chosen as our patroness, with Prince San Miguel and Our Father San Francisco as patrons. After Mass arrangements for the march were begun, but because it was the

[1] Thomás Vicente Tosca, *Compendio Mathematico* (Valencia, 1709–1715); Fr. Henrique Florez, *Clave Geográfica* (Madrid, 1747).

first day we did not start until half past four in the afternoon. At that hour we set out from the presidio of San Miguel de Orcasitas, and a little after five o'clock halted near the river on the other side, having traveled a short league toward the northwest.[1]—One league.

2. September 30.—At nine o'clock in the morning we left camp near the river of San Miguel, and after midday came to Chupisonora, having traveled about four leagues to the north-northwest.[2]—Four leagues.

October 1.—We remained here to await a pack train which fell behind yesterday.

3. October 2.—We set out from Chupisonora at two o'clock in the afternoon and at six arrived at La Palma, having traveled five leagues toward the north-northwest.—Five leagues.

4. October 3.—Leaving La Palma at a quarter to eight in the morning, near one o'clock in the afternoon we arrived at Charco del Canelo, having traveled six leagues to the north-northwest.[3]—Six leagues.

5. October 4.—We set out from El Charco del Canelo at half past seven in the morning and at one in the afternoon halted at the Puerto de los Conejos, having traveled some six long leagues toward the north-northwest.—Six leagues.

[1] Camp was about where El Vado (The Ford) is shown on the modern map.

[2] Chupisonora is still on the map.

[3] From Charco del Canelo nearly to the Gila River Anza's route ran close to the line of the Southern Pacific Railroad.

6. October 5.—We set out from the Puerto de los Conejos at half past eight in the morning, and at two o'clock in the afternoon halted at Charco de Gauna, having traveled some seven long leagues toward the north-northwest.—Seven leagues.

7. October 6.—We left Charco de Gauna at half past eight in the morning, and at noon arrived at the banks of the river of the pueblo of Santa Ana, having traveled five leagues to the north-northwest. —Five leagues.

October 7.—We halted here because three soldiers had remained behind seeking some loaded mules. I observed the latitude of this pueblo with the astronomical quadrant of the expedition and I found it to be in 30° 38½′, and so I say: at the pueblo of Santa Ana, October 7, 1775, meridian altitude of the lower limb of the sun, 53° 28′.

8. October 8.—We left the pueblo of Santa Ana at half past nine in the morning, and at two o'clock in the afternoon halted at Santa María Madalena, a *pueblo de visita*[1] of the mission of San Ygnacio, having traveled some six leagues northeast by east. —Six leagues.

9. October 9.—We set forth from Santa María Madalena at nine o'clock in the morning, and at half past ten reached the mission of San Ygnacio, having traveled two leagues northeast by east.— Two leagues.

[1] A sub-station of the mission, visited periodically by the minister.

2ª 1.

Diazio que forma el P. Fr. Pedro Font Pdor. Apco del Colegio de la Stª Cruz de Querétaro, sacado del borrador que escrivio en el camino del viage que hizo á Monterey y Puerto de S. Francisco en Compañia del Sr. Theniente Coronel de Cavalleria Capitan del Presidio de Tubac, y Comandante de la eppedicion de Conduccion de familias y soldados para el nuevo establecimiento de aquel Puerto. Dn Juan Bautista de Anza, por orden y disposicion del Epmo Sr. Theniente General Dn Antonio Maxia Bucareli y Ursua Virrey, Governador, y Capn Genl de esta Nueva España, Comunicada al Rdo P. Guardian del Colegio de la Stª Cruz de Querétaro Fr. Romualdo Cabezeda por carta que le escrivio dada á 2. de Enero de 1775 y intimada á mi por dicho R.P. Guardian Fr Bonaventura Carrasquera por carta su fecha de 20. de Enero del mismo año con encargo de acompañar á dicha Sr Comandante en todo el viage y de observar las alturas del camino

1776.

Acompaña á este diario un mapa de todo el viage, en el qual se señala con puntos el camino, se eppresson por numeros las jornadas, y se distinguen por abecedario los lugares o parages particulares, de que se hace mencion en el diario. Todo hecho y trabajado de buelta del Via-

N 5

First page of Font's Short Diary.

October 10.—We remained at this mission to make up some pack loads of provisions. I observed the latitude of the place and found it to be in 30° 47½′, and so I say: at the mission of San Ygnacio, October 10, 1775, meridian altitude of the lower limb of the sun, 52° 10′.

10. October 11.—We set out from San Ygnacio at half past ten o'clock in the morning, and at half past one in the afternoon we halted on the banks of the river on the other side, beyond the pueblo of Ymuris, a *visita* of the mission of San Ygnacio, having traveled four leagues to the north-northeast.—Four leagues.

11. October 12.—We left the camp near the pueblo of Ymuris at half past eight in the morning, and at one in the afternoon halted at El Guambút, before entering the canyon, having traveled four leagues to the north-northwest.—Four leagues.

12. October 13.—We set out from El Guambút at eight o'clock in the morning and at one in the afternoon halted at El Síbuta, having traveled four leagues to the north, going very slowly through the canyon of El Guambút because it is a stretch of road made dangerous by the Apaches.—Four leagues.

13. October 14.—We left El Síbuta at eight o'clock in the morning, and at three o'clock in the afternoon halted at the place called Las Lagunas,[1] having traveled some eight long leagues, about four of them being northwest and four north-northwest. —Eight leagues.

[1] Las Lagunas were north of Nogales on Nogales Wash.

14. October 15.—From Las Lagunas we set forth at eight o'clock in the morning, and at two in the afternoon arrived at the presidio of Tubac, having traveled some eight leagues to the north.—Eight leagues.

October 16.—We remained several days at Tubac, I staying at the mission of Tumacácori, a league to the south of the presidio, to prepare everything necessary for the continuation of the journey, and to finish assembling the people who were to go with the expedition.

October 17 was spent in this manner.

October 18 was passed in the same way.

October 19 was spent in the same way.

October 20 was passed in the same way.

October 21.—I went to the presidio of Tubac in company with Father Fray Francisco Garcés and his companion, Father Fray Thomás Eixarch, who joined us in order to remain at the Colorado River to ascertain the wishes of the tribes who live on its banks, according to the order given by his Excellency the Viceroy. I observed the latitude of this presidio, but because it was a dark day I was not satisfied with the result.

October 22.—Mass was sung for the success of the journey of the expedition. The day being clear I again made observations, and found this presidio to be in latitude 31° 43′, and so I say: at the presidio of Tubac, October 22, 1775, meridian altitude of the lower limb of the sun, 46° 50′.

Having finished the assembling of the people who were to go with the expedition and of the pack animals, saddle animals, and cattle (whose numbers I do not note down because I was not able to ascertain them), it was decided to continue the journey tomorrow.

15. October 23.—We set out from Tubac at eleven o'clock in the morning, and at half past three in the afternoon halted at the place called La Canoa,[1] having traveled some five leagues to the north-northeast. This night the wife of a soldier was delivered. She died in childbed, and the next day she was taken for burial to the mission of San Xavier del Bac.—Five leagues.

16. October 24.—From La Canoa we set out at two o'clock in the afternoon and at five halted at the Punta de Los Llanos, having traveled three leagues to the north-northeast.—Three leagues.

17. October 25.—From the Punta de Los Llanos we set forth at half past eight in the morning, and at one in the afternoon we arrived at the mission of San Xavier del Bac, of which Father Fray Francisco Garcés is minister, having traveled six long leagues north by east.—Six leagues.

18. October 26.—We left the mission of San Xavier del Bac at half past eight in the morning, and at one o'clock in the afternoon halted a league beyond the pueblo of Tuquisón, a *visita* of the

[1] The place is marked today by La Canoa Ranch, about fifteen miles north of Tubac. Camp next day was near Sahuarito.

mission of San Xavier del Bac and the last Christianized pueblo in this direction, having traveled four very long leagues because of winding about, the general direction being nearly north.[1]—Four leagues.

19. October 27.—I made an observation at this place of Tuquisón and found it to be in latitude 32° 22′, and so I say: near the pueblo of Tuquisón, a league to the north of it, October 27, 1775, meridian altitude of the lower limb of the sun, 44° 26′. We set out from the pueblo of Tuquisón at one o'clock in the afternoon, and a little before six we halted in a plain in sight of a very rugged and low sierra called by the Indians La Frente Negra, and just before entering a pass which they called Puerto del Azotado, having traveled five leagues, about two leagues being to the north-northwest and the rest to the northwest.—Five leagues.

20. October 28.—We set out from the plain of the Puerto del Azotado at a quarter past eight in the morning, and at half past one in the afternoon we halted at a place where there are some lagoons which the Indians call Oytaparts, having traveled six long leagues to the west-northwest and sometimes almost to the west.—Six leagues.

21. October 29.—From the lagoons of Oytaparts we set forth at one in the afternoon, and at a quarter past five we halted a little beyond a peak which the Indians call Tacca, having traveled some five leagues, about two of them to the northwest, and

[1] San Xavier del Bac and Tucson (Tuquisón) still bear the same names.

the rest to the north-northwest. Very early in the morning some Indians were dispatched to notify the Gila River Pimas of our coming, and after Mass a proclamation was made in which orders were given looking to the best conduct of the people.—Five leagues.

22. October 30.—We set out from the Cerro de Tacca at eight o'clock in the morning, and at half past five in the afternoon arrived near the Gila River. We halted at a lagoon somewhat distant from the stream, having traveled some twelve leagues, about six of them being to the northwest, three to the north-northwest, and finally some three almost to the north.[1]—Twelve leagues.

In consequence of the message which was sent yesterday, the governor of the Pápago villages of Aquituni and Cuitoa, and the governor of Uturituc, a pueblo on the Gila River, accompanied by its alcalde, the governor of Sutaquison, and other Indians, all on horseback, came out on the road to meet us. Dismounting to welcome us, they presented the soldiers with two scalps of Apaches whom they had killed the day before, for with them they have continual warfare. Mounting their horses once more, they accompanied us to camp. They asked if we were coming to live with them and to baptize their

[1] Puerto del Azotado was near Weaver Well. La Frente Negra was the mountain shape there which resembles a human profile. Camp on the 28th was near the E. Aguirre House. Cerro de Tacca is the peak now called Picacho. The Gila River was reached about at Blackwater Slough, at a place which Anza called Comari.

people, which they appeared greatly to desire, and they seemed to be very happy at our coming.

October 31.—The commander decided to give the people a rest here, and this gave us an opportunity to go to examine the Casa Grande de Moctezuma, as they call it, situated a league from the Gila River and distant from the camp of La Laguna some three leagues east-southeast. We went to it accompanied by some Indians, including the governor of Uturituc, who on the way recounted a history or tradition concerning this house handed down by their ancestors, all of which reduces itself to fables, mixed confusedly with some Catholic truths. I made an observation at the site of this Casa Grande, which is indicated on the map by the letter A, and found it to be in 33° 3½′, and so I say: at the Casa Grande of the Gila River, October 31, 1775, meridian altitude of the lower limb of the sun, 42° 25′. We examined this edifice and its remains with great care, and I insert here an ichnographic plan of it, and for its greater intelligibility I give the following description and explanation.[1]

The Casa Grande or palace of Moctezuma must have been founded about five hundred years ago, according to the histories and the scanty notices of it which exist and are given by the Indians; for apparently it was established by the Mexicans when in the course of their migration the Devil led them through various regions until they arrived at the Promised

[1] See Anza's description of the Casa Grande, pp. 15–16, 197–199.

Land of Mexico, and when during their stops, which were long, they built settlements and edifices.

The place where this house is situated is level on all sides and is apart from the Gila River about a league. The ruins of the houses which formed the settlement extend for more than a league to the east and in other directions. All this district is scattered with pieces of ollas, jars, plates, etc., some ordinary and others painted with various colors, white, blue, red, etc. This is an indication that it was a large settlement and of a people distinct from the Gila Pimas, for the latter do not know how to make such pottery.

We made a careful inspection of the edifice and of its site, and for convenience measured it with a lance, whose measurements I afterward reduced to geometrical feet, and with slight difference they are as follows: The house is rectangular and perfectly oriented with the four cardinal points, east, west, north and south. Round about are some ruins which appear to have been some kind of fence or wall enclosing the house and other edifices, especially at the corners, where it appears there was some structure like an interior castle or watch-tower, for at the corner which falls to the southwest there is a piece still standing with its compartments and an upper story.[1]

The outer wall is four hundred and twenty feet from north to south and two hundred and sixty from east to west. The interior of the house consists of five rooms, three of the same size in the middle, and a larger one at each end. The three rooms are twen-

[1] Font's drawing is printed in Volume IV of this work.

ty-six feet long from north to south and ten from east to west. The two rooms at the ends are twelve feet from north to south and thirty-eight from east to west. The rooms are about eleven feet high, and all are equal. The doors are five feet high and two feet wide, and all are almost the same, except the four outer entries, which appear to have been twice as wide. The thickness of the interior walls is four feet and they are well plastered; and the thickness of the exterior walls is six feet. The house has an exterior measurement of seventy feet from north to south and fifty feet from east to west. The walls are slanting on the outside. In front of the eastern door, apart from the house, there is another room which is twenty-six feet from north to south and eighteen from east to west, not counting the thickness of the walls.[1]

Judging from what can be seen, the timbers were of pine, although the nearest mountain having pines is distant some twenty-five leagues. Some of the timbers are also of mesquite. The edifice is entirely of earth, and according to the indications it is *tapia* made with molds of various sizes. Coming from the river, and from a long distance, runs a very large irrigation ditch by which the settlement was supplied with water, but it is now very much obliterated. Finally, it is seen that the edifice had three storeys; and if what we were able to learn from the Indians is true, and from the vestiges which were seen, it had four storeys, the basement of the house being

[1] This room is now called the Font Room.

below ground like a subterranean room. To furnish light for the rooms nothing else is seen than the doors and some round holes in the middle of the walls which face the east and the west. The Indians said that through these holes, which are rather large, the prince, whom they call El Hombre Amargo, looked at the sun when it rose and set, in order to salute it. No traces of stairs were found, and we therefore conclude that they were made of wood and were destroyed in the fire which the edifice suffered from the Apaches.

23. November 1.—We set out from the Laguna at half past nine in the morning, and at one in the afternoon arrived at the pueblo of San Juan Capistrano de Uturituc, having traveled four leagues to the west-northwest. We were welcomed by the Indians, whom I estimated at a thousand persons, arranged in two files, the men on one side and the women on the other. As soon as we dismounted they all came in turn to salute us and to shake hands, first the men and then the women. They manifested great satisfaction at seeing us, and entertained us in a great arbor which they made for this purpose, and in front of which, although they were heathen, they had set up a large cross. Immediately they brought water to the camp for the people, [for the Gila Pimas are very gentle and good-hearted.[1]]—Four leagues.

24. November 2.—This being All Souls' Day we three friars said nine Masses. At eleven o'clock in

[1] Uturituc was some eighteen or twenty miles westward from Casa Grande and a little west of Sacaton.

the morning we set out from the pueblo of Uturituc, and about three in the afternoon halted on the banks of the Gila River near the pueblo of La Encarnación de Sutaquison, having traveled some four leagues west by north. The Indians of the pueblo, whom I estimated at about five hundred souls, came out to welcome and salute us, with demonstrations of great joy. On the way we passed by two smaller pueblos.[1] —Four leagues.

25. November 3.—From the pueblo of Sutaquison we set forth at a quarter to ten in the morning, and at noon, having traveled two leagues, almost to the northwest, we came to a lagoon of bad water which, because it caused some of the people to become ill, we called the Laguna del Hospital. Nearly west of this place there is a sierra which runs to the north and ends about three leagues from here. Below it the Gila River joins the Assumpción River, which is a large stream, being some three times the size of the Gila.[2]—Two leagues.

November 4.—This being the feast of San Carlos and the saint's day of our monarch, we chanted the Mass with all the ceremony possible. After midday preparation was made for marching, but we did not start because a woman became ill.

November 5.—We remained here because the sick woman was not yet able to travel, and at night another one became ill. I observed the latitude of

[1] Sutaquison was in the vicinity of Vah Ki.

[2] Laguna del Hospital was near Pima Butte. The sierra to the west was Sierra Estrella. The Asunción River was the Salt.

this place and found it in 33° 14½′, and so I say: at the Laguna del Hospital, November 5, 1775, meridian altitude of the lower limb of the sun, 40° 40′.

November 6.—The sick women continued indisposed, and so we remained here. At noon another one fell ill, and I, in addition to the infirmity from which I have been suffering, today began to have tertian ague.

26. November 7.—The patients feeling better this morning, we set out from the Laguna del Hospital at one in the afternoon, and at a quarter past six we halted at a dry arroyo, having traveled some six leagues, about one to the southwest, two to the west-southwest, and the rest to the west.—Six leagues.

27. November 8.—We set out from the Arroyo Seco at half past eight in the morning, and at four in the afternoon halted on the banks of the river at the settlement of the Opas, called San Simón y Judas de Uparsoytac, having traveled some nine leagues, two to the west-southwest, one to the west to thread a pass through a mountain chain, and the rest to the west-southwest, with some declination to the west. These Opas Indians of Uparsoytac, who were being warred upon by their enemies of the tribe called Nanaxi, neighbors of the Apaches, appear very gentle, and they gave us a friendly welcome.[1]—Nine leagues.

[1] Camp on the 7th was on Watermelon Wash. Uparsoitac was at Gila Bend. The pass was through Maricopa Range, evidently north of the railroad pass at Estrella. The Opas and Cocomaricopas were practically identical.

November 9.—Because the saddle animals arrived here very badly used up by yesterday's journey on account of having become ill at the Laguna del Hospital, it was decided to rest today. Glass beads and tobacco were distributed among the Indians, and I estimated the number of persons who assembled here at about a thousand.

November 10.—We remained here today because the wife of a soldier was ill this morning.

28. November 11.—We set out from the settlement of Uparsoytac at ten o'clock in the morning, and about noon came to some villages of Opas, situated on the banks of the river, having traveled some two short leagues toward the west.—Two leagues.

29. November 12.—We left the villages of the Opas at half past nine in the morning, and at two in the afternoon halted on the banks of the river at some ranchos which, because this was the feast of San Diego, we called the Ranchería de San Diego, having traveled five leagues west by north.—Five leagues.

30. November 13.—From the Ranchería de San Diego we set out at a quarter past nine in the morning, and about half past one in the afternoon, a little after we forded the river, we halted at a place called Aritoac, having traveled some four leagues west by south.[1]—Four leagues.

[1] Anza calls these villages where camp was made on the 11th Rancherías de San Martín. They evidently were at the northwest-

31. November 14.—From Aritoac we set forth at nine o'clock in the morning, and about one in the afternoon arrived at Agua Caliente, having traveled four leagues to the west-southwest.—Four leagues.

November 15.—It was decided to remain here today to rest the riding animals, for they were now in very bad shape for lack of pasturage. Many Cocomaricopa Indians, who are the same as the Opas, assembled to see us, and the commander, in the name of the king our lord, gave the cane and title of governor of all the tribe to an Indian whom they themselves elected and whom we called Carlos. To another, chosen by them and called by us Francisco, he gave the cane of alcalde. As soon as they were confirmed in their offices they were saluted by all the rest of the Indians assembled, who shook hands with them in turn, after which tobacco and glass beads were distributed among them all. This place and its district were named San Bernardino del Agua Caliente. Although the day was very cloudy, I observed the latitude of the place and found it to be in 33° 2½′, and so I say: at Agua Caliente, November 15, 1775, meridian altitude of the lower limb of the sun, 38° 4′. The Indians whom I saw assembled I estimated at about two hundred souls.

32. November 16.—We set out from Agua Caliente at half past nine in the morning, and at half

ward turn of the river and across from Citrus Canal. San Diego was just east of Painted Rock Mountains. The Gila was forded on the 13th near Oatman's Flat.

past four in the afternoon halted near the river, having traveled some nine leagues to the west-southwest.—Nine leagues.

33. November 17.—About ten o'clock in the morning we left the camp near the river, and having traveled some two leagues to the west-southwest, at midday we halted on the bank of the river.[1]—Two leagues.

34. November 18.—We set out from the camp on the bank of the river at ten o'clock in the morning and at about two in the afternoon halted near the river at the foot of Cerro de San Pasqual, having traveled some four leagues to the southwest. Midway on the road we forded the river a second time. —Four leagues.

November 19.—Last night a woman was delivered, and for this reason we remained here today. I observed the latitude of this place and found it to be in 32° 48′, and so I say: at the Cerro de San Pasqual, on the 19th of November, 1775, meridian altitude of the lower limb of the sun, 37° 20′.

November 20.—We remained here because the woman recently delivered was not able to travel.

November 21.—We did not travel today because the woman recently delivered was not even yet able. I again made an observation at this place and found it to be in the same latitude as on the 19th.

[1] Agua Caliente was the place still so-called. Camp on the 16th was near Nottbusch's Well, and on the 17th near Farras Ranch, or perhaps a little more westward, near Texas Hill.

35. November 22.—The mother was better this morning, and so it was decided to continue the journey. We set out from Cerro de San Pasqual at half past eleven in the morning, and at half past four in the afternoon halted on the banks of the river at the foot of a small hill called by the Indians Cerrito del Metate, and by us Cerro de Santa Cecilia, having traveled some six long leagues to the southwest.[1]—Six leagues.

November 23.—The pack animals having started, they were ordered to return, because it was already past eleven o'clock and it had not yet been possible to assemble the saddle animals, which had become scattered because of a shortage of grass; and for this reason we remained here today.

November 24.—A pregnant woman was ill this morning, and so we remained here today. I observed the latitude of this place and found it to be in 32° 39′, and so I say: at the Cerro de Santa Cecilia del Metate, November 24, 1775, meridian altitude of the lower limb of the sun, 36° 24′.

36. November 25.—We set out from the Cerro de Santa Cecilia del Metate at a quarter to ten in the morning, and about two in the afternoon halted on the banks of a salty lagoon distant from the river about a league, having traveled some five leagues to the west by north. A Yuma Indian came out on the road on horseback to meet us, having been sent

[1] Cerro de San Pasqual was Mohawk Peak near Mohawk Station. Cerro de Santa Cecilia was Antelope Hill.

by Captain Palma to tell us that he was awaiting us to give us a friendly reception, together with all his Yuma people and likewise the Jalchedunes, who had come down to the junction of the rivers to see us in consequence of a message sent them from Agua Caliente.—Five leagues.

37. November 26.—From the Laguna Salobre we set out at a quarter past ten in the morning, and at two in the afternoon halted on the banks of the river, having traveled some four leagues to the northwest.—Four leagues.

38. November 27.—We set out from camp on the banks of the river at half past nine in the morning, and about twelve o'clock we halted in a pass through which the Gila River runs in a narrow channel, having traveled some two leagues to the west-northwest. A relative of Captain Palma came out on the road to welcome us; and as soon as we had halted Captain Salvador Palma himself came to see us, accompanied by another captain, whom we called Pablo, and by several other Yuma Indians. They saluted us with many demonstrations of pleasure.—Two leagues.

39. November 28.—We set forth from the pass and the banks of the Gila at a quarter past nine in the morning, and at two o'clock in the afternoon halted at the beach of the Colorado River after crossing the Gila River a third time, and having traveled some five leagues west by south. The Yumas entertained us in an arbor which Captain Palma had ordered made here as soon as he learned of our

coming. Many Indians of both sexes came to visit us, very jubilant and happy. About a league below this place the Gila River joins the Colorado.[1]—Five leagues.

November 29.—A ford over the Colorado River was sought, and one having been found a road was opened through the brush and groves along its bottom lands, in order to cross the river next day.

40. November 30.—After Mass, Carlos, the governor of the Cocomaricopas, who had come with us to ratify the peace with the Yumas, returned to his country very well content. We set out from the beach of the Colorado River at nine o'clock in the morning, and at one in the afternoon all the expedition, people, and pack animals, finished fording the river without any special mishap. We crossed it at a place where it is divided into three branches, besides a small overflow, and halted on its banks, having traveled about a short league to the north. The width of this river at the place where we crossed it I estimated to be about three hundred or four hundred varas, and this is at the time when it is lowest, for during the flood season it is leagues wide. —One league.

December 1.—We stayed here to build a cabin at the village of Captain Palma, as a habitation for the two fathers, Garcés and Eixarch, who were to

[1] Laguna Salobre (or Salada, as Anza calls it), was a few miles west of Wellton. Camp on the 26th was at Cerros del Cajón (Anza) in the vicinity of Dome; on the 27th at Los Cerritos near the west end of the pass through Gila Range; and on the 28th at Yuma, near the junction of the Gila and Colorado.

remain at this river. Captain Palma donned the suit of clothes which was given him in the name of his Excellency the Viceroy.

December 2.—They continued the work on the cabin, and for this reason we remained here.

41. December 3.—We set out from the banks of the Colorado River at half past ten in the morning, and at noon arrived at the village of Captain Palma, having traveled about a league west by south. The rest of the day was employed in completing the cabin.[1]—One league.

42. December 4.—Saying goodbye to Fathers Fray Francisco Garcés and Fray Tomás Eixarch, we set out from the village of Captain Palma at half past nine in the morning, and at half past two in the afternoon we halted near a lagoon of the villages of Captain Pablo, a league after passing the Cerro de San Pablo, having traveled some five leagues west by south.—Five leagues.

43. December 5.—We set forth from the villages of Captain Pablo at ten o'clock in the morning, and about two in the afternoon halted near a lagoon of the villages of the Cojats, having traveled some four leagues to the southwest, with many windings. At the Cerro de San Pablo the river makes a turn almost to the south, and thereafter it is not seen any more because it runs very far from the road, which continues through its bottom lands.—Four leagues.

[1] The Colorado was crossed a short distance above the junction. Palma's village was on the west side some two or three miles above the hill at Fort Yuma.

44. December 6.—We left the villages of the Cojats at ten in the morning, and at two in the afternoon halted at the Laguna de Santa Olalla, having traveled some five leagues to the southwest, but winding about almost every way between south and west. After we halted Father Fray Francisco Garcés arrived, having come to continue his journey down the river as far as its mouth to visit the tribes which live along its banks.[1]—Five leagues.

December 7.—In order that the horses and mules, which were very much worn-out, might recuperate with the good grass of this lake, it was decided to halt on its banks. Many Indians of the Cajuenche tribe, which lives from here down the river, assembled. They were very happy, and brought to the camp many watermelons, calabashes, and other provisions, which they bartered for glass beads. These Cajuenches are no different in their customs from the Yumas, and their language is almost the same, as is likewise true of the Jalchedunes, up the river. I observed the latitude of this place and found it to be 32° 33′, and so I say: at the Laguna de Santa Olalla, December 7, 1775, meridian altitude of the lower limb of the sun, 34° 28′.

December 8.—It was decided to divide the people and the pack train of the expedition into three parts in order to compass the bad and long marches which

[1] Cerro de San Pablo was Pilot Knob, just on the border between the Californias. The villages of the Cojats were some twelve miles southwest of Pilot Knob and Laguna de Santa Olalla some twelve or thirteen miles farther in the same direction. It was above Pescadero Dam.

followed. The first division, in which I went, was headed by the commander, the second by the sergeant, and the third by the lieutenant. The different divisions were to set forth from camp a day apart. A throng of Indians came to the camp with their watermelons, etc.; and although it was not possible to see the whole body of the people together, I judged from those whom I saw that the Yumas must comprise about three thousand souls and the Cajuenches somewhat more.

45. December 9.—We set out from the Laguna de Santa Olalla at half past nine in the morning, and at half past three in the afternoon arrived at Pozo Salobre del Carrizal, having traveled some seven leagues to the west-northwest. This is a deadly place, without pasturage and with the worst possible water. Father Fray Francisco Garcés went down the river by another route, planning to go as far as its mouth.—Seven leagues.

46. December 10.—We left the Pozo Salobre del Carrizal at half past eleven in the morning, and at half past five in the afternoon halted at a dry barranca without pasturage or water, having traveled some seven leagues to the west-northwest.—Seven leagues.

47. December 11.—We set out from the Barranca Seca at seven o'clock in the morning, and at six in the afternoon arrived at the Wells of Santa Rosa, having traveled some fourteen leagues, about ten to the west-northwest, and the rest a little to the

west, but mostly to the west-southwest. These wells have good water but it is scanty. While here we worked to give the animals water from the time we arrived until noon the following day.[1] [On the road we passed the Cerro del Imposible, not far from this place.[2]]—Fourteen leagues.

48. December 12.—Leaving the Wells of Santa Rosa at a quarter to two in the afternoon, at a quarter to five we halted at a dry arroyo, having traveled three leagues to the north.—Three leagues.

49. December 13.—Setting out from the Arroyo Seco at nine in the morning, at half past three in the afternoon we reached San Sebastián, a small village of mountain Cajuenches, having traveled some seven long leagues to the north-northwest with some inclination to the north.[3]—Seven leagues.

December 14.—This morning it was very cold. In the middle of the forenoon it snowed, and while it was snowing the cattle arrived. It was decided to stop here to recuperate all the people of the expedition who remained behind in the two divisions.

December 15.—At noon the sergeant arrived with the second division of the people of the expedition.

[1] Pozo Salobre del Carrizal was on the course of Paredones River. The Barranca Seca, where camp was made on the 10th, was evidently New River, near Pascualitos. The Wells of Santa Rosa were at Yuha Well, west of Calexico. Cerro del Imposible (Signal Mountain) was so-called because Anza had failed to reach it by a direct route on his first expedition.

[2] This sentence is omitted from K.

[3] Camp on the 12th was at Coyote Wash, some three miles north of Plaster City. San Sebastián was at Harper's Well, on San Felipe Creek, where it is joined by Carrizo (Fish) Creek.

December 16.—We expected that the third division would arrive today, but it did not appear because the snow delayed it.

December 17.—In the afternoon the lieutenant arrived with the third division of the people of the expedition, having had some delays on the way. I observed the latitude of this place and found it to be in 33° 8′, and so I say: at the village of San Sebastián, December 17, 1775, meridian altitude of the lower limb of the sun, 33° 10′.

50. December 18.—We set out from San Sebastián at one o'clock in the afternoon, and at half past four halted at a flat with some grass but without water, having traveled some four leagues west by north.—Four leagues.

51. December 19.—We set out from El Baxío at nine in the morning, and at half past one in the afternoon we arrived at the Pozo de San Gregorio, a place with little grass and less water, having traveled some five leagues west by north.—Five leagues.

52. December 20.—Leaving the Pozo de San Gregorio at nine o'clock in the morning, at half past one in the afternoon we halted on the bank of the Arroyo de Santa Catharina at the place where it ends and disappears, having traveled very slowly some four leagues northwest by west. Last night the cattle stampeded for lack of water and turned back to San Sebastián.—Four leagues.

December 21.—We stayed here because those who remained behind gathering up the cattle had

not arrived, and two soldiers were sent with some saddle animals to meet them.

December 22.—A little before night the sergeant arrived with those who had remained behind assembling the cattle, some of which were lost.

53. December 23.—We set out from the Arroyo de Santa Catharina at one o'clock in the afternoon, and a little before three halted at the foot of the willow near the source of the arroyo, having traveled a long league to the northwest by west. This place is in a canyon which continues to ascend and through which runs the road that crosses the Sierra Madre de California.[1]—One league.

54. December 24.—Leaving the Pie del Sauce at half past nine in the morning, at about two in the afternoon we halted in the same canyon at a dry arroyo not very far from a small spring of water, having traveled some four short leagues to the west-northwest.—Four leagues.

December 25.—Because a little before midnight on this holy night of the Nativity the wife of a soldier was happily delivered of a boy, and because the day was very raw and foggy, we decided to remain here today.

55. December 26.—We set out from the Arroyo Seco at a quarter past nine in the morning, and

[1] Camp on the 18th was near San Felipe Creek and just outside the entrance to Borrego Valley. San Gregorio was in Borrego Valley, just west of Borrego Mountain. Camp on the 20th was on Coyote Creek, just above Beatty's Ranch house. Pie del Sauce (the Foot of the Willow) was at Reed's Springs on Arroyo del Coyote.

about two in the afternoon halted in a flat close to the rocks which form the pass of the Sierra Madre de California, called the Puerto de San Carlos, having traveled some three long leagues to the north-northwest, and wound about along the ridge for a distance of about a league until we reached the top of the sierra. It must have been about five o'clock in the afternoon when we felt a tremor which appeared to be an earthquake of very short duration, accompanied by short, sharp rumbling.—Three leagues.

56. December 27.—We set out from the flat and the Puerto de San Carlos at quarter to ten in the morning, and at half past two in the afternoon halted at the beginning of the Cañada de San Patricio near the source of its arroyo, having traveled some six leagues, about three to the northwest, and the rest to the west-northwest. Here the country is better than the foregoing, and has an entirely different aspect from that which remains behind on the other side of the Puerto de San Carlos.[1]—Six leagues.

December 28.—The woman recently delivered was somewhat ill this morning, and for this reason we remained here today. A soldier brought some rocks which showed signs of minerals, and some persons were inclined to say that in these sierras and farther down there were mines, because the soil in-

[1] The march was up Coyote Canyon. Camp on the 24th was at Upper Willows or the Fig Tree. Puerto de San Carlos was at Fred Clark's corral, at the head of Nance Canyon, a branch of the Coyote. Cañada de San Patricio was Bautista Canyon, camp on the 27th being near its head.

dicated it. I observed the latitude of this place and found it to be in 33° 37′, and so I say: at the Cañada de San Patricio and the head of its arroyo on the 28th of December, 1775, meridian altitude of the lower limb of the sun, 32° 48′.

57. December 29.—We set out from the Cañada de San Patricio at half past nine in the morning, and at half past four in the afternoon halted on the banks of the Arroyo de San Joseph at the end of the canyon which we were following, having traveled seven long leagues northwest by west, winding about with some turns to the north.—Seven leagues.

58. December 30.—Leaving camp at the Arroyo de San Joseph at a quarter past nine in the morning, at a quarter past two in the afternoon we halted in the valley of San Joseph at the foot of a hill, having traveled five leagues to the west-northwest.[1]—Five leagues.

59. December 31.—We set out from the foot of the hill at a quarter past nine in the morning, and at a quarter to five in the afternoon arrived at the bank of the Santa Ana River, having traveled some eight leagues to the west-northwest with some short turns at times to the west.—Eight leagues.

January 1, 1776.—Because yesterday's journey was long and the cattle had arrived late, it was decided to do no more today than to ford the river which, although it is narrow, has a large volume of

[1] Camp on the 29th was on San Jacinto River above San Jacinto; on the 30th near Mt. Rudolph; and on the 31st on Santa Ana River, west of Mt. Rubidoux.

water, is very rapid, and has very high banks. At two in the afternoon the fording of the river was begun, and in an hour it was successfully crossed and we halted near its banks on the other side.

60. January 2.—We set out from the Santa Ana River at a quarter past eight in the morning and at a quarter past two in the afternoon halted at the Arroyo de los Alisos, having traveled six leagues to the west-northwest.—Six leagues.

61. January 3.—We left the Arroyo de los Alisos at a quarter past nine in the morning, and at three in the afternoon halted on the banks of an arroyo which joins others and with them forms the San Gabriel River, having traveled some six leagues to the west-northwest.[1]—Six leagues.

62. January 4.—Setting out from the Arroyo de San Gabriel at nine o'clock in the morning, at eleven we arrived at the mission of San Gabriel, indicated on the map by the letter B, having traveled some two leagues to the west-southwest, inclining slightly to the west. The mission of San Gabriel is situated about eight leagues from the sea at a place having most beautiful advantages, with plenty of water and very fine lands. The site is level and unforested, and is about two leagues from the Sierra Nevada to the north, which we have had on our right since leaving the Pass of San Carlos, and which

[1] Arroyo de los Alisos was San Antonio Creek, and camp on the 2d was near Ontario. On the 3d camp was at San Gabriel Wash northeast of San Gabriel. Between Anza's two expeditions, Mission San Gabriel had been moved a league northward to its present site.

appears to end here. At this mission we found the commander of Monterey, Captain Don Fernando de Ribera y Moncada, who was on his way to the presidio of San Diego because of the revolt of the Indians of the mission there, who destroyed it and killed its father missionary, Fray Francisco Luís Jaume.—Two leagues.

January 5.—We remained here to rest, and the commanders conferred concerning the matter of the rebellion of the Indians of San Diego.

January 6.—Mass was sung in thanksgiving for our arrival. Commander Anza offered to accompany Commander Ribera to the port and presidio of San Diego with twenty soldiers of the expedition to aid in the punishment of the rebellious Indians, if this should be necessary to pacify the land; and he agreed to set out the next day for the presidio of San Diego, whither I went also, the people and the rest of the expedition remaining at San Gabriel until we should return.

63. January 7.—We set out from the mission of San Gabriel at midday in light order of marching, and a little after seven o'clock at night halted on the banks of the Santa Ana River after fording it, having traveled some ten long leagues, five to the southeast, three to the east-southeast, and the last two almost due east with some turns to the northeast.—Ten leagues.

64. January 8.—We left the Santa Ana River at seven o'clock in the morning, and at a quarter past

four in the afternoon halted at the Arroyo de Santa María Madalena, also called La Quema, having traveled some fourteen leagues, about five to the east-southeast, and four to the southeast, winding around during all this stretch as far as El Trabuco on account of the hills, the rest of the distance being to the southeast by south.—Fourteen leagues.

65. January 9.—Leaving Arroyo de la Quema at half past seven in the morning, at five in the afternoon we halted at the San Juan Capistrano River, having traveled some fourteen leagues. The route was very winding, with many turns on account of the hills, but it seems to me that the direction in general was halfway to the east-southeast and the other half to the southeast.—Fourteen leagues.

66. January 10.—From San Juan Capistrano River we set out at half past seven in the morning, and at half past three in the afternoon halted at the village of La Soledad, having traveled some twelve leagues in varying directions, about three leagues to the southeast, two to the south-southeast, four nearly south, as far as San Dieguillo, the rest to the south-southeast, going finally almost to the southeast.—Twelve leagues.

67. January 11.—We set out from the ranchería of La Soledad at half past seven in the morning, and about half past ten arrived at the presidio of San Diego, indicated on the map by the letter C, having traveled four long leagues, the first two being nearly to the south-southeast, with some declination to the south, and the last two southeast and south-south-

east, traveling most of these last on the beach of the Puerto Anegado.[1]

The presidio of San Diego is situated in a very bad place, on a hill dominated by others, small and uneven, at the foot of which flows the river. This stream, which is dry much of the year, comes from the Sierra Madre de California, not far away. Flowing from about the northeast and bending around the hill, it empties into the port, which is distant from the presidio some two leagues to the south. Here we found the father minister of the destroyed mission of San Diego, which was situated about a league upstream, and also the two father ministers who were beginning to found the mission of San Juan Capistrano near the site of La Quema, but abandoned it on the uprising of the Indians. The fathers and all the garrison welcomed our arrival with great joy.—Four leagues.

January 12.—Today was quiet, although yesterday was very bad because of the extraordinary wind that blew. I observed the latitude of this presidio and found it to be in 32° 44½′.

January 13.—They began to make investigations concerning the recent uprising, the destruction of the mission, and the murder of the father minister,

[1] Camp on the 7th was near Olive; that on the 8th was just north of San Juan Capistrano. The stream then called San Juan Capistrano was the present San Luís Rey River. La Soledad was in the present Soledad Valley, near Sorrento. San Dieguillo now bears the name San Dieguito. Puerto Anegado was False Bay, just north of San Diego. The old town of San Diego was near San Diego River at the northern edge of the present city.

by the examination of some Indian headmen who were imprisoned in the presidio.

January 14.—The Mass of the Sweetest Name of Jesus was sung for the successful pacification of the rebellious Indians.

January 15.—They continued the investigation of the affair of the uprising.

January 16.—Last night Commander Ribera dispatched the sergeant of the presidio with fifteen soldiers to go to the village of San Luís to arrest some revolted headmen, whom he knew to be there through a report given by an old Indian woman.

January 17.—In the morning the weather was fair, but in the afternoon the horizon became covered over with a great fog which came up from the sea.

January 18.—The weather continued to be very damp and dismal on account of the fog.

January 19.—At night the sergeant and the soldiers returned with four heathen malefactors under arrest, and with the report that the rebellious Indians and their headmen had gone up into the sierra.

January 20.—In the afternoon I saw a vivid illustration of the burning of the mission of San Diego. By accident a medium-sized tule hut which served as a blacksmith shop took fire, and they could not extinguish it, try as hard as they might.

January 21.—It began to rain last night and continued all day.

January 22.—The day was very damp and cloudy, but it did not rain.

January 23.—It continued to be cold, and rained nearly all day. During these days they have been laboring to make the presidio secure.

January 24.—They continued during these days with the investigation of the uprising, etc.

January 25.—Toward night Commander Ribera dispatched the sergeant with fifteen soldiers to go to the village of San Luís to seize some culprits who were there.

January 26.—About dark the sergeant and the soldiers returned with nine captive Indians, of whom two were petty chiefs. With them he brought half of a stole, a sash, and a piece of a cloak with its lining torn off. From the prisoners the commander learned that another principal chief had gone to the village of La Soledad, and he at once sent the sergeant and soldiers back there to seize him.

January 27.—At noon the sergeant and the soldiers returned without any captive because the Indian whom they went to seek had fled the night before.

January 28.—Nothing in particular happened.

January 29.—There was nothing special.

January 30.—This day passed without incident.

January 31.—Nothing in particular happened.

February 1.—At noon the courier was dispatched to Mexico with six soldiers by way of California[1]

[1] He means Lower California.

with a report to the viceroy of what had happened and of the condition of this presidio.

February 2.—I again took the latitude of this presidio to see if it agreed with the previous observation, which I made on the 12th of January, and I found it to be in the same 32° 44½′, and so I say: at the presidio of the port of San Diego, February 2, 1776, meridian altitude of the lower limb of the sun, 40° 14′.

February 3.—Preparation was begun for our march to Monterey.

February 4.—It was decided to set out tomorrow for Monterey.

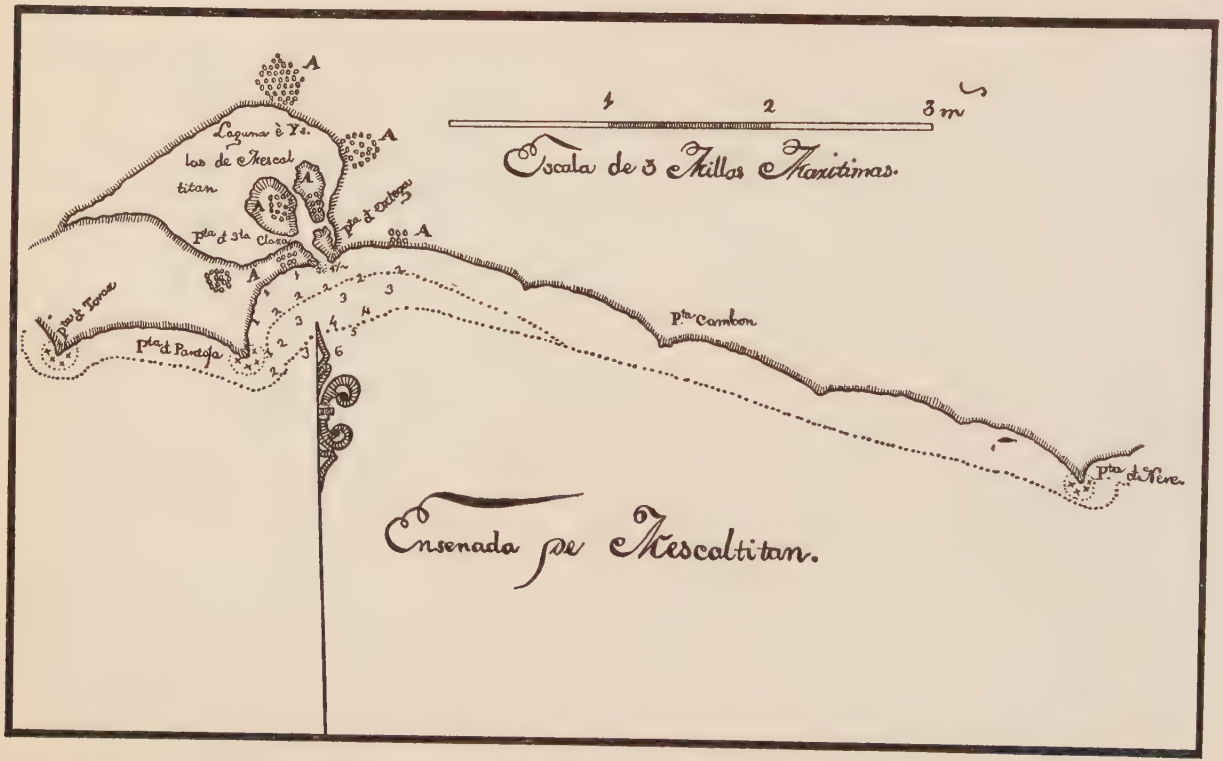
February 5.—It was raining at daybreak, and for this reason the march was postponed.

February 6.—We remained here because it threatened to rain, and after noon it actually began to do so.

February 7.—It was impossible to start because it rained all night and continued most of the day.

February 8.—It was not raining this morning, but it was decided to remain here today because the weather was not settled.

68. February 9.—Commander Ribera remaining here, determined not to move until he should finish capturing the culprits and make the presidio secure, Commander Anza and the rest of us set out from the presidio of San Diego at a quarter to nine in the morning, and at a quarter past five in the afternoon we arrived at the place called Agua Hedionda, hav-



The villages of Mescaltitán. Map by Pantoja y Arriaga, 1782.

ing traveled some thirteen leagues by the same road and by directions the reverse of those in coming, mainly to the northwest.—Thirteen leagues.

69. February 10.—We set out from Agua Hedionda at seven o'clock in the morning, and at a quarter to six in the afternoon halted at a small arroyo a league before reaching La Quema, having traveled some sixteen leagues, the principal direction being to the northwest, but with some variations, the same as on going.—Sixteen leagues.

70. February 11.—We set out from the small arroyo at seven o'clock in the morning, and at half past four in the afternoon halted on the bank of Santa Ana River after fording it, having traveled some fifteen leagues in varying directions, as on going, the principal one being to the northwest.[1]—Fifteen leagues.

71. February 12.—From the Santa Ana River we set out at seven o'clock in the morning, and at two in the afternoon we arrived at the mission of San Gabriel, having traveled some ten leagues, with some variation of directions as on going, the principal one being to the northwest. At the mission we learned that last night a soldier of Monterey, with four servants and muleteers of the expedition, deserted with thirty saddle animals and other things that they stole, and that the lieutenant of the expedition and nine soldiers had set out to overtake them.

[1] Agua Hedionda still bears the same name. Camp on the 10th was near San Juan Capistrano and on the 11th near Olive.

February 13.—On account of this occurrence it was decided to wait a few days until the lieutenant should return. I observed the latitude of this mission, but because the day was cloudy I was not satisfied with the result.

February 14.—At night arrived two of the soldiers who went with the lieutenant, he having sent them back because their horses became tired out; and they told how the lieutenant went determined to overtake the deserters, whose fresh tracks he was following.

February 15.—There was nothing in particular.

February 16.—We continued without any special occurrence.

February 17.—I again observed the latitude of this mission and found it to be in 34° 5½′, and so I say: at the mission of San Gabriel, February 17, 1776, meridian altitude of the lower limb of the sun, 43° 42′.

February 18.—Nothing of note occurred.

February 19.—I again made an observation for my own satisfaction, and it came out with the same latitude as on the 17th. It was decided not to wait for the lieutenant any longer than tomorrow, because time was passing and the completion of the journey of the expedition to Monterey was being delayed.

February 20.—The lieutenant did not return, and so it was decided to continue the journey.

72. February 21.—We set forth from the mission of San Gabriel at half past eleven in the morn-

ing, and at half past four in the afternoon we halted at the Puertezuelo, having traveled six leagues, two to the west with some turns to one side and the other, and the rest of the way to the west-northwest. At two leagues we crossed the Porciúncula River.—Six leagues.

73. February 22.—We set out from the Puertezuelo at eight o'clock in the morning, and at half past three in the afternoon halted at the place called Agua Escondida, having traveled some ten leagues, about seven of them being west by north, and the rest west-southwest.—Ten leagues.

74. February 23.—We set out from Agua Escondida at eight o'clock in the morning, and at half past six in the afternoon we arrived at the Santa Clara River, having traveled some fifteen leagues, three to the west-southwest, five to the west, one to the northeast in order to reach the Cuesta Empinada, and finally, having descended the slope, some six to the west until we reached the river.[1]—Fifteen leagues.

75. February 24.—From the Santa Clara River we set out at half past nine in the morning, and at half past three in the afternoon halted on a small eminence on the shore of the sea near the village of La Rinconada, having traveled some nine leagues, three to the west until we reached the sea beach and the first village of the Channel of Santa Barbara, called La Carpintería, situated near the Rio de la

[1] The Puertezuelo was the gap at Glendale; Porciúncula River was the Los Angeles; Agua Escondida was at or near Las Virgenes Creek. The Cuesta Empinada was Conejo Grade.

Assumpta, the rest of the way being west by north with some deviation toward the west at the points along the coast, of which there are many.—Nine leagues.

76. February 25.—We set out from the village of La Rinconada at nine o'clock in the morning, and at three in the afternoon halted at a place called the vicinity of the villages of Mescaltitán, having traveled some nine leagues, about six west by north, two northwest, and finally about a short league to the southwest.—Nine leagues.

77. February 26.—We set out from the vicinity of Mescaltitán at a quarter past eight in the morning, and at half past three in the afternoon halted at an elevation on the shores of the sea near Ranchería Nueva, having traveled some ten leagues, most of the way along the beach, about one league being toward the southwest, two to the west-southwest to get around the estuaries of Mescaltitán, the remainder being almost west-northwest with some deviation to the west.[1]—Ten leagues.

78. February 27.—We set out from camp near Ranchería Nueva at eight o'clock in the morning, and at half past three in the afternoon halted on the beach of the sea near the village of El Coxo, having traveled some ten leagues almost west-northwest, with some deviation to the west.—Ten leagues.

[1] Rio de la Assumpta was the San Buenaventura River. The name Carpintería now applies to a town nearer to Santa Barbara. La Rinconada was at Rincón Creek, near Rincón Point. The villages of Mescaltitán were west of Santa Barbara, near Goleta. The name is preserved in Mescal Island, near here. Ranchería Nueva was evidently near Tajiguas Creek.

79. February 28.—We set out from camp near the village of El Coxo at eight o'clock in the morning and at four in the afternoon halted near the Santa Rosa River, having traveled some twelve leagues, about one northwest, two north-northwest, two northwest, and two west-northwest, following a semicircle which the coast makes here until we doubled Punta de la Concepción, which is the last point of the Channel and the most extended. Then we went about a league to the north, two to the north-northwest, and two to the northwest, halting near the beach.—Twelve leagues.

80. February 29.—We broke camp near the Santa Rosa River at noon. It was not possible to start earlier because it was necessary to wait for low tide in order to ford the stream. At a quarter past three we halted at the Laguna Graciosa, having traveled some four leagues to the north with some deviation to the northeast.—Four leagues.

81. March 1.—We set out from Laguna Graciosa at eight o'clock in the morning, and at a quarter past five in the afternoon halted at the village of El Buchón, having traveled some thirteen leagues, about three to the northeast, one to the north-northeast, two to the north, two to the north-northwest, three to the northwest along the beach, and two to the north-northwest.—Thirteen leagues.

82. March 2.—We left the village of El Buchón at eight o'clock in the morning, and at a quarter to twelve arrived at the mission of San Luís Obispo, indicated on the map by the letter D, having traveled

some four leagues, about one to the north, and the rest of the way to the north-northwest and northwest, swinging somewhat to the west a little before arriving. The mission of San Luís Obispo is situated in a beautiful site on an elevation near an arroyo close by the Sierra de Santa Lucía and three leagues from the sea, and it has very fertile lands. The Indians of this mission are neat and clean, and are better featured and more comely than those of any other tribe that I have seen.[1]—Four leagues.

March 3.—We remained here today. I observed the latitude of this mission and I found it to be in 35° 17½′, and so I say: at the mission of San Luís Obispo, March 3, 1776, meridian altitude of the lower limb of the sun, 48° 4′.

83. March 4.—We set out from the mission of San Luís Obispo at nine o'clock in the morning, and at a quarter to five in the afternoon halted at a place called La Assumpción, on the banks of the Monterey River, below its junction with the Santa Margarita River, having traveled some ten leagues, about one to the northeast, four to the north, one to the north-northwest, two to the northwest, and two to the west-northwest.—Ten leagues.

84. March 5.—We set out from La Assumpción at a quarter to nine in the morning, and at a quarter

[1] Ranchería del Cojo was at El Cojo Canyon; Point Concepción still bears the name; the Santa Rosa River was the Santa Ynez; Laguna Graciosa was at San Antonio Creek; Ranchería del Buchón was in Price Canyon, two or three miles north of Pismo; Mission San Luís Obispo still occupies the same site.

past four in the afternoon halted on the banks of the San Antonio River at the place called the Primer Vado, having traveled some ten leagues, about three nearly to the north, five to the northwest, and two to the west-northwest.—Ten leagues.

85. March 6.—From the Primer Vado we set out at a quarter to eight in the morning, and at four in the afternoon arrived at the mission of San Antonio de los Robles, indicated on the map by the letter E, having traveled ten long leagues, some four to the west and west-northwest, two to the northwest, two almost to the north, two to the northwest, and just before arriving, a short distance to the west-northwest.

The mission of San Antonio is situated in the Sierra de Santa Lucía, which begins a little below the mission of San Luís and, following the coast, goes to end near the mission of San Carlos del Carmelo. It is in a valley that is not very narrow and is some ten leagues long, and thickly grown with large oaks, for which reason the mission is called San Antonio de la Cañada de los Robles. The site is very good, with fine lands, and with plentiful water from the river which runs through this valley; but it is somewhat distant from the sea. The Indians of this mission are entirely distinct from those which I have seen up to here.[1]—Ten leagues.

[1] Santa Margarita River is now called Santa Margarita Creek; Assumpción was near Templeton; the Primer Vado (first ford) of the San Antonio was about at King Well. Mission San Antonio had shortly before been moved a league north to the site which its ruins now occupy.

March 7.—A little after noon the lieutenant of the expedition, who went in pursuit of the deserters, arrived at this mission. He overtook and arrested the runaways a little beyond Pozo Salobre del Carrizal on the way to the Laguna de Santa Olalla, and left them in prison at the mission of San Gabriel. I observed the latitude of this mission and found it to be in 36° 2½′, and so I say: at the mission of San Antonio de los Robles, the 7th of March, 1776, meridian altitude of the lower limb of the sun, 48° 52′.

86. March 8.—We set out from the mission of San Antonio de los Robles at a quarter to nine in the morning, and at a quarter past three in the afternoon halted on the banks of Monterey River at the place called Los Ossitos, having traveled some nine leagues, about two to the northeast, three to the north, a short stretch to the north-northwest until we had passed a spur of the Sierra de Santa Lucía, and the rest of the way to the northwest.—Nine leagues.

87. March 9.—We set out from Los Ossitos at eight o'clock in the morning, and at a quarter past three in the afternoon halted on the banks of the Monterey River at the place called Los Correos, having traveled ten leagues, about six northwest by west, and the rest to the west-northwest.—Ten leagues.

88. March 10.—We set out from Los Correos at a quarter past nine in the morning, and at half past four in the afternoon arrived at the royal presidio and port of Monterey, indicated on the map by the

letter F, having traveled some ten leagues, eight to the west-northwest, and the last two almost to the west.—Ten leagues.

The royal presidio of Monterey is situated in a plain formed by the Sierra de Pinos, which ends here. It is near the sea and about a quarter of a league from the harbor of Monterey. The harbor consists of a small inlet affording slight shelter, formed by Punta de Pinos, which runs seaward about two leagues and, with Punta de Año Nuevo, which extends into the sea about twelve leagues, forms a large but very open bay. Punta de Pinos is nearly north of the presidio of Monterey and distant from it about three leagues, and Punta de Año Nuevo is about northwest of the harbor and distant from it about ten or twelve leagues.

89. March 11.—In the morning the very reverend father president of the missions, Fray Junípero Serra, came from the mission of San Carlos del Carmelo with four other friars to welcome us, and we sang the Mass as an act of thanksgiving for our successful arrival. I observed the latitude of this presidio (although the observation was not altogether to my satisfaction nor with the exactitude which I desired, notwithstanding that I gave it the greatest care, because the day was foggy), and I found it to be in 36° 36½′, and so I say: at the royal presidio of the port of Monterey, on the 11th of March, 1776, meridian altitude of the lower limb of the sun, 49° 52′.

It was decided that we should go to the mission of Carmelo, partly to yield to the urging of the reverend father president, but principally because at the presidio there was no place for us to lodge. And so, the lieutenant of the expedition remaining at the presidio with the people we had brought, we set out from the presidio of Monterey, the commander and I and a few others, at four o'clock in the afternoon, and at five we arrived at the mission of San Carlos del Carmelo, indicated on the map by the letter G, having traveled a long league to the southwest by south. Here the fathers, who were seven in number, welcomed us by chanting the *Te Deum,* with joyful peal of bells and singular happiness. The mission of San Carlos del Carmelo is situated on a small elevation near the sea close to the Carmelo River, which empties into a little bay formed at this place by the Sierra de Santa Lucía, which ends here, and Punta de Cipreses. It is an excellent site, with very fertile lands.[1]—One league.

March 12.—We remained at this mission to rest. The little bay called Puerto del Carmelo by Captain Viscaíno does not deserve the name of port, for, aside from the fact that it has a bad bottom and is very rocky, it is completely unprotected from the northwest wind, which prevails here, and has only a

[1] The route led from Mission San Antonio down Kent Canyon, past King City to Los Ositos a few miles to the northwest; Los Correos was near Somavia School. Punta de Pinos, Punta de Año Nuevo, Carmel River, Carmel Bay, and Cypress Point still bear the same names either in Spanish or in an Anglicized form.

little protection on the east and south by the Sierra de Santa Lucía.

March 13.—In the middle of the forenoon the commander was taken with a pain in the groin which was so severe that he was forced to go to bed.

March 14.—The commander continued to be sick in bed and unable to get up.

March 15.—The commander continued without any particular improvement.

March 16.—The commander remained as before. I observed the latitude of this mission and found it to be in 36° 34½′, and so I say: at the mission of San Carlos del Carmelo, March 16, 1776, meridian altitude of the lower limb of the sun, 51° 52′.

March 17.—This morning the commander was somewhat better.

March 18.—The commander continued to improve a little.

March 19.—The commander continued to improve somewhat. I again observed the latitude of this mission. I do not note down the result because it came out the same as on the 16th, with the difference of one minute more.

March 20.—This morning the commander was so much better that he decided to continue the journey two days from now for the exploration of the port of San Francisco.

March 21.—I again observed, and at the same time Father Fray Francisco Palóu with his graphometer and Father Fray Juan Crespi with his astro-

labe made observations. I do not note down the result because it is the same as that of the 16th, with half a minute more, although in the minutes we all three differed somewhat.

90. March 22.—All three of us again observed the same as yesterday, and the results were almost the same as the last, although we did not agree in the minutes this time, either. At three o'clock in the afternoon we set out from the mission of San Carlos del Carmelo, the commander and I, to go with the lieutenant of the expedition to the port of San Francisco; and at four we arrived at the presidio of Monterey, having traveled a league northeast by north. —One league.

91. March 23.—At half past nine in the morning, accompanied by the lieutenant and eleven soldiers, we set out from the presidio of Monterey; and at a quarter to four in the afternoon we halted on the other side of the valley of Santa Delfina at the entrance to a canyon, at the place called La Natividad, having traveled about eight long leagues, somewhat more than one to the east, three to the northeast, with some inclination to the north, until we crossed the Monterey River, and then about three to the northeast, and one to the north-northeast.—Eight leagues.

92. March 24.—We left La Natividad at a quarter to eight in the morning, and at a quarter past four in the afternoon halted at the Arroyo de las Llagas, having traveled some twelve leagues, two to the northeast and somewhat to the east until we

reached the top of the sierra in order to descend to the Arroyo de San Benito; one to the north, and two to the northwest, inclining a little to the north, until we crossed the Pájaro River, one almost north, three to the north-northwest through the valley of San Bernardino, and three to the northwest.[1]—Twelve leagues.

93. March 25.—We set out from the Arroyo de las Llagas at a quarter to eight in the morning, and at four in the afternoon halted at the arroyo of San Joseph Cupertino, having traveled some twelve leagues, three to the northwest, two northwest by west, five west-northwest, and two west by north. [This place is in the Llano de los Robles.[2]]

94. March 26.—We set out from the arroyo of San Joseph Cupertino at half past seven in the morning, and at a quarter to four in the afternoon halted at a small arroyo, almost dry, about a short league after passing the arroyo of San Matheo, having traveled some twelve leagues, one to the northwest, another to the north-northwest, some four to the west-northwest, until we crossed the arroyo of San Francisco, and afterward three northwest by west, and three west-northwest.—Twelve leagues.

95. March 27.—At seven in the morning we set out from the little arroyo, and shortly after eleven

[1] Santa Delfina Valley was the Salinas Valley. La Natividad is still on the map, on the highway from Salinas to Mission San Juan Bautista; Arroyo San Benito and Pájaro River still bear the same names. The San Bernardino Valley was the present Gilroy Valley. Camp was on Llagas Creek near San Martín.

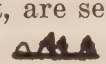
[2] Omitted from K.

halted on the banks of a lake or spring of very fine water near the mouth of the port of San Francisco, having traveled some six leagues, the first three to the northwest, and the last three to the north-northwest, and even almost to the north.[1]—Six leagues.

The port of San Francisco, indicated on the map by the letter H, is a marvel of nature, and might well be called the Harbor of Harbors, because of its great capacity and of several small bays which it enfolds in its margins or beach and in its islands. The entrance of the port, which appears to be very easy and safe, must be about a league long and somewhat more than a league wide on the outer side, which looks toward the sea, and about a quarter of a league wide on its inner side, which faces the harbor. The inner end of the entrance is formed by two very high and perpendicular cliffs, on this side a white cliff and on the other side a red one, which are due north and south of each other. The outer end of the entrance is formed on the other side by some large rocks, and on this side by a high sandy hill which ends almost in a round point and has at its base and within the water some white rocks like small farallones. Commander Ribera reached this point and erected a cross on it when he went to reconnoiter this port.

[1] Arroyo de San Joseph de Cupertino was Calabasas Creek, camp being near Azule station, north of Saratoga; Arroyo de San Francisco was San Francisquito Creek, crossed at Palo Alto. Camp was just north of the city of San Mateo. The route on the 27th lay past San Bruno, the Cemeteries, Colma, through Golden Gate Park to Mountain Lake, where camp was made.

The coast of the entrance on the other side runs from east to west, [inclining to the south,] as I observed on the 1st of April from the other side of the estuary or port when I passed along there, and appears to be entirely of red rocks. The coast of the entrance on this side runs from northeast to southwest, not in a straight line, but forming a bend on whose beach empties an arroyo which runs from the lagoon where we halted, and which we called the Arroyo del Puerto.[1] To this arroyo the launch can come to take on water, for on the coast in the entire stretch of the entrance the sea is quiet and the waves do not break on the beach, as they do on the coast of the sea outside.

With respect to the outer point of the entrance of the port on this side, the Punta de Almejas lies to the south, and by airline must be distant some three leagues, the beach, which is very sandy, forming almost a semicircle. With respect to this outer point of the entrance, Punta de Reyes, on the other side, lies northwest by west, and to that point the shore line must be some twelve leagues long, not running straight but forming a bend or small inlet, as it appeared to me, about three or four leagues away. About six or eight leagues out in the sea are seen some rather large farallones which have this shape , and from the outer point of the entrance of the port they are west by south. Farther inland, and to the west of this point, are seen four other farallones which look like this  .

[1] Arroyo del Puerto was Lobos Creek.

According to reports which I obtained, the Puerto de Bodega, discovered on October 3, 1775, by Don Juan de la Quadra y Bodega, captain of the goleta [*Sonora*], and situated in latitude 38° 18′ lies some four leagues north of Punta de Reyes. Its entrance is formed by the Punta del Cordón on this side and Punta de Arenas on the other. And a league to the northwest of the entrance lies Punta de Murguía, from which the coast continues.

From the inner point of the entrance extends the remarkable port of San Francisco. It consists of a great bay, or estuary as they call it. It must be some twenty-five leagues long, and as seen from the entrance it runs about southeast and northwest, in the middle of it being the entrance or mouth. Most of the beach of the harbor, according to what I saw when we went around it, is not clean, but is muddy, miry, and full of sloughs, and for this reason is bad. The width of the port is not the same at all points. At the extreme southeast it must be about a league wide and in the middle some four leagues, while at the extreme northwest it ends in a great bay somewhat more than eight leagues long, as it seemed to me, whose beach appeared to me clean and not miry like the other. It is almost round in shape, although it is seen to have various bends, because of which at so long a distance I was unable clearly to distinguish its shape.

About the middle of the bay, on this side, is the outlet or mouth of what up to now has been regarded as a very large river and has been called the Rio

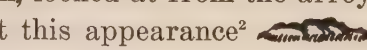
de San Francisco. But from here forward I shall call it the Boca del Puerto Dulce,[1] as a result of the experiments which were made when we went to explore it, as I shall set forth hereinafter.

Within the harbor I counted eight islands, and I am unable to say whether or not there are more. The first one seen on entering the harbor is about a league from the mouth, and its center looked at from the outer point of the entrance on this side lies northeast by north. It is called the Isla del Angel or Isla de los Angeles, and the bark *San Carlos* anchored behind it. It must be about a short league in length, and looked at from the entrance it presents this appearance . In front of the entrance there is a very small one like a farallón, and another not so small, and about to the southeast a larger one. Another quite long one is seen toward the extreme southeast, very close to the land. Another, about three leagues long, also close to the land, is seen toward the northwest from the entrance, and near it there are two other small ones which appear to begin to form on that side the large bay in which ends all that immense sea of water, which, being closed in and surrounded by sierras, are as quiet as if in a cup. Finally, in the bay and in front of the mouth of the Puerto Dulce there is a medium-sized island in addition to those mentioned.

March 28.—The commander decided to erect the holy cross on the extremity of the white cliff at the inner point of the entrance of the port, and at eight

[1] Boca del Puerto Dulce was Carquinez Strait.

o'clock in the morning we went thither. Ascending a small hill, we at once entered upon a very bare mesa of great extent, smooth, and inclining a little toward the port. It must be about half a league wide and somewhat longer, and it keeps getting narrower until it ends right at the white cliff. This mesa affords a most delightful view. Indeed, from it one can see a large part of the harbor, its islands, the mouth of the port, and the sea as far as the eye can reach, even beyond the farallones. The commander selected this mesa as the site of the new settlement and fort which was to be established at this port, for, being elevated, it is so commanding that from it the entrance to the mouth of the port can be defended with musket shots. And at the distance of a musket shot it has water for the supply of the people, namely, the spring or lake where we halted. With a graphometer I again examined the mouth of the port and its configuration and I was able to sketch it, the map of it being the one which I insert here.[1]

From this point the commander decided to go to examine the hills which extend toward the interior of the harbor, and which, looked at from the arroyo of San Matheo, present this appearance[2]  , to see if in their vicinity there were good advantages for the convenience of the new settlement. I accompanied the commander for a while, but, at ten o'clock in the morning, he continuing his exploration with the lieutenant, I returned to the camp in order to be able to observe the latitude of this port, and I found

[1] Printed in Volume IV. [2] San Bruno Mountain.

it to be in 37° 49′, and so I say: at the mouth of the port of San Francisco, March 28, 1776, meridian altitude of the lower limb of the sun, 55° 21′.

About five o'clock in the afternoon the commander and the lieutenant returned from their exploration very well pleased, for in the vicinity of these hills they had found more than they had expected. Their extent must be some three leagues. On them and in their canyons they found a great quantity of timber and firewood, plentiful water in several springs or lakes, abundant land for raising crops, and finally, a vast supply of pasturage in all the country, so that the new settlement may have plentiful fuel, water, and grass or pasturage for the horses, all near by.

The only thing that is lacking is timber for large buildings, although for cabins and barracks and for the stockade of the presidio there are plenty of trees in the groves. And with a little trouble they can have all the timber which they may wish, for from a point some six leagues on the other side of the arroyo of San Joseph Cupertino, as far as some three leagues this side of the arroyo of San Francisco, there runs a plain about fifteen leagues long which they call the Llano de los Robles, because it is very thickly grown with oaks of all sizes, and from which very good timber may be obtained. Moreover, from the neighborhood of the Arroyo de las Llagas there extends clear to the Punta de Almejas a very high range, most of it thickly covered with cedars and other trees, which continue even as far as the Cañada de

San Andrés, of which I shall speak tomorrow. From these places may be obtained all the timber of all sizes that may be desired and without much trouble, for getting it out is not very difficult.

The Indians whom we saw on the road from Monterey appear to be gentle, good natured, and very poor; and judging from the lack of arms which they evidenced, they gave no signs of being warlike or ill intentioned. Those who live in the neighborhood of the port are heavily bearded, but in color they are not different from the rest.

96. March 29.—At a quarter past seven in the morning we set out from the lake or spring from which flows the Arroyo del Puerto, and at half past six in the afternoon halted at the Arroyo de San Matheo, having traveled some fifteen leagues on account of the detour which we made and which I am going to explain, for by direct road from the port to the arroyo it would be only some six long leagues.

Because of the exploration which he made yesterday the commander decided to leave the port, skirt the hills which surround it in the neighborhood of the mouth, and follow the interior beach until he should come out to the level country. For this reason he dispatched the pack train by the direct road, with orders to halt at the arroyo of San Matheo. Taking a different route we traveled about a league to the east, one to the east-southeast, and one to the southeast, coming to a beautiful arroyo which, because it was Friday of Sorrows, we called the Arroyo de los Dolores. From an elevation here I observed the trend

of the port in this direction. I saw that its extremity lay to the east-southeast; and that a very high redwood, which is visible from a long distance, rising like a great tower on the bank of the Arroyo de San Francisco, in the Llano de los Robles, and whose height I afterward measured, lay to the southeast.

We traveled about three leagues more, south and southwest and west-northwest, going round the hills, until we came out to the plain and encountered our own road, along which we traveled a short distance to the southeast.[1] Here the commander decided to go to explore a nearby valley called San Andrés, which is in the range of the spruce trees, also called redwoods, which ends at the Punta de Almejas, for the purpose of seeing if it had good timber for the settlement at the port. Therefore, leaving the road, we traveled about a short league to the southwest and somewhat to the south and entered the valley. In it as we traveled along we saw thick groves with many and various trees of good timber, live oaks, madroño, spruce, and also cottonwoods and other trees, and much brush on the banks of the arroyo or long narrow lake which runs through this valley, and forms the arroyo of San Matheo, which runs out upon the plain by a narrow passage through some hills.

We traveled some four leagues to the southeast and southeast by south, and crossed the arroyo of

[1] From Mountain Lake they skirted the inner shore of the Peninsula past Dolores Creek to Islais Creek (called San Bruno by Font), which they ascended to the vicinity of Colma, where they struck their own trail.

San Matheo, where it enters the narrow pass between the hills. About a league before this a very large bear, of which there are many in this region, came out on our road, and we succeeded in killing it. Then we traveled some two leagues to the east-southeast. Now, considering the exploration of this valley sufficient, we decided to go to the camp, where we arrived after crossing some high hills and traveling some two leagues almost to the north.[1]—Fifteen leagues.

97. March 30.—We left Arroyo de San Matheo at a quarter past seven in the morning and at four in the afternoon halted on the other side of a river which we called Rio de Guadalupe, having traveled some twelve leagues in different directions. This river empties into the extremity of the port, and about a league above its mouth it is very deep, for the water has a tide and no current.

On setting out we retraced for some six leagues the road by which we had come, until we arrived at the arroyo of San Francisco, on whose banks is the redwood which I mentioned yesterday. I measured its height with a graphometer which they loaned me at the mission of San Carlos del Carmelo, and found it to be, according to the calculation which I made, some fifty varas high, a little more or less. The trunk at the foot was five and a half varas in circumference, and the soldiers said that there were

[1] Anza continued southwest over the hills to San Andrés Valley (still so-called), followed it past the mouth of Almshouse Canyon, then crossed the hills northwardly to camp at San Mateo Creek.

even larger ones in the sierras. With the plan of going to explore the great river which they called San Francisco, and was said to empty into the port on the north side, we here left the road which we followed in coming and, changing our direction, we traveled along the water, and apart from it about a league and in some places more, because of the marshes. We traveled some three leagues to the east, and then, beginning to round this extremity of the port, we went about three leagues to the northeast, finally winding around every way between west and east, in order to ford the river and to reach the camping place.[1]—Twelve leagues.

98. March 31.—At eight o'clock in the morning we set out from the Guadalupe River and at four in the afternoon halted on the banks of the arroyo of San Salvador, also called Arroyo de la Harina, having traveled some ten long leagues in varying directions. First we went a short league to the north-northwest. Then, on account of the sloughs and marshes, we went for about three leagues east-northeast and northeast and in different directions, winding about until we came out of the sloughs and lowland where we had been, and gained higher ground at the foot of the hills, which run as far as the bay and the mouth of the Puerto Dulce. Then we traveled, far away from the water, for some two leagues to the north-northwest and two more to the

[1] The redwood tree measured was the *palo alto* at Palo Alto. From there they swung round the end of the bay to Guadalupe River near Agnews.

northwest.[1] The Indians whom we saw along here are entirely different in language from those preceding. They are somewhat bearded, are gentle and very poor, but in color they are like the rest.—Ten leagues.

99. April 1.—From the Arroyo de la Harina we set out at seven o'clock in the morning, and at half past four in the afternoon we halted at a small arroyo with very little water, near the bay and about a league before reaching the mouth of the Puerto Dulce, having traveled some fourteen leagues, nine to the west-northwest, then some three to the northwest and northwest by west, ascending and descending hills which from here begin to form the bay, and the rest to the northwest and north-northwest and somewhat to the north, winding around all this distance among the hills mentioned.

From the camp the roar of the sea was faintly heard, for in the bay the waves break slightly on the beach, although not to any great extent. From a high hill, before reaching the camp site, we looked out at the bay, most of which could be seen from there; and I noted that it is surrounded by hills and mountains on all sides, except for a large opening which lies about west by north, in which direction for a good stretch runs a tongue of low land, behind or beyond which it looked white like water, and which extended to another range which at its extremity and very

[1] In this text only eight leagues for the day are accounted for, although the total is given as ten. The discrepancy is in the last two items of distance, each of which should be *three*. This is corrected in the A. G. P. M. copy and in the long diary.

far away became blue. I surmised that perhaps in that direction the bay might communicate with the port of Bodega, for on account of the currents which he saw in it when he was there, Captain Don Juan de la Cuadra could not determine whether it was sea or a river; and that port is not very far from the bay in that direction, according to my understanding, but this is no more than a conjecture.—Fourteen leagues.

100. April 2.—We set out from the little arroyo at seven o'clock and passed through a village to which we were invited by some ten Indians who very early in the morning had come to the camp singing. We were welcomed by the Indians of the village, whom I estimate to have been some four hundred souls, with singular demonstrations of joy, singing, and dancing. We continued about a long league to the north and northeast, and at nine o'clock came to the shore of the water, near and inside the mouth of the Puerto Dulce, indicated on the map by the letter I. Hitherto this has been regarded as a large river, but such it is not, according to the experiments which we made and for the reasons which I shall set forth. Here the commander decided that we should halt until after midday in order to observe the latitude of this place.[1]

As soon as we arrived at the shore of the water we began to doubt that it was a river because we did

[1] From the Guadalupe River the route followed the foothills around the bay all the way to Carquinez Strait. Arroyo de la Harina was San Lorenzo Creek. Camp on the 1st was at Rodeo Creek. The village passed through on the 2d was at Tormey. The halt on Carquinez Strait where the observation was made was just below the Carquinez Bridge.

not see any current, nor did the water have any more movement than that which we observed at the mouth of the port of San Francisco, where we noted a very gentle and inconspicuous movement, caused no doubt by the tide. Aside from this we did not see on the banks any sign of a flood, or any driftwood or trees, which it was natural it would bring in its floods if it were a river, and especially so large a river. One might say that it carries no driftwood because its source is not very far away, and because it runs through open country from which it can not bring trees and other things; but at least is must be conceded that it would have floods, and if it had them it would leave signs of them on its banks. But the banks here have no such signs whatever, and its beaches, in those places where there are any, are like those which we saw at the port.

This Puerto Dulce, indeed, is a fresh-water gulf, enclosed in a canyon by hills of medium height on one side and the other. It runs almost to the east for a distance of some six leagues, and then widens out greatly in some immense plains of which I shall speak tomorrow and day after tomorrow. In some places its banks are very high cliffs, and in others it has a narrow beach on which, near the mouth, there were great piles of fresh-water mussels. I tasted the water and found it salty, although not so salty as that of the sea outside.

We saw there some rafts very well made of tule, and in the middle of the water in one of them some Indians were fishing, for in all this gulf of

the Puerto Dulce the Indians enjoy plenty of excellent fish, among them being extremely fine and abundant salmon. I saw that they were fishing with nets and that they anchored the raft with some very long slim poles. The method of mooring it confirmed the suspicion or opinion which I had already formed that the water had no current toward the bay, for I noticed that they moored the raft on the upper side and headed in the direction opposite the mouth, whereas it would seem that if the water ran downstream it would have been just the other way round. Seeing that they anchored the raft with these poles, it was natural that they should reach the bottom, and so I measured one of them and found it to be eleven and a half varas long. Therefore, subtracting a good piece which remained out of the water and above the raft on which the Indian fishermen were seated, I estimated that the water would be some nine or ten varas deep; at the same time it is very quiet and placid.

From a small elevation near the water and distant from the mouth about a quarter of a league upstream, I observed the width of the mouth, and from my observation I calculated that it would be a little less than a quarter of a league wide. In the bay and in front of the mouth there is an island[1] which must be somewhat more than a league long from east to west and about a quarter of a league wide. It is near the mouth, though not in the middle, but toward the north side. The channel of the water runs to the east, not straight but with bends and inlets, its width

[1] Mare Island.

for some three leagues upstream being substantially the same as that of the mouth, after which it begins to widen out. At this same place I observed the latitude and found it to be in 38° 5½′, and so I say: at the mouth of the Puerto Dulce, April 2, 1776, meridian altitude of the lower limb of the sun, 57°.

After noon we set out from the mouth of the Puerto Dulce, and at five o'clock in the afternoon halted on the banks of the arroyo which in the expedition of Captain Don Pedro Fages they called Arroyo de Santa Angela de Fulgino,[1] having traveled in all some seven long leagues.—Seven leagues.

The direction of the six leagues covered this afternoon was two leagues to the east along the top of the hills close to the water, then one to the east-southeast up a canyon through which we again came out to the top of the hills near the water. From this height we saw that the water here makes a bend on this side and widens out to about twice the width of the mouth, and that on the other shore, straight across from this place, a point of land extends out a little and near it has a rock or farallón within the water.[2] Looking toward the northeast we saw an immense plain without any trees, through which the water extends for a long distance, having in it various islands of lowland. And finally, at the other side of the immense plain and about forty leagues away, we saw a great Sierra Nevada which seemed to me to run from south-southeast to north-northwest.

[1] Walnut Creek near Pacheco. [2] At the Benicia ferry.

We descended from the top of the hills, and having gone about a league to the northeast, we traveled some three leagues more to the east-southeast and halted at the arroyo. Many Indians came to the camp. Although they were apparently gentle they were rather impertinent and proved themselves to be somewhat thievish, especially in the matter of clothing, to which they were greatly inclined and attracted, showing themselves to be desirous of acquiring and possessing it.

The arroyo of Santa Angela de Fulgino is in a plain of considerable extent and well grown with oaks and other trees. It would not be a bad place for a settlement if the arroyo were permanent; but this does not appear to be the case, for we found it without any current, and with only some little pools with a small amount of water and that not very good. This place is distant from the shore of the Puerto Dulce rather more than a league.

101. April 3.—We set out from the arroyo of Santa Angela de Fulgino at a quarter past seven in the morning, and at a quarter to five in the afternoon halted on the banks of the Agua Dulce at the site of an abandoned village, having traveled some ten long leagues in the directions which I shall now state.—Ten leagues.

We crossed the plain in which we had camped, traveling through it for some three leagues to the east-northeast. Then we entered a canyon,[1] and hav-

[1] Leaving camp near Pacheco they crossed the valley past the site of Concord, and ascended Willow Pass.

ing traveled along it for about a league to the northeast we came to the top of the hill indicated on the map by the letter *a,* end and terminus of the expedition and discovery made by Captain Don Pedro Fages when he went to explore the port of San Francisco, accompanied by the reverend and apostolic father preacher Fray Juan Crespi. From here that captain saw this sea of water which, because of its quietude, and because farther back one already encounters fresh and good water, I call the Puerto Dulce.

From this hill, which must be distant about a league from the water, Captain Fages and Father Crespi saw its great extent and that it divided into branches, forming some small islands of lowland. And since on the road farther back they had already tasted the water and found it fresh, doubtless they concluded that it was some very large river, and that here it was divided into three branches which separated farther up, forming two islands, and that a little below this place, on entering the canyon, they again united, without noting whether or not there was a current, which would not be easy for them to determine from this hill because it was so far from the water.

I saw the water divided not into three branches but into many, forming several little islands. Of these I counted as many as seven, some rather large and others small, all low, long, and narrow. That I saw so many islands while Captain Fages and Father Crespi saw only two is no doubt due to the

fact that they saw this lake at high tide while I saw it at low tide, which in this Puerto Dulce rises and falls considerably, as I shall say tomorrow. They saw the level lands—the plains that I mentioned yesterday—through which extends that great expanse of water; and likewise they must have seen the great Sierra Nevada on the other side of the plain. Finally, they saw that farther up the water turns nearly to the northeast and even to the east, as far as a low ridge having a grove of trees that hides the water and prevents it from being seen farther on.

We saw the same ridge, and to it the commander decided to go, in order to see the water and its course closer at hand, and to satisfy ourselves whether or not it was a river. For although we were almost convinced that it was not, there was still room for some doubt, because we were far away and unable to distinguish its movements in case there were any.

So we descended from the hill and made our way toward that ridge, on which and behind which, about to the southeast, we saw an extensive grove which continued forward.[1] As soon as we descended to the plain we saw, near the water and about a short league away, a very large herd of the large deer which in New Mexico I think they call *buros*. They are some seven spans high, and have antlers about two varas long with several branches. But, although efforts were made to capture one, it was not possible because of their great speed, especially

[1] From Willow Pass they continued to the site of Antioch, where they visited the village, beyond which was the oak-covered ridge.

at this time, when they lacked their large antlers which doubtless they shed at certain seasons, judging from the many which we saw scattered about. All this country greatly abounds in these deer, and by reason of the tracks which we saw this morning, which are like the tracks of cattle, it looks for all the world as if there were a very large cattle ranch thereabout.

We continued through the plain toward the tree-covered ridge, indicated on the map by the letter *b*, and having traveled some four leagues east by north we came to a good-sized village, whose Indians, who in color and all other particulars are like the rest, received us amicably and even fearfully. The village is situated in a plain a short distance before the ridge toward which we were going, and so close to the water that from it to the huts it could not have been a dozen steps. Here we were finally convinced that what was called a river is not a river, but a great sea of fresh water without current, extending through that plain. To it the saddle animals went on their own feet to drink, and we tasted it and found it very fresh and good.

I say that here we were convinced that what was called a river is not a river, because if it were it is natural that it would rise at times; and if it did so it is not possible that this village would be maintained so close to the water in such level country, for however little the river might rise it would spread out and flood the whole plain through which we had come, and consequently destroy the village

and its huts. And it can not be said that this village was recently established there, and that the Indians had moved to another place when the river rose, for, aside from the fact that the signs showed that it is not a new village but a rather old one, it must be conceded at least that it is somewhat more than two years old; for when Captain Fages came and viewed this water from the hill where he halted, he dispatched the sergeant with some soldiers to continue the exploration, and they arrived at this same village where we found it. Therefore it has been there at least two years, and in two years the river has had more than sufficient time to have carried it away during the floods—if it were a river.[1]

We went forward intending to climb to the top of the tree-covered ridge, which is not very high, in order from there better to view the country and the course of the water; but we had scarcely left the village when our way was cut off by a marsh and tule patch which forced us to change our direction. Therefore, turning to the east-southeast, we traveled along the rim of a low ridge, and then entered a rather large plain with many oaks; and having traveled about a long league we arrived at a bare and not very high hill indicated on the map by the letter *c*.

We climbed to the top of this hill,[2] which commands all the plain, in order to view the land; and from it we saw a confusion of water, tulares, some

[1] In the A. P. C. H. text the last two paragraphs and part of the next are misplaced.

[2] From Antioch they went past Oak Grove Cemetery to the hill.

trees near the ridge, and a level plain of immeasurable extent. If we looked to the east we saw on the other side of the plain at a distance of some thirty leagues a great Sierra Nevada, white from the summit to the skirts, and running about from south-southeast to north-northwest. And according to the course which I was able to sketch, I concluded that perhaps toward the south that sierra might have some connection with the Sierra Nevada which branches off from the Sierra Madre de California above the Puerto de San Carlos, and runs about northwest as far as the mission of San Gabriel and beyond. But we were unable to make out either extremity of it.

We turned to the west and saw the hills which we had been passing on the road and between which the assembled water ran or entered, and noted that on the other side of the water there opened a low range of hills, whose terminus, seen at a distance of some fifteen leagues, lay to the northwest; and that from there forward nothing was to be seen except the plain.

We looked to the south and saw a high sierra, bare on the outside, and running about southeast and northwest. This is the range which we had on our right during the whole journey on going, from the neighborhood of the mission of San Luís until we reached the mouth of the Puerto Dulce, where it ends, and on whose skirts are the valley of Santa Delfina, through which runs the Rio de Monterey, the valley of San Bernardino, and others, including

the Llano de los Robles, which runs toward the mouth of the port of San Francisco. A soldier said and was certain that he recognized a peak which was visible at the end of what we could see of this sierra toward the southeast. He said that it was not very far from a place called Buenavista, which the soldiers explored when they went to the tulares which lie near the mission of San Luís in search of some deserters, and that if we should direct our way toward it we would come out in the neighborhood of the mission of San Luís or of San Antonio.

We again looked toward the north, and between the low range to the northwest and the Sierra Nevada we saw an immense plain which on that side seemed to run in the same direction as the Sierra Nevada, but on the other side it opened about to the west, with such a sweep that it took in almost the entire semicircle of the horizon. This is the plain through which the sea of fresh water extends, not continuously, but in places leaving large areas uncovered or with little water, forming those great green tulares that begin near the mission of San Luís. According to their direction and all the accounts, they must be more than a hundred leagues long to this place, not counting the distance they may extend above here, for we were not able to see their terminus, and in width they must be some twenty-five or thirty leagues. I surmised that these tulares must run to the vicinity of the port of Bodega and that the green field which Captain Don Juan de la Quadra saw to the east of his port must have been

tulares like these which we saw here; or, indeed, they may have been these same ones, extending as far as that place.

Having seen all this, the commander decided to go to halt on the shores of the water, intending to go forward a few days to cross the plain and approach the Sierra Nevada, in order from there to persevere in this expedition as far as possible. Therefore, descending the hill, we traveled about a league through the plain toward the northeast; but before reaching the water we encountered a tule marsh and a mire which cut off our passage. Therefore we changed our direction, and, traveling about a quarter of a league to the west, we reached the shore of the water at the site of an abandoned village.[1]

As soon as we halted we went to see the water and to taste it, and we found it very clear, fresh, sweet, and good, and to it the animals went to drink without any difficulty. We saw that it had a slight movement caused by the wind, and that it beat upon the shore or beach with gentle waves, but we did not see any current whatever. To determine whether or not it had any, the commander took a fair-sized log which ended in a knob and threw it into the water with all the force he could muster, and in a short time we saw that instead of its floating downstream, the water with its little waves returned it to the shore, and I may note that, judging from what we afterward saw, the tide was falling at this time. On the beach there was no driftwood left by floods

[1] San Joaquin River near Antioch Bridge.

nor any débris except a little dry tule. About an hour passed and we returned to see the water, and we noted that a good strip of beach had become uncovered, and that the water had fallen about two feet, according to the uncovered trunks of some trees on the shore which we had formerly noticed were submerged. From this we inferred that the water had its ebb and flow like the sea, and that at this time the tide was falling. Therefore the lieutenant was charged that, with a servant, in the course of the night he should take care to observe when the tide was lowest, measure all the sand or beach which might be uncovered, and afterward observe how far up it came at high tide. This was done that night and next morning, as I shall relate.

As a conclusion of this day's entry I wish to make here some reflections regarding the information sent to Mexico by the Reverend Father Fray Silvestre Vélez de Escalante, acquired in the journey which he made last year from New Mexico to the province of Moqui.[1] This father says that he reached Oraybe, the last pueblo of Moqui, some fifty leagues west of the pueblo of Zuñi, which is in New Mexico, and that there a Cosnina Indian informed and assured him that six days to the west of Oraybe, over bad road, was the land inhabited by the Cosninas. He said that nine days from Oraybe and more than a hundred leagues distant, there is a very high sierra which

[1] In 1775 Escalante visited the Moqui pueblos. In 1776 he entered the Utah Basin in an attempt to find a route from Santa Fé to Monterey.

runs from northeast to southwest, inclining to the west. Along its northern skirts the Rio Grande de los Misterios runs to the west and is impassable to the Cosninas and their neighbors, and in consequence the Cosninas do not know what people live on the other side of the river, or even whether there are any or not, for indeed they never cross nor have they seen any indications of people. He says, moreover, that nine days west of the Cosninas, on this side of the sierra, there is a nation which speaks the same language and is called Tomascavas, and that fourteen days from these people there are others called Chirumas, who are warlike, thievish, and savage, for they eat the flesh of the human beings whom they kill in their wars; and that from these Chirumas the Cosninas have learned that there are Spaniards in that direction, although distant, etc. He concludes by saying that this which the Cosnina reported was the same as what the Moquinos had already told him.

First, we must suppose that Father Fray Silvestre got his information from the Cosnina by means of signs, the way in which the Indians usually express themselves; or by means of some interpreter, and perhaps a poor one, as they usually are, unless the father knows the language of that region. If he made use of some interpreter or resorted to signs to understand the Cosnina, he might easily make some error in the report, for many times it happens that when a person thinks he has expressed himself clearly to the Indians by these means, he discovers

afterward that they did not understand him, or even that they understood just the opposite of what he said.

On this assumption, and leaving aside the distances and the directions which the father gives with respect to the tribes which he names, although I find not a little difficulty in harmonizing them with respect to the high sierra which he says runs from the southwest to northeast, what I find more puzzling is what he says regarding the river which he calls the Rio de los Misterios; not so much on account of its name, which to me is quite new, as because of the great size which he ascribes to it, as well as because he says that it is impassable to the Cosninas.

The father says that this Rio de los Misterios runs to the west. Now, it is natural that if it is so large it must empty into the sea, and if this be the case it is natural that we should have crossed it; for we reached the latitude of 38°, which is sufficient for it to come to the coast of the sea which we followed, for it appears to me that this latitude, and even a lower one, corresponds to the course of the river given by the father, considering the place where he heard the report. But in all this journey we have not crossed any river except the Rio Colorado, which is not impassable, even when it is very high, as we experienced, and is even fordable when it is in its usual course. Nor can it be said that the Rio de los Misterios is the same Colorado River, and that higher up its name changes; for this stream, even at

the junction of the two rivers and below the Puerto de la Concepción, is not so large as to be impassable, for the Yumas swim across it, both men and women. And it is natural that higher up it would be smaller, and even though it might be so large it is not easy to believe that the Cosninas and their neighbors are inferior to the Yumas, and afraid to cross the river, however large it may be, especially having been born on its banks. Indeed, we see that Indians who are raised on the banks of any large river, like the Yaquis and the Yumas, and even those on the sea-coast, are all great swimmers. Hence I infer that perhaps they told Father Fray Silvestre that on the other side of the sierra there was much water, and since they told him that it was fresh water, without specifying whether it ran or not, the father concluded that it was a river, since its waters were not salt and they did not tell him that there was a sea there.

In view of all this, I conclude that perhaps the Rio Grande de los Misterios which the father tells about and of which they told him, must be some very large lake of fresh water which lies in the direction of the tulares which we saw, or that it may be these same tulares and water which extend through the immense plain which I have described, and may run inland as far as the other side of the Sierra Nevada by some opening or openings, and may have vast extent from east to west just as it has from north to south, [unless it may be some matter of the Sea of the West, as they call it]. This being the case, it

is very easy to believe that it may be impassable to the Cosninas, for indeed it is very difficult, and one might almost say impossible, to pass from one side to the other. Consequently the Cosninas would not know whether there are people on the other side or not, although there might be; while, on the other hand, those on the other side would not know that there are Cosninas.

From the foregoing, I conclude by saying that it appears to me that it would be very difficult to open a direct road from New Mexico to Monterey, as has been attempted; for, besides the report given by Father Fray Silvestre of the river or lake of fresh water which lies between, at least there are the tulares lying in the path of those who may come to open the road before they arrive at the seacoast. And however directly the road may be sought, at least it will come out in the neighborhood of the mission of San Luís or below it, according to my opinion, *salvo meliori judicio.*

102. April 4.—Before nightfall the lieutenant went to observe the water, and he found it so receded that, according to the measurement which he made, we estimated that some sixteen varas of beach, which here was very wide, must have been uncovered. Before dawn the servant went and saw that the water had risen so high that it raised the dry tule which it had cast on the shore. At sunrise the commander and I went and saw that the tide was already beginning to fall, and that with the northwest wind, which blew very hard today, the water was somewhat dis-

turbed and was becoming white with small waves, as in the sea, and that the waves of the beach were rather large. With a level I took the measure of the water and concluded that between high and low tide, judging from the beach that was uncovered, it had fallen some three varas. And I may note that here the water was confined in a narrow channel of about the same width as at the mouth, with little or no difference.

From all the foregoing, and with these experiments, we concluded and finally convinced ourselves that this mass of water might better be called a fresh-water sea than a river, for it has no floods or currents like a river, and like the sea its water is clear and verging on blue, and it has an ebb and flow, and little waves on the beach. Finally, if in spite of this someone wishes to say that it might be called a river, assuming that the water is fresh, merely because it has some movement with the ebb and flow, then with the same reason we might call the sea a river.

Although now, from all that has been said, we were certain that hereabout there was no great river, as has been asserted, or even a small one (for in all the road we had not encountered anything larger than arroyos), nevertheless the commander remained firm in the decision which he made yesterday to follow the course of the water, cross the plain, and continue this exploration for several days toward the Sierra Nevada. Therefore, we set out from the site of the abandoned village at a quarter past seven

in the morning, and at half past five in the afternoon halted at some hills at the beginning of the sierra which I shall speak of later, having traveled some fifteen long leagues in a direction so changed that it was quite contrary to our first intention, as I shall proceed to say.[1]

We traveled a short distance to the east, intending to follow the water, either along its banks or in sight of it. But very soon our way was cut off by the tulares and mires, which forced us to change our direction, and separated us from the water so far that we did not see it again except at a distance and from the top of the sierra. We turned to the east-southeast, traveling in this way some three leagues,[2] having on the right a grove of oaks which runs for about six leagues along the foot of the sierra to the south. With the intention of seeing if the tulares would give us free passage, we turned to the northeast and traveled in this way for about a league more, but soon the tulares prevented us from continuing in that direction. So we began to wind about, now southeast, now east-southeast, now south, and finally south-southeast, without being able to advance toward the Sierra Nevada, but instead getting farther away.

We saw some of the many and well beaten trails made by the large deer through that plain when they go down to the water, and we followed them,

[1] The A. P. C. H. text has this paragraph out of place.

[2] Anza swung southeastwardly past Oakley, Knightsen, and Bethany. The A. P. C. H. text reads *two* leagues, by mistake.

but very soon we found ourselves bogged down in mires and forced to turn back. Once we came to a path having the tracks of a man, which seemed to lead toward a little village which we saw within the tules, but, although we made an effort to follow it, we soon came to a marsh through which the animals could not pass, and even on foot one would cross it with difficulty. And so we traveled more than three leagues which in general may be estimated as to the southeast, going with some difficulty in the midst of the tulares, which for a good stretch were dry, treading soft, mellow ground covered with dry silt and with dust so biting that when it rose from the ashes of the burned tule it caused our eyes to smart severely and we were scarcely able to see.

We now saw that the sea of fresh water which extends through those tulares has its floods and that when it rises it extends far beyond the land that we were crossing, which was full of shells of snails and turtles, and of silt which the water leaves when it extends through here. And that this water should rise it is not difficult to believe, and it is even natural that this should be the case, for being in sight of the Sierra Nevada, it is natural that several rivers should flow from it and that they should be lost and disappear in these plains, and that thereby this fresh-water sea should increase (for since it is fresh it may be conceded as an exception to the rule, and if not it might be called a lake), either in winter with the rains and the floods of the rivers, or in summer with the melting of the snows.

We now saw that it was impossible to cross the plain or to get near the Sierra Nevada. Nevertheless, the commander wished to continue a little further in the attempt, to see if farther down we might find higher land which would afford us a passage. And so we traveled some three leagues more, going a little to the south but most of the way to the east and east-southeast.

It was about two o'clock in the afternoon when the corporal who went ahead halted, and the commander asked him,

"How does it look to you? Are there any hopes that we shall be able to reach the sierra?"

"Señor, I do not know," the corporal replied. "What I can say is that once upon a time I set out for the point of that sierra (it is the one which yesterday when looking south from the hill we saw running from southeast to northwest), and I spent a day and a half in getting around a tule marsh, only to see that it extended farther ahead and on the other side also. I did not see anything more because I turned back from there."

Thereupon I said, "From all accounts it is clear that these tulares are the same as those near the mission of San Luís, and that they continue all the way to there; that in order to get around them it is necessary to go clear down to the neighborhood of that mission, and that this is also necessary to go to the Sierra Nevada, which, therefore, can be better explored by starting from the mission of San Luís."

Realizing how difficult it would be for us to approach the Sierra Nevada, as he had wished, the commander now decided that we should return to Monterey.[1] Therefore, changing our direction, we traveled toward the sierra, and having gone about a league to the south we arrived at some hills which, because they were mined by ground squirrels, we called the Lomas de las Tuzas. We traveled through them for about two leagues to the southwest and entered other hills, which are the beginning of the sierra which afterward we crossed, as I shall relate tomorrow. Having traveled through these hills some two leagues to the south-southwest[2] we halted on a small elevation near a cañada in which a little water was found.—Fifteen leagues.

103. April 5.—We set out from the hills at the beginning of the sierra at a quarter to seven in the morning, and at a quarter past four in the afternoon halted in the valley of San Vicente a little before it ends, having traveled some fourteen[3] leagues over bad and very broken road, the direction being generally to the south, although varied, as I shall now show.

We traveled some three leagues to the southeast to a cañada which we saw, but it became so narrow that we were prevented from following it. Therefore it was necessary to climb to the top of the sierra,

[1] When this decision was made they were near Bethany. Entering the mountains now, they apparently passed Midway, ascended the ridge to a point near Patterson Pass, skirted the east end of Livermore Valley, and halted on Crane Ridge near Corral Hollow.

[2] Evidently a slip for south-southeast.

[3] This should be thirteen, as the A. G. P. M. text shows.

and so we traveled about a league to the north, east and south, and in any and every which way, until we got to the top. Here we stopped a while to seek a way out, and from this height, which was great, and is indicated on the map by the letter *d,* we clearly saw the plains, the water, and the tulares through which we came yesterday. And we saw that they continued down below about toward the mission of San Luís, through a very large and level valley enclosed on this side by the sierra which we were beginning to cross and on the other by the Sierra Nevada, which looked to be very far distant, and continued still further down, apparently to the mission of San Gabriel. Therefore I was confirmed in the opinion which I had already formed and which I noted down yesterday and the day before.

We descended from the top of the sierra and traveled about two leagues to the south, with many turns to the southeast because of the roughness of the hills and the slopes, till we came to a canyon. We followed along it for about two leagues to the south-southeast, when, on reaching the top of the pass which it formed, we were confronted by extended and very rough mountains ahead of us, all the country that we had traversed and all that was seen on all sides being thickly grown with oaks, pines, and brush. We continued about a league to the south with many turns, down the slope, and then the country began to open out, and we found ourselves in a valley of some width and very long, and having traveled through it some four leagues to the

south and south-southwest, a little before the valley ended we halted at an arroyo with very little water.[1]

At the beginning of this valley, which the soldiers called Cañada de San Vicente, and is indicated on the map by the letter *e*, we saw some sierras or hills which attracted the attention of everybody because of their formation, for, while the rest are thickly grown with groves and trees, these have no trees, but only a scrubby and open growth, so that on the ridges and at intervals there are seen strips and stretches of very white gravel. And this range, along whose foot runs an arroyo, not to mention several little ones which there are in the valley, is red in color. Therefore they all said that it had excellent signs of minerals, and to me it appeared to be very much like the sierras at the mines of Guanajuato. Its location is in the center of this very rough range which we crossed.—Fourteen leagues.

104. April 6.—We set out from the Valley of San Vicente at a quarter to seven in the morning, and at four in the afternoon halted on a small elevation near the Arroyo del Coyote, which we had followed all the way from its source, having traveled some ten leagues over a worse and more broken road than yesterday, the principal direction being to the south, although with some variation.[2]

[1] Crossing Crane Ridge near the San Joaquin County line, they ascended Arroyo Mocho, crossed the divide at S. S. Grade, entered San Antonio Valley, and camped at its southern extremity, at the head of Arroyo del Coyote.

[2] On the 6th they dropped from San Antonio Valley to Arroyo del Coyote, followed it past Gilroy Hot Springs, and camped in Cañada de los Osos.

As soon as we started we found ourselves in the midst of a broken sierra on all sides and with a narrow and very deep canyon ahead of us. We descended through it and soon encountered a little water, which is the beginning of the Arroyo del Coyote. We followed it for about three leagues to the south-southeast, some two to the south-southwest, two more to the south-southeast, winding about in order to ascend some hills and descend again to the canyon, and finally some three to the south and south-southeast, ascending and descending through the canyon and its very broken hills.—Ten leagues.

105. April 7.—At a quarter past seven in the morning we set out from the little elevation, and at a quarter past five in the afternoon we halted on the banks of the Monterey River, having traveled some fifteen leagues.[1] The first two were to the south, descending through some hills, whereby we finally emerged from the sierra. Then we entered the valley of San Bernardino, which we crossed to the south-southwest and south-southeast, and, having traveled some three leagues through it, on entering some low hills near the Pájaro River we came to our outgoing trail, along which we continued in directions opposite to those followed in going to the port of San Francisco.—Fifteen leagues.

106. April 8.—We set out from the Monterey River at a quarter past seven in the morning, and at four in the afternoon arrived at the mission of San

1 Crossing Gilroy Valley (San Bernardino, called by Anza San Pasqual), they retraced their outgoing course to Monterey.

Carlos del Carmelo, having traveled five leagues by directions opposite to those on going, four to the presidio of Monterey, where we stopped for dinner, and one to the mission.—Five leagues.

April 9.—We remained at the mission resting.

April 10.—Today there was a great school of sardines stranded on the beach.

April 11.—We continued to stay at the mission, nothing happening.

April 12.—We decided to go to Monterey tomorrow and from there return to Sonora, and Commander Ansa dispatched a messenger to Captain Ribera, informing him of his decision to return.

107. April 13.—We left the mission of San Carlos del Carmelo at nine o'clock in the morning, and at ten reached the presidio of Monterey, having traveled one league. Here we remained in order to arrange the affairs of the expedition, the lieutenant taking charge of everything in the absence of Captain Ribera, who was at San Diego. I again begged that I might at least be permitted to know the number of people who had come on the expedition and were remaining at Monterey for the new settlement and fort of the port of San Francisco, for although it was no more than curiosity on my part, and indeed it was not really necessary that I should know, still I desired to know, perhaps because I had come with them all. And so I was permitted to see the list. It was not complete because it lacked a few, including those who were imprisoned at the mission of San

Gabriel and had remained there, but I learned from it that there were remaining in Monterey one hundred and ninety-three persons.—One league.

108. April 14.—From the mission of San Carlos del Carmelo the reverend father president and other fathers came to bid us goodbye and then returned, but the father minister of the mission of San Antonio remained at Monterey in order to go in our company to that mission. We set out from the presidio of Monterey at two in the afternoon, and at six halted on the banks of the Monterey River at the place called Buenavista, having traveled some six leagues. The directions on the return are the reverse of those in going, for we came by the same road.[1]—Six leagues.

109. April 15.—We left Buenavista at a quarter past six in the morning, and at a quarter to six in the afternoon we halted at the place which they call La Cañada de San Bernabé, having traveled some eighteen short leagues.[2] About two leagues after leaving camp we met the soldiers whom the commander had sent as messengers to Captain Ribera on the 12th of the month and who were now returning. They told us that they had met Captain Ribera on the road and that he was now close at hand. We concluded that he was coming to talk with Captain Ansa before his departure, and to discuss

1 They followed essentially the highway to the Salinas River and then ascended it for a short distance. Buenavista was near Spreckels.

2 Cañada de San Bernabé was the valley south of King City on the highway from King City to Jolón.

with him the affairs of the expedition, and so we thought that it would perhaps be necessary to return to Monterey, or at least to stop where we were. But we very soon saw that his coming would not cause us any delay, for after going a short distance we met Captain Ribera himself. The two captains having saluted each other according to the custom on the road, without stopping to talk of a single thing Captain Ribera continued his way to Monterey and we proceeded on ours to Sonora.—Eighteen leagues.

110. April 16.—We set out from the Cañada de San Bernabé at a quarter to seven in the morning, and at a quarter past ten arrived at the mission of San Antonio, having traveled some five leagues.—Five leagues.

111. April 17.—We left the mission of San Antonio at two o'clock in the afternoon, and at a quarter past six halted in the same Cañada de los Robles on the banks of the river, after having crossed it once and traveled some seven leagues.[1]—Seven leagues.

112. April 18.—We set out from the banks of the river at six o'clock in the morning, and at a quarter past five in the afternoon halted at a little watering place about three leagues after crossing the Monterey River, having traveled some sixteen leagues.[2]—Sixteen leagues.

[1] Camp was on San Antonio River near Pleyto.

[2] Camp was north of Santa Margarita, near the junction of the Salinas and the Santa Margarita.

113. April 19.—At a quarter past six in the morning we set out from the little watering place, and at half past ten reached the mission of San Luís Obispo, having traveled some seven leagues.—Seven leagues.

April 20.—We remained at this mission.

April 21.—In the afternoon some soldiers came and told us that Captain Ribera was coming from Monterey and that he had stopped at the little pass distant from the mission somewhat more than a league.

April 22.—Soon after midday Captain Ribera arrived at the mission, but he stayed here only a very short time, and within an hour he set out for San Gabriel, without talking with Captain Anza.

114. April 23.—From the mission of San Luís Obispo we set out at seven o'clock in the morning, and at half past six in the afternoon halted at Laguna Graciosa, having traveled some seventeen leagues.[1]—Seventeen leagues.

115. April 24.—We left Laguna Graciosa at half past six in the morning, and at a quarter to five in the afternoon halted at a small arroyo on the beach of the Channel near Ranchería del Coxo, having traveled some sixteen leagues.—Sixteen leagues.

116. April 25.—We left the camp near Ranchería del Coxo at six in the morning, and at half past five

[1] Camp on the 23d was at San Antonio Creek, north of Santa Ynez River; on the 24th, near Cañada del Cojo; on the 25th near Elwood, west of Mescal Island; on the 26th at Ventura; on the 27th near Las Virgenes Creek, west of Calabasas; on the 28th on Los Angeles River at Los Angeles, Old Town.

in the afternoon halted a short distance before reaching the Ranchería de Mescaltitán, having traveled some eighteen leagues.—Eighteen leagues.

117. April 26.—From camp near the Rancherías de Mescaltitán we set out at a quarter past six in the morning, and at five in the afternoon we halted at the Rio de la Assumpta, having traveled some seventeen leagues. Today after halting we were able to see the islands of the Channel which hitherto, neither going nor returning, had we been able to see clearly but only very confusedly and indistinctly because of the fogs which are very continuous on this sea.—Seventeen leagues.

118. April 27.—We set out from Rio de la Assumpta at a quarter past six in the morning, and at half past five in the afternoon halted at Agua Escondida, having traveled some eighteen leagues. Today at the beginning of the journey we left the Channel. —Eighteen leagues.

119. April 28.—We left Agua Escondida at seven o'clock in the morning, and at five in the afternoon halted at the Porciúncula River, having traveled some fourteen leagues.—Fourteen leagues.

120. April 29.—We set out from Porciúncula River at a quarter past six in the morning, and at eight arrived at the mission of San Gabriel, having traveled two leagues. Commander Ribera was at the mission, but he did not come out to greet us when we arrived, nor did he talk with Commander Anza during all the days while we remained here.—Two leagues.

April 30.—We remained at this mission, and the two commanders communicated in writing concerning their affairs.

May 1.—The two commanders continued their communication in writing.

121. May 2.—We set out from the mission of San Gabriel at four in the afternoon, and at half past five arrived at the arroyo of San Gabriel, having traveled two leagues.[1]—Two leagues.

122. May 3.—We left the arroyo of San Gabriel at half past six in the morning, and at a quarter to six in the afternoon halted in a plain about two leagues before reaching the Santa Ana River, having traveled some ten leagues.—Ten leagues.

123. May 4.—We set out from the plain at seven in the morning, and at a quarter past six in the afternoon halted at a little pass which opens into the valley of San Joseph, having traveled some nine leagues.—Nine leagues.

124. May 5.—We left the pass at six in the morning, and, having traveled some thirteen leagues, at seven in the afternoon we halted in the canyon of San Patricio near the source of its arroyo, a little before reaching the place where we halted on coming.—Thirteen leagues.

125. May 6.—We left the canyon of San Patricio at a quarter to seven in the morning, and at four in

[1] The camps between San Gabriel and Yuma were at San Gabriel Wash (May 2); west of Riverside (May 3); Bernasconi Pass (May 4); near Tripp Flat (May 5); Reed's Spring in Coyote Canyon (May 6); Harper's Well (May 7); near Imperial (May 8); above Pescadero Dam (May 9); Fort Yuma (May 10).

the afternoon we halted at the Pie del Sauce, on the Arroyo de Santa Catharina, having traveled thirteen leagues.—Thirteen leagues.

126. May 7.—We set out from the Pie del Sauce at five in the morning, and at a quarter past seven in the afternoon arrived at San Sebastián, having traveled fourteen leagues.—Fourteen leagues.

127. May 8.—It was decided to cross the plains and sand dunes ahead of us by the most direct route possible, to come out at Pozo Salobre del Carrizal, without going down to the Pozos de Santa Rosa, in order to save some distance. We therefore left San Sebastián at noon, and at half past ten at night we halted in the middle of the dry plain, without pasturage or water, having traveled fourteen leagues, the three first almost to the east and the remaining eleven to the east-southeast and part of the way almost to the southeast.—Fourteen leagues.

128. May 9.—We set out from the Llano Seco at half past four in the morning, and at a quarter to one[1] at night arrived at Laguna de Santa Olalla, having traveled twenty leagues, one to the east-southeast, ten southeast with some stretches to the south-southeast, and some turns to the south and to the east. Now striking our out-going road, we went two leagues to the east-southeast, making thirteen leagues to Pozo Salobre del Carrizal, where we arrived at one in the afternoon. But because we found the water red and worse than on going, and no car-

[1] K reads "A quarter to eleven." Font's text is ambiguous, but both of the other versions read "a quarter to one."

rizo, it was decided to go forward to the lake named. —Twenty leagues.

129. May 10.—From Laguna de Santa Olalla we set out at a quarter to four in the afternoon, and at a quarter past seven we halted at the Rancherías del Cojat, having traveled some five leagues.—Five leagues.

130. May 11.—We left the Rancherías del Cojat at a quarter to five in the morning, and at eleven arrived at the Puerto de la Concepción, on the Colorado River, having traveled eight leagues.—Eight leagues.

This Puerto de la Concepción, situated a little below the junction of the Gila and the Colorado rivers, is a place where some hills of moderate height form a small pass through which the Colorado, after spreading out through these plains (for when it is in flood it is leagues wide), flows in a very narrow channel, and after emerging again spreads out. Therefore this place affords a very pleasant view, and is the best location which I have seen on this river for a settlement, because it is near the river and yet is free from inundation, no matter how much it may overflow, although the site is so small in extent that the tiny and somewhat uneven mesa which it forms provides room for only the church and a few houses.

Here we found Father Fray Thomás Eixarch, who came with Captain Palma to live here because it is better than the site a league upstream where we left him on going, and likewise because he could

not remain there during the rise of the river. We expected to find Father Fray Francisco Garcés at this place also, but he was not there, nor had Father Fray Thomás, his companion, had any word of him since the time when he set out up the river for the Jalchedunes.[1]

The last news we had from Father Garcés was on the 15th of April through a letter which the father himself wrote to Commander Anza from the mission of San Gabriel, where he spent Holy Week at the beginning of April. He went there for the reason that, having gone above the Jalchedunes and reached the Jamajá tribe, these Indians welcomed him and offered to accompany him to another tribe. But because a hostile tribe intervened, it was necessary to make a long detour to go to the other tribe mentioned, and such was the detour that he came out at the mission of San Gabriel, accompanied by two heathen Indians of the Jamajá tribe. In his letter he said that he was returning to the Jamajá tribe because it was necessary, and that if there he should learn that he might find something worth while he would go forward, but otherwise he would return to the Colorado River, where he would await us in order that we might all return together.

We arrived at the mission of San Gabriel, and there the fathers told us that when Father Garcés left,

[1] In Anza's absence Garcés had ascended the Colorado to the Mohaves, crossed the desert and mountains past San Bernardino to San Gabriel, traveled north into San Joaquin Valley, recrossed the Mojave Desert, and visited the Moquis at Oraibe, whence he returned to Yuma and San Xavier del Bac some time behind Anza.

in speaking of his journey, he said that if he should find Indians who would accompany him (and he did not anticipate much difficulty in his project), his plan was to go inland to explore a road until he should come out at New Mexico. We arrived at the Puerto de la Concepción, and here we obtained a somewhat confused report that Father Garcés was among the Jalchedunes. Therefore the commander immediately sent thither an Indian interpreter with a letter telling him of our arrival, and saying that we should continue our journey within three days, which would give the father time to come if he were there. But at the end of three days neither Father Garcés nor the messenger had arrived, nor have we been able to learn anything more about him in the course of the three months which have elapsed. I therefore infer either that Father Garcés has found a road and means to go to New Mexico, as he desired, or, on the other hand, that he has met with some serious mishap in his apostolic wanderings, since he was now traveling somewhat ill, if indeed he has not died or the Indians have not killed him.

May 12.—The courier whom I mentioned yesterday was dispatched to Father Garcés, and arrangements were begun for crossing the river, which was now much swollen but very quiet in its current. During the time that we were here I noted that the river rose three or four inches every day, but very gradually, as though its rise were due to the melting of the snows, and that it carried many logs, and its waters were very turbid.

Captain Palma said that he wished to come with us in order to go to Mexico to pay his respects to the viceroy, and to tell him that he and his Yumas greatly wished and would be very happy if Spaniards and fathers would come to live with them in their lands. The commander reminded him of the long journey and of the delays which might occur, with the result that he would not be able to return to his own country for a long time. Palma replied by asking how many years it would be before he could get back. The commander told him that it would not be more than a year. To this Palma replied, "Very well," and as he persevered in his desire the commander agreed to take him to Mexico in his company, but stipulated that he must not go alone, but must take someone who would voluntarily go with him. From among many who offered themselves Palma chose two companions, to whom was added a young Cajuenche, and the three, together with Captain Palma, came with us as far as the presidio of San Miguel, where I left them with Captain Ansa.

May 13.—They began to take the baggage across the river on a large raft which they made. In the forenoon one raft load went over and in the afternoon another, including some men. But the raft was so badly damaged that it had to be put together again. I made diligent efforts to measure with a rope the width of the river at the narrows formed by the pass, but I did not succeed, though finally I estimated that the river at this place must be about

a hundred varas wide, a little more or less. I observed the latitude of this place and I found it to be in 32° 47′, and so I say: at the Pass of La Concepción at the Colorado River, May 13, 1776, meridian altitude of the lower limb of the sun, 75° 38′.[1]

May 14.—While the raft was being fixed resort was made to the expedient of having the Indian women swim over with various things in their baskets and large trays, and the women were busy all day making their voyages in this way. The raft being finished, at noon a raft load, including some men, was taken over. They again took the raft apart and made two others, which were finished about six o'clock in the afternoon, and now the commander decided that we should cross the river. The rafts were loaded with baggage and on one of them we embarked, the commander, Father Fray Thomás, I, and others, making thirteen altogether. But as soon as we entered the river the raft began to ship water. Two persons jumped ashore in a great hurry, and the eleven of us who remained on the raft found ourselves in peril. Many of the Indians who were on shore and saw what was happening plunged quickly into the water, and some forty of them, surrounding the raft, took us over to the other side in twelve minutes, with a great hullabaloo and confusion, but with no other mishap than that we got a little wet.

[1] The order of the items in this paragraph is the same in the A. G. P. M. text, but is different in the long diary.

131. May 15.—They finished taking over on a raft the rest of the baggage and the few people who had remained, and thus with six raft loads and the voyages made by the Indian women everything was brought over and we were across the river. With great tenderness we said goodbye to the Yumas, on account of their fidelity and affection for us, which they manifested by asking when we would return. We continued on our way, accompanied by Father Fray Thomás, without awaiting Father Garcés any longer, and being joined by Captain Palma and his companions.

We set out, then, from the banks of the Colorado River at a quarter to five in the afternoon, and at nine o'clock at night halted in the pass on the banks of the Gila, having traveled seven leagues, the first two [to the southeast and east-southeast, and the rest[1]] in the directions opposite those followed on going, having struck our own trail. The temperature which I experienced on the Colorado and Gila rivers was very cold in winter and very hot in summer.—Seven leagues.

132. May 16.—We set out from the pass and the banks of the Gila at half past five in the morning, and at half past six in the afternoon halted at Laguna Salobre, having traveled six leagues.[1] It was decided to leave here the road followed on going and, crossing the Papaguería, to come out at the mission of Caborca, this being a more direct road to San Miguel de Orcasitas.—Six leagues.

[1] Omitted from K.

133. May 17.—We set out from Laguna Salobre at four in the afternoon, and at a quarter to twelve at night we halted at a patch of coarse grass[1] which they call galleta, a league after crossing the sand-filled arroyo called the Pozos de en Medio, having traveled eleven leagues, three to the south, six to the south-southeast, and two to the southeast.—Eleven leagues.

134. May 18.—We set out from the Zacatal Duro at five o'clock in the morning, and at a quarter to two at night halted near the Llano del Tuzal[2] before reaching the Puerto Blanco, having traveled eighteen leagues by a route much varied, three leagues east by north, two northeast, and one east-southeast, when we came to the Tinajas de la Candelaria, where we stopped until afternoon; then three to the northeast[3] over *malpais,* six to the southeast, and three to the east-southeast.—Eighteen leagues.

135. May 19.—We set out from the Llano del Tuzal at five in the morning, and at half past eleven arrived at the Arroyo del Carrizal, having traveled ten leagues, three to the east-southeast, and the rest southeast by south.—Ten leagues.

136. May 20.—We left the Arroyo del Carrizal at a quarter to six in the morning, and at half past eight at night halted at the foot of some hills, having traveled thirteen leagues. We went six to the east and three to the east-southeast, when we arrived at the ruined mission called San Marcelo de Sonóytac,

[1] Zacatal Duro. [2] Plain of the ground squirrels.
[3] Anza says southeast and is apparently correct.

where we stopped until the afternoon; then two to the south-southeast and two to the southeast.—Thirteen leagues.

137. May 21.—From camp at the foot of the hills we set forth at half past four in the morning, and at eleven o'clock at night we halted at a zacatal,[1] having traveled seventeen leagues, two south-southeast, two south-southwest, two southwest, and two west-southwest when we arrived at Quitobac, formerly a *pueblo de visita* of the mission of Sonóytac and called San Luís. Here we remained until the afternoon, and then we traveled about a league east-southeast, two southeast, one south-southeast, one south, three southeast, and one east-southeast.—Seventeen leagues.

138. May 22.—We left El Zacatal at a quarter to six in the morning, and at half past ten at night arrived near the place called San Yldefonso, having traveled fifteen leagues, two east-southeast, five southeast, and one south, when we arrived at San Eduardo del Aribaycpia, which is an arroyo filled with sand. Here we remained until the afternoon, and then we traveled three leagues south-southeast, two southeast, and two south-southwest.—Fifteen leagues.

139. May 23.—We set forth from San Yldefonso at half past five in the morning, and at twelve arrived at the mission of Caborca, having traveled nine leagues, three to the south, three to the southeast, and three to the east-southeast. All the way through the Papaguería the road is very crooked and winding

[1] Patch of coarse grass.

de Sn Miguel de Oxcasitas, dia 2. de Ago
Junio de 1776: Altura meridiana del
borde inferior del sol: 82.° 34.'
Se acabó En este Presidio de Sn Miguel de Oxcasitas del qual salio
la eppedicion se acabó nuestro viage de
ida y buelta, y el dia 3. de Junio me
passe á la mission de Vves en donde
saque este diario, y el trabajo
paña lo qual conclui dia 23. de Junio
de 1776.

Fr. Pedro Font

Last page of Font's Short Diary.

because of the great scarcity of pasturage and still greater scarcity of watering places, which makes it necessary to go to find them, and explains why this road is so difficult to travel. Some saddle animals were requested from the presidio of Altar for the relief of those which had come worn-out by the difficult road through the Papaguería.[1]—Nine leagues.

May 24.—We remained at the mission. I observed its latitude and found it to be in 30° 44′, and so I say: at the mission of Caborca, May 24, 1776, meridian altitude of the lower limb of the sun, 80°.

140. May 25.—Father Fray Thomás Eixarch set out for his mission of Tumacácori. We left the mission of Caborca at a quarter past four in the afternoon, and at half past eleven at night halted in the flat at the place called El Bámuri, having traveled ten leagues to the south-southeast.—Ten leagues.

141. May 26.—We set out from El Bámuri at a quarter past five in the morning, and at a quarter past eight arrived at the Real de la Cieneguilla, having traveled five leagues to the south-southeast.—Five leagues.

May 27.—This day we did not travel. I observed the latitude of that mining camp and found it to be in 30° 14½′, and so I say: at the Real de la Cieneguilla, May 27, 1776, meridian altitude of the lower limb of the sun, 81°.

[1] Anza's camps between Yuma and Caborca were: near the pass of the Gila River through Gila Range (May 15); at the bend near Reynolds Well (May 16); Coyote Water (May 17); near the "White Pass" (May 18); Agua Salada (May 19); near Sierra de Cubabi, beyond Sonóita (May 20); nine leagues beyond Quitobac (May 21); San Yldefonso (May 22), and Caborca (May 23).

May 28.—Although it had been decided to continue our journey today, we waited to take advantage of the opportunity to go with and escort some other people who were setting out next morning, because the road which we had still to travel is very dangerous on account of the hostile Apaches, who recently have committed along it several attacks and murders, and even worse than the Apaches are the Seris and the Pimas, or revolted Piatos.

142. May 29.—We set out from the Real de la Cieneguilla at a quarter past five in the afternoon, and at ten o'clock at night halted at the place called Los Cerritos, having traveled seven leagues, two southeast, and five east-southeast.—Seven leagues.

143. May 30.—We left Los Cerritos at a quarter to five in the morning, and at a quarter past nine at night halted in a plain a league beyond the forks of the roads, having traveled fourteen leagues, seven to the southeast, when we came to the watering place of El Tecolote, where we remained until the afternoon, and then seven leagues to the southeast by east.—Fourteen leagues.

144. May 31.—We set out from El Llano[1] at a quarter to five in the morning, and at a quarter past ten at night we halted in a plain beyond El Zanjón, having traveled fifteen leagues, five southeast and south-southeast to El Pozo de Chrysanto, where we remained until the afternoon, and then ten to the east southeast, with some variation.—Fifteen leagues.

[1] Evidently a slip for El Tecolote.

145. June 1.—We set out from El Llano at five o'clock in the morning, and at eight arrived at the presidio of San Miguel de Orcasitas, having traveled four leagues to the east-southeast and even almost due east.—Four leagues.

June 2.—I remained at the presidio. At noon I observed the latitude of the presidio, and found it to be in 29° 30′, and so I say: at the presidio of San Miguel de Orcasitas, June 2, 1776, meridian altitude of the lower limb of the sun, 82° 34′.

At this presidio of San Miguel de Orcasitas, from which the expedition set out, our journey going and coming ended, and on the 5th of June I went to the mission of Ures, where I wrote out this diary and drew the map which accompanies it, finishing it on the 23d of June, 1776.[1]

Fray Pedro Font (Rubric).

[1] A note on the map accompanying Font's Complete Diary states that it was made at Ures in 1776. It is evidently the map referred to here, or a copy of it.

EIXARCH'S DIARY

OF HIS WINTER ON THE COLORADO

1775–1776

(*L*)

DIARY WRITTEN ON THE COLORADO RIVER BY FATHER FRAY THOMAS EIXARCH[1]

December 4.—The expedition left this place with the commander and Father Font, and I remained alone, because Father Garcés went next day to comply with the order of the viceroy, that is to say, to visit and talk with the tribes of this Colorado River.[2] Today I began to arrange things in the house, for since it was new it lacked nearly everything. In the afternoon the Indians brought me many provisions, and I was very much pleased to see them so affectionate. Captains Palma and Pablo told me that I should not be hungry because they would take excellent care of me, and that I must not be afraid, for although enemies might come they would do me no harm, because they would defend me. These two captains do not leave me alone at all during the entire day, and they are so prompt with everything that I request of them that it is a matter to marvel at. And so when I get up in the morning they are already at the fire awaiting me, and at night they do not leave me until I retire. Tonight I began to talk

[1] Diario del P. Fr. Thomas Eixarch, que se hizo en el Rio Colorado. This diary was copied by Father Font in his Complete Diary, folios 271–311, and is here printed from that text.

[2] Father Eixarch had come with the Anza expedition as far as the Colorado River, where he remained to prepare the minds of the Yumas for missions. He had been missionary at Tumacácori.

about God to Palma and others who assembled, very glad to listen. This Palma does not go to bed until after the Rosary is said, and although he does not pray, because he does not know how, as yet, he does all that he sees us do, such as crossing himself and other ceremonies, etc.

December 5.—The Indian women brought a great quantity of beans, maize, calabashes and some wheat, and to show my pleasure and happiness I gave them glass beads and tobacco. Today Father Garcés went with two interpreters and a muleteer (this is Sebastián) to visit and talk with the tribes down the river, carrying glass beads and tobacco to give them as presents. This morning I began to cut willow poles to make an altar, for up to the present I lack one, and for this reason I have not said Mass during these days.

December 6.—I made the table for the altar. At night I explained to the Indians the mystery of the unity of God the giver of all blessings, the principal dogma of our Catholic faith. Nearly all this day was spent in cleaning and sweeping the space around the house. In the afternoon came the Jalchedunes,[1] a tribe hostile to these Yumas. Indeed, seven of them came to make peace, for Palma had sent them a message asking them if they wished to be friends, since the Spaniards did not like war but wished them to be allies and to maintain peace. With this embassy and with the doctrine which we have taught Palma we

[1] The Jalchedunes were a Yuman tribe who lived above the Yumas on the banks of the Colorado in the region of Ehrenberg.

are already harvesting some fruit, for now some tribes who formerly were enemies are communicating with each other. I regaled the Jalchedunes with glass beads and tobacco, and on receiving them they said to me, "Queyé," which means "Friend." In return I said to them, "Queyé."

December 7.—I did not say Mass because I still had some things to arrange, but I trust in God that tomorrow everything will be ready to celebrate. This morning the Indian women brought me so many provisions that they filled up the house. In return I gave them many beads, telling them that I did not need any more things now, and that they must come but need not bring me anything. In the afternoon two Indians came on horseback and told us that the Axueche (this, I think, is what they call the Apaches) had taken the trail against the expedition, although I do not know in what place, and they say that they shot arrows at the cows. (This was a lie.)[1] On hearing this Palma was very angry, and he began to preach at such great length and so wrathfully that he made very clear the love which he feels for the Spaniards, and how sorry he is that they should do them damage. At sunset a Cocomaricopa[2] woman came. She was very downcast because another woman, one of the Yumas, said she was going to kill her; but I consoled her and told her not to be afraid, and she became quiet and very contented.

[1] The comments in the parentheses are evidently Font's.

[2] The Cocomaricopas lived on the Gila below Gila Bend. They spoke a Yuman tongue, but had long been hostile to the Yumas.

Before supper, Palma being present with other Indians, for he is never absent, I explained to them how God had created the first man, and other things of our holy faith.

December 8.—At sunrise I said Mass, during which I gave communion to one of the servants. Some of the Indians, together with Palma and Captain Pablo[1], attended the holy sacrifice with deep silence and close attention. In the afternoon a Yuma Indian came and told us that a Pima from the Gila River had arrived at the other side of the river, riding a mare, and reported that soldiers with civilized people and other Pima Indians were coming here. I do not know what there may be in this, as there has been no previous notice of their coming.

At night I explained to Palma and others who joined the circle around the fire, for this is their custom, the mystery of the Most Holy Trinity, and other points concerning our holy faith. Afterward I asked Palma if he believed the things about which I was telling him. He replied that it was all good, and that he was putting it in his heart, and was very content. He said, however, that there remained one thorn in his breast, for we were now teaching him about God, but since we were to remain only a short time in his house, as soon as we should depart he would forget everything, because there would be no one to teach him. To console him I told him that I

[1] Pablo was chief of a Yuma village or villages some ten miles down the Colorado, just below Pilot Knob, and just across the present international boundary line, near Algodones, Mexico.

would soon return and remain here always, but that it was necessary to go to speak with the king in order that he might send soldiers and Spaniards.

With this Palma was satisfied, but I remained confounded to see a heathen like him importuning the ministers of both majesties in order to attain his salvation. The stage is well set, and if the superiors do not devote themselves to bringing the matter through, I believe that they will be responsible in this affair. These lands are rich in provisions. The houses of the Indians are full of beans of many kinds, maize, some wheat and other grains which they harvest. The climate at present is very cold, for ever since I arrived I have noted that the water freezes every night; but Father Garcés, who is more experienced, says that this country is very hot in April and thereafter. I mention here only what I experience during the time while I am writing these notes.

December 9.—After sunrise I said Mass, but it was so cold that my fingers were numb and I could scarcely finish. Today nothing special happened, except that I talked to Palma for the purpose of sending a courier to Caborca and to the presidio of Altar. He furnished me two Indians who already knew the road, and we agreed that they should set out on the 10th after dinner.

December 10.—At sunrise I said Mass, which was attended by many Indians, and perhaps with better attention than is shown in some churches in

the cities. Palma especially is surprising for his natural modesty and gravity when he attends Mass, and if sometimes an Indian talks to another he chides him and says that God is there in the Mass.

After dinner things were arranged for the couriers. I had already written some letters for the fathers of Caborca and Oquitoa, and also to Captain Urrea.[1] I sent them to rope a mule and a horse, but they were unable to catch the mule. On this account I became very much worried, and walked around saying the Rosary, when immediately one of the servants came and handed me a package addressed to Altar and brought by an Indian dispatched by the commander of the expedition. I was now glad that my messenger had not started. I then came to the house and saw the Indian who had brought the package, and going out again, about sundown, I saw that the animals were walking around near by. I told Palma to send some Indians to catch the mule and they lassoed her. I then ordered them to tether her in order that in the morning my courier might start without fail. This courier was not to blame if I did not know whom to believe. I am in need of nothing except wax candles for celebrating Mass, wine for the same purpose, and a little soap to wash the corporals, for although the expedition has left us something it is not very much; especially a dozen candles are not enough to say Mass for the whole time that we are

[1] Caborca, Altar, and Oquitoa were and are towns on the Altar River in Sonora. Urrea was captain of the presidio of Altar.

to remain here. The cold has been very intense all day, for morning dawned with a stiff north wind which has continued until sunset.

December 11.—At daybreak I did not say Mass, but I did arrange things for the messenger and sent him off at nine o'clock in the morning. Today dawned cloudy with a north wind that was very cold and unpleasant. Well, then, my courier set forth at the hour named, his letters being carried by a Spanish servant, accompanied by Captain Pablo who knows the way. The other Indian who was to go went back on me, saying that he did not wish to go now. I do not know the reason for this fickleness, but attribute it merely to his lack of constancy.

The fact is that the messenger went because I have been left without wine and with only a few candles. I say without wine, because that which Commander Ansa has left us, if it is wine, it is for him to say, for I and my servants do not recognize it as such. Not only has it the vilest taste, but even the color looks like water mixed with mud; and it is not because it is mixed with the thick sediment of the bottle but because perhaps it contains another mixture. What is certain is that I took out an alimeta, thinking that perhaps it would become clear, but at the end of three days I found it just the same. Likewise, I have strained it through a clean cloth, but it has come out just the same. In short, I have decided not to say Mass—although I greatly regret it—until my messenger returns, for he no doubt will bring me a bottle of wine.

It is true that I have said Mass here three or four times, but always with some repugnance, for this wine makes me vomit; and I had not examined it so carefully before today, trusting that it was good and pure, as the commander himself assured me it was. Perhaps his Grace was not aware that they had played a trick on him. He also told me that he was leaving a whole bottle of wine, although it barely amounts to half a bottle. Today I began to fast because I see now that I am entirely over my fever. The food is sufficient if it were well seasoned, but who knows what it lacks? Thank God that with me remained here a servant from the out country, who was serving one of the families which were going to Monterey. I do not know what trouble he had with his master, but because of it he says that he has decided to remain here until the return of the expedition, when he will go out with us. And this servant is the cook.

In the afternoon two Indians came from the sierra to visit me, and I made them presents of glass beads and tobacco. At night Palma came with a little daughter six years old, and I taught them both to make the sign of the cross, telling them also some matters of the doctrine. This Captain Palma, who is the great man among the Indians, has only one wife, and he says that he does not wish any more, because from her he has had and now has five children (I know of this many at least), four girls and one boy.

December 12.—Before daybreak I got up to warm myself because the cold today has been very severe. In the morning we sang the *Alabado,* as is done every day, and then Palma came. This being the feast of Guadalupe I explained to him the great celebration which is held in Mexico, and that if he would go there he would see the viceroy and all the sights of Mexico, adding that the viceroy greatly wished to see him. He promptly replied that he would go with me at once to my mission and from there go on to Mexico, and that likewise he would take with him a fourteen year old son of his, in order that he might see the things the Spaniards have. I replied to him that when Captain Ansa returned he should go, assuring him that in this there would be no failure, for the viceroy greatly wished to see him. He replied that this was good, and that he greatly wished that we might go now, and that he was not like some who turn their backs on what they have said. I told him that the viceroy was a great man, and would give him many presents, and that he ruled all the people of the Indies. I told him also that the house of the fathers, that is to say, the College,[1] is very large, and has many fathers. He then said to me that when he arrived in Mexico he would talk with the viceroy, asking him to send to his country many Spaniards and many fathers, for in his land they would not be

[1] He means the College of the Holy Cross at Querétaro, to which Fathers Garcés, Eixarch, and Font all belonged.

hungry and the enemies would do them no harm. With this the talk ended.

December 13.—Day dawned cloudy and with a very cold wind. Afterward it began to rain very lightly, and all day it was unsettled. At night I explained to the Indians, who are accustomed to assemble around the fire, some of the attributes of God, such as his immensity, etc. I then asked Palma some questions regarding the doctrine, and he greatly pleased me for he is now learning the essentials.

December 14.—At daybreak it was snowing, although lightly. Palma came and I began to talk, among other things asking him how far the sea was from here. He replied that his relatives had told him that it was four days away, but that he had not seen it. During these days I have scarcely been able to obtain a few little fish, for the weather is very cold, and the Indians do not dare to go out to fish. I judge that all the fish of this river must be very bony, like the matalote of the Gila River, as I infer from all that the Indians have brought me, for they are all of one species. But certain it is that although it is so bony it is very fine for the whiteness of its flesh, its fine flavor, and its wholesomeness. At noon it began to snow very heavily, with medium-sized white flakes, but it did not freeze. The old Indians were greatly surprised to see the snow, and some of them, including Palma, said they had never seen such a thing before, and had never known such cold weather.

I may note here that the wheat planted by the Indians is already up, and this without irrigation.

xaque nose me passe nada, pongo aqui una copia suya, desde el dia 4. de Deciembre hasta el presente dia 11. de Mayo inclusive, ia qual à la letxa es la siguiente.

Diaxio del P. Fr. Thomas Eixarch, que él hizo en el Rio Coloxado.

Dia 4. de Deciembxe. Se fue la Expedicion de este paxage con el Sr. Comandante, y el P. Font. Yo me quede solo porque el P. Xaxces se fue el dia siguiente à cumplix el encaxgo del Sr. Virxey, esto es, à visitax, y hablax con las Naciones de este Rio Coloxado. Este dia comenzé à disponex las cosas de la casa; pues como tan nueva, le faltaba casi todo: por la tarde me trapexon los Yndios mucho bastimento; yo estuve muy contento de vex la Yndiada tan afecta, y me decian los Capitanes Palma, y Pablo, que no tendxia hambxe, porque ellos cuydaxian mucho de mi; y que no tuviexa miedo, pues aunque viniexan enemigos, no me haxian nada, porque ellos me defendexian. Estos dos Capitanes no me dejan en todo el dia, y están tan prontos à lo que yo les mando, que es admiracion; de modo, que quando me levanto ya están en la lumbxe esperandome; y por la noche no se apaxtan de mi hasta que me voy à doxmix. A la noche comenzé à hablaxles de las cosas de Dios à Palma, y otros, que acuden con mucho gusto à oix: dicho Palma no se va à doxmix hasta que se xeza el Rosario; y aunque no xeza (porque todavia no sabe) hace todo lo que nos ve hacex, como pexignaxse, y las demas ceremonias. &c.

Dia 5. Trapexon los Yndios mucho frixol, maix, calabazas, y algun trigo: yo les daba cuentas de abaloxios, y tabaco, paxa mostrax mi gusto, y alegxia. Oy se fue el P. Xaxces, con dos interpxetes, y un axxiexo (este es sebastian) à ver, y hablax con las naciones del Rio abajo: les lleva abaloxios, y tabaco paxa xegalaxlos. Esta mañana comenzé à cortax vaxas de sauce paxa hacex un altax; que hasta la presente carexco de el, por cuyo motivo no he dicho Missa estos dias.

Dia 6. Hize el tupextle paxa el altax. Por la noche explique à los Yndios el Misterio de la Vnidad de Dios xemunexadox, dogma principal de nuestra Catholica Religion. Este dia fue todo lo mas limpiax, y baxxex la cix-

First page of Eixarch's diary.

The land is so good that only with the bathing given it by the river during the time of its floods it conserves enough moisture so that it produces wheat, and also maize, beans, watermelons, calabashes, etc., and they say that of maize they harvest two crops. It is true that the seed is from what they call Apache maize, which matures very rapidly. In the afternoon the Indians came and told me that a horse had mired in a lagoon, the animal being one of those left tired out by the commander of the expedition. I at once ordered Palma to send Indians to pull him out. They went and brought him to me, and he was all covered over with mud, clear to his back.

December 15.—Day dawned very clear and serene, and although fresh it was not so cold as yesterday. Palma came promptly to kiss my hand, as he does every day, and I told him to send the Indians to bring me some fish. He went promptly and sent an Indian, and in the afternoon he brought nine good-sized fish. Today I made an atril for the missal from a few boards; I also arranged various things in the house. At night I explained to Palma and others the immortality of the human soul, together with several other points of our holy faith; and then we retired.

December 16.—Morning dawned cloudy. After I had sung the *Alabado,* according to custom, Palma came to visit me. Today has been very raw, so that the cold has not permitted me to leave the house. At night several Indians gathered in the circle around the fire, and after saying the Rosary I had several

of them make the sign of the cross and say the *Padre Nuestro*.[1] Today nothing happened except the usual everyday occurrences.

December 17.—Day dawned very clear and serene, but quite cold because of the wind, which I judge comes from places or sierras that are snow-covered. At noon an old man came and asked me if I wished to buy from him a little Apache captive which he had. I told him to bring him to me, and he went at once and brought him, asking me to trade a horse for him. I told him that I would do so, but that now the horse was at Caborca, for my courier had taken him. He replied that this was all right, so he left me the boy in exchange for the horse which I am to give him. The little Apache apparently must be about five or six years old.

I may note here that in this country on the frontiers of the enemies, at the presidio of Tubac, for example, they buy or rather barter for little captives from the heathen.[2] These Indians raise them, and when they wish they sell them to white people, as if they were slaves, which is altogether contrary to law. I have made this remark because there are many half-breed gentlemen who pride themselves on having Indian captives in practical slavery, ignorant in their pride of the fact that the Indians were born free, and that doubtless they have better and

[1] "Our Father," *i.e.*, the Lord's Prayer.

[2] These captives, often held as slaves, were called Niforas. The institution was well known. In New Mexico such people were commonly called Genizaros, or Janissaries.

purer blood than their half-breed Spanish lordships, themselves.

Early in the afternoon five Jalchedun Indians came to visit me. I made them a present of tobacco, and immediately Palma, in the presence of many persons who were assembled at my house, delivered a long harangue, as is his custom whenever strange Indians come. And to manifest his authority he always puts on the gold-braided blue capingot which his Excellency, the Viceroy Bucareli, has given him as a present.

December 18.—In the morning it was very cold and somewhat cloudy, but later on it became fair and turned out to be a fine day. Today there has been nothing else worth noting down.

December 19.—I got up long before daybreak, because it was so cold that I was able to sleep hardly at all during the night. Afterward a very fair day dawned, and in the middle of the day it was hot. In the afternoon Palma went with nearly all the men and many women to the other side of the river, and when I asked them where they were going they replied that they were going to dig and bring watermelons. This reply should not appear frivolous, for these Indians still preserve this fruit underground, and in proof of this I have here in this house six watermelons which they have given me. I write no more today because a repetition of everyday happenings is tiresome.

December 20.—Again I arose long before daybreak because of the extreme cold, but a fair day

dawned. In the afternoon I went with Palma to see the river at the place they call Puerto de la Concepción,[1] distant from this house about a league. With propriety they call this place a pass, for there are two very high hills between which flows the great Colorado River. I call it great, because if this river comes to be settled by Spaniards they will have everything that could be desired for human existence. Its lands are most fertile, and, in short, it has not been possible as yet to ascertain the number of heathen who live and are maintained on its delightful banks. Some other day I shall speak more in detail of this pass, for I wish to go sometime to examine it leisurely, and I think this will be soon.

December 21.—At daybreak it was very unsettled and windy, but as soon as the sun came out the weather became fair. Before noon some old men from the villages on the other side of the river came to visit me. I gave them tobacco and they went away very well satisfied. I may note here that many of the people who live near by came today. Although those who have come have been many, I do not yet dare to make an estimate of the number that may be comprised in the Yuma tribe. Each day I see new faces, and it is not easy at one view to estimate the number. This morning Palma sent four Indians to catch fish and in the afternoon they came back bringing some. They also brought me alive a feathered creature which they call black duck. It is true that it has feet

[1] The Puerto de la Concepción was the narrow passage through which the Colorado runs right at Yuma, where the railroad bridge crosses it.

like a duck but the beak is like that of a chicken. They say that it is a water fowl, for it does not come out of the water but remains there all the time. It has wings like a duck but everything else like a chicken. It is ash colored, verging on black, and in the forehead it has a chocolate colored crescent which beautifies it. Today I made a hencoop like a little house in which to keep eight hens and one rooster which the people of the expedition gave me. These Indians do not have hens. Perhaps they have eaten them, for in a house near here I have seen two roosters.

December 22.—It was cloudy in the morning and not very cold, continuing this way throughout the day. In the morning I planted various seeds in a piece of land which I had prepared and fenced in near the house. I named it the garden because I planted peaches, beans, peas, onions, cauliflower, anise, manzanilla, etc. In the afternoon I took a walk to the river with an Indian. In the morning Palma's two daughters came and brought me three very large and very handsome watermelons. One of his daughters, who came with her little child at her breast, I had not known about, because she is married and lives on the other side of the Puerto. Counting this one, Palma has six children that I know of. There likewise came two Cajuenche women bringing me a little maize, and I gave them glass beads, of which they are very fond.[1]

[1] The Cajuenches, also Yuman people, lived down the Colorado, a few miles below the villages of Pablo. They were also called Cojats by Anza.

December 23.—This morning it was raining, although not heavily, and continued until midday, but the afternoon was fair and neither hot nor cold.

December 24.—In the morning it was fair and serene but quite cold. This for me has been a very sad day, for I do not have wine with which to say even one Mass in the morning, but I think that the courier whom I sent to Caborca will soon be back, and this is a consolation for the land for which I hope. At night a Yuma came and told me that when Father Garcés arrived the Indians of the Jalliquamay tribe were fighting with the people of the Cucapá tribe,[1] their enemies. They added that the Cucapás had taken away the father's habit and left him naked, because those people do not care to do anything except to kill the other tribes, and "what is a padre good for?" they say. This report was brought to the Yumas by a Cajuenche. They say also that the father had with him only Sebastián, and that before he dismounted these Indians knocked him off the mule which he was riding, pulled to pieces the pack which the other mule was carrying, and took out everything the poor father possessed. This was only some sheepskin mats to sleep on, some glass beads and tobacco to give them as presents, some biscuits, and a little chocolate which he took for food on the way. Other details I omit for the present, for as a rule I do not have much faith in what the Indians say, although since the reports are ominous I am inclined to give them some credit.

[1] The Jalliquamay and Cócopa tribes lived down the Colorado near its mouth.

December 25.—The dawn brought forth most beautiful weather for the Day of the Nativity. Many Indians came to see me, but nothing in particular happened.

December 26.—Day dawned clear and serene but so very cold that water froze, but afterward the day was fair; and I have noted that nearly every day it is the same, cold in the morning and afterward hot, and although the extremes of temperature are not very great, nevertheless I surmise that this country would be very bad for people who are used to other climates. Among the Indians there are many very old men and women, but this is not strange since they are inured to this climate. In the afternoon Palma and a servant of mine came from the woods whither they went to kill a cow which Captain Ansa left Palma two years ago.[1] Through lack of a good horse they were unable to kill it; but they captured a large calf, probably the offspring of the cow. They killed it in the woods, and this Palma gave me nearly all of it. Today nothing else happened.

December 27.—Day dawned very cold and quiet. Soon there came a son of the old man from whom, as I said above, I purchased the little Apache, and I delivered to him a young horse with four white feet which I had for my personal use. The old man did not wish to wait for the return of the horse which the courier took to Caborca and therefore I gave him this one, the only one I had here. In the afternoon some Jalchedunes came to visit me. Since they

[1] This was when Anza made his first expedition to Monterey in 1774.

are of a different tribe, although they speak the same idiom, many of these Yumas, not only men but also women and children, assembled at the news. I judge that altogether there were more than a hundred persons. At sunset they all went away except Palma and his immediate dependents; for as I have said, he lives near here, only about a gunshot away.

December 28.—At dawn it was very cold but the weather was fair and quiet. Before noon many Jalchedunes came, and I gave them tobacco, with which they were much pleased. Afterward they talked to me a long while, and the whole conversation consisted in their saying that they greatly loved the fathers and the Spaniards, and greatly wished that we would come to live among them; that they greatly loved the king, and would gladly do everything that he might require of them; and that all the things which Palma had said to them were good. With this they went away very well content.

December 29.—In the morning it was so very raw and cold that all the water froze and that which fell to the ground immediately turned to ice, but afterward the day was like summer. In the afternoon a Yuma Indian who had been four days among the Cajuenches came and told me that Father Garcés had crossed the river. They added that what they had previously told me was not true, for the Indians not only greatly loved him, but they put at his disposal everything they have. When the father comes I will relate the truth about everything, for these Indians, like all the rest, think that whatever they

dream is a fact. In some matters they are very reliable, but in their words, I have observed, they scarcely appear to be human beings. At sunset an Indian woman came and made me a present of a large watermelon. She came from the Sierra de San Pablo,[1] where during these days nearly all the Yumas have assembled to eat watermelons and dance. Palma wished to go to this fiesta, but I asked him if he intended to leave me alone, and this was enough to prevent him from going.

December 30.—At daybreak it was cloudy and therefore not very cold. After midday a man and a woman came to see me, or to see "El Padre," as they say. To the woman I gave glass beads and to the man tobacco, and they were very well pleased. Of these Jalchedunes many have already come, especially the men. Today nothing else has occurred. At night some Indians assembled at the Rosary, and likewise some women with their children. After praying and singing the praises of the Most Holy Virgin I explained the mystery of the unity of God and some of His attributes, especially His omnipotence, manifested in the creation of such things as the water, the heavens, the firmament, the sun, and other things most conspicuous, for I accommodate myself to the simplicity of these poor ignorants.

December 31.—At daybreak it was raining, though not very heavily, but all this day was dark and cloudy. Early in the afternoon a Cajuenche came

[1] The Sierra de San Pablo was Pilot Knob, eight miles below Yuma.

and brought a horse, one of several which were left tired out when the expedition passed through their country.

January 1, 1776.—Morning dawned very fair but likewise very cold. After dinner I decided to go with an Indian to Caborca, for Father Garcés is still moving very slowly among his Indians. The courier whom I sent likewise does not return, and for this and other reasons I shall go for a few days to visit the fathers of the West.

After dinner, then, I set out from this place on horseback, with an Indian, he being the one who goes as guide, three others going on foot as far as the river. I crossed it with some difficulty on horseback, wetting my feet and my knees, for although I raised them up the water was high and the horse was small. Having crossed the river I traveled about five leagues, and before sunset I halted in a very large sandy stretch which I called La Circumcisión, because this is the day of that feast.[1] This place has a good deal of grass, but little and bad firewood and no water. The Indian, whom I am taking with me because he knows the road, is so skillful that I am forced to saddle his horse, bridle it, and afterward help him mount. The provisions which I am carrying consist of meat, pinole, and some biscuits.

January 2.—Day dawned fair, and at sunrise the Indian and I mounted our animals and set out from

[1] Father Eixarch and his Indian guide evidently proceeded southeast from Yuma toward Tinajas Altas Pass. La Circumcisión was in the plain between Yuma and the Fortuna Mine.

the camp. When we had traveled about three leagues the horse became tired, so I decided that the Indian should go on foot. We therefore left the horse and his trappings beside the road and continued on our way, I mounted on a fairly good mule and the Indian on foot. We traveled thus for about two leagues, and then, because the Indian was going so slowly, I waited for him in the shade of a tree. He came up and we smoked a cigarette. Soon I said to him that we must move on and he told me to go on ahead. I did so, and having traveled about a league and a half I again turned around to see if the rascal was coming, but there was no Indian in sight. So I dismounted from the mule and sat down to await him, but I got tired of waiting and concluded that the Indian had gone back.[1]

Finding myself alone in an intricate thicket, with no other trail than the one made by my courier when he passed through on his way to Caborca, I had conflicting thoughts. On the one hand I wished to go on alone, but my fear through having little or no practice in following trails, and the lack of water, which I had not tasted today, caused me to turn back over the same track or trail which I had followed. It must have been about ten o'clock in the morning when I commenced to trot my mule and to travel as fast as I could. And so I hurried on and reached

[1] Eixarch was now some eleven and one-half leagues, or some thirty miles, from Yuma, and could hardly have reached Tinajas Altas Pass. He returned faster than he had gone, reaching the Colorado River in one day.

the place where I had left the horse and the saddle, but I did not find him. However, I found signs of the Indian, who had caught the horse and disappeared. Since I did not know the road very well I was now in a hurry, and so I spurred the mule harder than before. Reaching the place where I had camped, and following the trail, I overtook the Indian about four o'clock in the afternoon at some little houses of some Pimas who are camped near the banks of the Gila River, which I had crossed the day before with great difficulty; for although this stream is not so wide as the Colorado yet it carries a large amount of water. At these little houses I stopped for the night, but I did not say a word to the Indian. Here I distributed glass beads, tobacco, and some pieces of meat among the Indian men and women who were very obliging to me.

January 3.—The day dawned fair, and I set out from the little houses at sunrise. After going about a short league I crossed the Gila River. Then I passed the house which Palma made us when we came with the expedition. Traveling about a league and a half more, I arrived at the bank of the Colorado River, which I crossed on the mule with a great deal of difficulty, wetting my shoes, leggins, and my breeches somewhat. Finally, having forded the river, I traveled about half a league, till I reached my dwelling, where I arrived safe and sound.

Before dinner I called Palma and the Indian, my companion, and told Palma what happened to me, and how he had left me alone on the road and re-

turned without saying a word. In short I recounted the whole affair to Palma, not omitting anything. Such was the wrath which Palma felt that he was about to beat the poor Indian; but I told him that I did not wish him to strike him, and that although he had done me that injury I greatly loved him, as he was a simpleton and did not know any better, for God commanded me that I must have great love for those who injured me. With this Palma was pacified, but he delivered a long harangue to the Indians who were assembled, telling them how they must treat the fathers. And so we satisfactorily adjusted matters.

In the afternoon one of the two interpreters whom Father Garcés had with him came bringing me a letter from this father, in which he tells me that he will be here tonight. About seven o'clock Father Garcés arrived, and I was greatly delighted, for I was anxious to see him.[1] After supper we talked a good while, and he recounted to me many notable things, which I will note down when the father gives me the diaries which he has kept.

January 4.—In the morning the weather was unsettled, the sky being nearly all clouded over; and during the day it rained at times. Early in the afternoon the courier whom I sent to Caborca returned. The father of that mission sent me some hosts, and the father of Oquitoa sent me two bladders of tallow and twenty wax candles, while Captain Urrea sent

1 Father Garcés was returning from a journey down the Colorado, having left Anza for this purpose at Santa Olaya on December 9th.

me an alimeta of white wine for Masses and a little soap. I am very sorry that they did not bring me more wine, for with only an alimeta I have not enough to begin with, and so I can not promise to remain very long in this place unless God should dispose otherwise.

January 5.—The servants killed a beef. This morning it was cloudy and very cold; afterward it began to rain, and although not much water fell it kept it up nearly all day.

January 6.—Since I now had an alimeta of good wine we said Mass, and a large number of Indians attended. Palma especially was present as always, with close attention and outward devotion, remaining on his knees all the time through the two Masses. This morning it was fair, but it soon became cloudy and very cold. In the afternoon the weather was fair again and many Indians came to see the padres, and likewise the things of the house.

January 7.—In the morning it was fair and calm. I said Mass at sunrise, and afterward Father Garcés said another, some Indians attending both. After Mass a strong raw wind arose, and as the house is not well sheltered we were scarcely able to stay inside because of the cold. Notwithstanding this, in order to keep my promise I will copy here the diary which Father Garcés has kept during his journey and which is as follows:

[Here he sets forth what Father Garcés relates in his diary regarding his journey to the mouth of

the river, but I omit it because it all can be seen in the diary which Father Garcés kept.[1]]

January 8.—I began to write the itinerary or diary kept by Father Garcés in the foregoing journey. Today it was very cold, and we did not say Mass. Palma and Captain Pablo continue to stay at the house and to listen with great pleasure to things which are told them about God.

January 9.—After the *Alabado,* which I sang at daybreak, I continued writing. It was very cold today likewise, and there was nothing else worth mentioning.

January 10.—There was no Mass because the wine is not plentiful and is being saved for feast days. Yesterday the Indian Sebastián and a servant went beyond the Sierra de San Pablo to get a cow belonging to Palma which Captain Ansa left him during the last expedition. I may note that I and Father Garcés asked Palma to give us this cow because it was fat, offering him a lean one which had remained tired out during this expedition. This Palma is so generous that immediately he said that we might have her, and with this permission the servants mentioned set forth to get her.

Today I went with two interpreters to see a very rare thing. It happened that they had told me that it was the custom of these Indians when a woman comes to her first menstruation to bury her in the sand, having warmed it previously with fire. Then

[1] This note was written by Father Font. See p. 339.

many women sing and dance about her for a space of two or three hours, performing this ceremony four consecutive days at a designated hour. During these four days the woman does not eat, they say, and only drinks water at sunset. These four days having passed, they daub her hair with a kind of gum like mud for four more days, and during this time they gave her food to eat, without salt. After these four days they daub her hair with mud four more days, and then she eats and drinks as she wishes.

I did not wish to believe that they buried her or that after the dance was over they took her in their hands, tossed her up in the air three times and the last time let her fall. But since Palma had told me these things, and I had heard the singing for the two previous days consecutively, I asked the two interpreters to accompany me. They did so, and we hid ourselves in the woods, whence I observed the manner of the dancing and the singing by a large circle of Indian women. When I saw them deeply absorbed in their ceremony I emerged from the wood with my interpreters, and we went near to a little fire which they had there. The mother of the girl, or woman, of the ceremony, was crouched low down near a bulk covered with a blanket made of the bark of trees which they weave. I removed the blanket and saw the girl, and I recognized her because she lives near by and comes here every day. She was buried full length in the sand as if dead, with only her head un-

covered. At her head were planted two little stakes to hold up the blanket, in order that it might not prevent her from breathing. I touched the sand with which she was covered and it was hot, although not extremely so. This ceremony and the others, they say, they perform with all the girls at their first period. I here relate what I saw; as to the rest I can give no assurance. They have told me that these heathen barbarians practice other ceremonies, such as burning the dead until they are reduced to ashes, and burning their treasures, breaking their jugs, and deserting their houses and their fields even though they have many crops.

January 11.—This morning it was fair but cold. In the afternoon the servants came with the butchered cow. Some tallow was removed and the rest of the meat was jerked. I have taken the precaution to put the fresh meat on the top of the house in order that the Indians may not steal it from me, for in this matter of using their claws these Yumas are very dextrous.

The Indian Sebastián having arrived, and I having so little wine, as I have said, I asked him if he wished to go to Tubutama[1] for a bottle of it. He replied in the affirmative, and I said, "Well then, get ready to go in the morning," and so he went. I may note that the servant or page of Father Garcés, Joseph María Araiza, became somewhat sick from flux,

[1] Tubutama was a mission and is now a town in the Altar Valley, Sonora.

according to what he told us, and decided to go to El Altar with the Indian Sebastián. Father Garcés, seeing how little he did and how useless he was here, for he was of no account, gave him permission to go. I did not wish to retain him, although the mule on which he was to go was very lean. In fact, for the sake of getting rid of a useless man I was glad to have him take the road even though in this way he deprived me of a good mule. This page or servant is the one whom Father Garcés brought from Tubac, he himself having volunteered to come with the father to serve him without any stipend. And now no other servant remains than the Indian Sebastián, a little boy whom I brought from Tubac, and the young cook of whom I made mention on the 11th of December. For although the three interpreters remain, they are of no use whatever except to talk with the Indians, and for nothing else.

January 12.—In the afternoon the Indian Sebastián and the page of Father Garcés set forth on the road for Caborca, by way of the Pápagos. He said that he would go and get back in two weeks.[1] Well, we shall see. Today the weather was fair.

January 13.—In the morning the weather was fair. About noon three Jalchedunes came and gave us news of the soldiers who went out to fight with the Apaches in the general campaign, according to what we were able to gather from the signs which they made us. Palma received them in a friendly

[1] *Quinze dias*, literally *fifteen days.*

way, treating them with acts of true friendship. He took them to his house to eat, and talked with them during the whole night, as he customarily does whenever Jalchedunes come. I say this in order to show the generous heart of Palma, for, having been so hostile to the Jalchedun tribe for at least fifty years back (and perhaps it is even longer than this that the Yumas have been at open war with the Jalchedunes), now, because the fathers have persuaded him that he must not fight but must be at peace with all the tribes, he not only forgives them but does them all the good in his power.

January 14.—We said Mass, and about ten o'clock in the morning Palma went with the three Jalchedunes and many Yumas to visit and talk with the Cajuenche tribe, likewise formerly their enemies. I think that all of these tribes will remain friendly if the appropriate measures are taken by the superior authorities, but if they delay long in establishing soldiers and a presidio of Spaniards, such an abundant harvest as is offered by this great vineyard may go to waste.

January 15.—Day dawned fair. We said Mass which a number of Indians attended. Today I continued writing the diary of Father Garcés, but nothing else happened.[1]

January 16.—After Mass I finished writing the itinerary of Father Garcés. Today it began to be

[1] This diary of Father Garcés was published, in English, by Elliott Coues in a book entitled *On the Trail of a Spanish Pioneer.*

rather hot, for the sun at this season is already very strong, from which I infer what an intense heat it will give in the summer.

January 17.—Day dawned fair. We said Mass. In the afternoon a Yuma Indian came to gather up our saddle animals and those of the expedition, and he brought the black horse of Father Garcés wounded in the belly. I have not learned who wounded him. The Yumas accuse the Jalchedunes, although I think it was the Yumas, for this horse, some others, and some mules and cattle have destroyed the wheat of the Yumas by eating it and trampling it down.

January 18.—In the morning the weather was fair. After Mass I attended to various matters of the house, making some tables on which to put the dishes. Nothing else happened.

January 19.—In the morning it was cloudy. After Mass they brought the wounded horse and an Indian began to blow on the wound, performing various ceremonies, such as taking many handfuls of earth and rubbing it on the swelling of the belly. Father Garcés, as soon as he learned of these ceremonies, ordered an interpreter to bring the horse so that he might give him water, because he did not wish the Indians to continue doctoring him. But the fact is that the horse had a very large swelling caused by the wound, and that after the Indians rubbed him and plied him with the earth, and the other ceremonies, the swelling went down. In the afternoon Captain Pablo, who had gone with Palma to the Cajuenches, came and told us how well they

had received them and how all the Yumas came loaded with provisions which they gave to them, a certain proof that these two tribes now are friends and relatives, as they say.

January 20.—In the morning it was cloudy but not cold. Today only Father Garcés said Mass. In the afternoon some Cocomaricopas came. The father gave them presents, and they went away very much pleased. At night several old men came and Father Garcés asked one of them various questions. He said that he loved God much and he would very gladly be a Christian, but he was very sad because we were going away, for he did not know when we would return. The good old man told of other things which they are urging upon the superiors, so that they may promptly make the necessary provisions in order that this numerous heathendom may be saved.

January 21.—In the morning it was cloudy and it was seen that it had rained some, although not much. After Mass the Cocomaricopas came to tell us goodbye, and Father Garcés having given them a basket of maize, they went away well pleased. In the afternoon the Jalchedun Indians came and Father Garcés gave them presents with which they also were very well pleased. This afternoon it began to rain very large drops but not with much force, and it continued raining or misting nearly all day. At night several Indians came, and to all of them we taught various things, such as that there is one God, how to make the sign of the cross, etc., although they did not learn very well, for only two Indians

now know how to sing the praises of the *Suba, Suba, Suba!*[1]

January 22.—In the morning there was a thick fog all around the horizon, but after Mass was said by Father Garcés the weather became fair. About eleven o'clock in the morning Palma came from the Cajuenches with one of the two interpreters who had accompanied him, the other interpreter remaining with a sister of his who was ill. At night after the Rosary Palma told us how two Cajuenches spied on him in the morning in order to kill him, but by good luck two of the interpreters saw and prevented them. Palma also told us that the Jalchedunes said that they wished to kill Father Garcés and those who may go to their country in his company, now that they had seen that we were unarmed, adding other ominous things. For this reason one of the interpreters said that he did not wish to go with the father to the Jalchedunes, whither he intends to set forth very soon.

January 23.—Day dawned very foggy, as yesterday. After Mass the other interpreter came and said that his sister was very ill. Father Garcés told him to catch two horses and next day they would go to see her and baptize her. Afterward, about nine o'clock in the morning, many Indians came to play their game. In the afternoon it rained some. There being so many Indians here they came into the house and annoyed me greatly, for they are very boorish. But it is necessary to put up with it all and bear with

[1] The *Sanctus.*

it, although every day and at all times they are very troublesome. The worst of it is that during these concourses it is impossible to say anything because they make such a hubbub, beside the fact that these Yumas are very filthy and have no shame whatever. Most of them go about just as they were born, without the slightest covering, and others, although they may have a cotton blanket or a Moqui[1] blanket, do not cover themselves except from the middle of the body up. In a word, they are the most immodest people I have ever seen, and the reason is that they do not appreciate and do not know what is so natural in mankind as modesty.

January 24.—This morning it was very foggy again, but after Mass the weather became fair. About ten o'clock came nine Apache or Yabipay[2] Indians, as the Yumas call them. They are friendly and somewhat interrelated. Well, then, they came to visit us, Palma and Captain Pablo bringing them between them. They saluted us with great joy, and Father Garcés gave them presents of tobacco, glass beads, and some awls and sewing needles. The Yabipays or Apaches came dressed in deer skin and well covered. They did not wear moccasins as is their custom, having left them in the house where they stopped. Father Garcés and I were very happy to see these people, who are so noted. They are very

[1] The Moquis were the people of northeastern Arizona now commonly called Hopis.

[2] The Yabipay (Yavapai), or Mohave Apaches, lived east of the Colorado and north of the Gila River. They now live on a reservation on Rio Verde.

white and clean, and although poorer than the Yumas they are very modest and particular. After the giving of presents we went to eat and they began to sing and dance. After we had eaten we showed them the altar and the ornaments with the painting of the Virgin, with which they were very much pleased; then Palma took them to dine in his house. Father Garcés went this afternoon to baptize the sick Indian woman whom I mentioned yesterday. This afternoon, also, a Cajuenche Indian came to us to take refuge here through fear of his relatives, who wished to kill him. We aided him, and he says that he wishes to go to Mexico to become acquainted with the Spaniards and the viceroy. Who knows what he will do? He is a boy fourteen or fifteen years old.

January 25.—In the morning the weather was fair although very windy. After Mass I went to the pass called La Concepción to examine a site for building a house. I was pleased with a very level little mesa which is almost at the very top and thither I plan to move as soon as it can be done.[1] For this purpose Palma has already given me some logs which he has had cut, and this afternoon a servant will go to cut timber for the same purpose.

My reason for moving is the insecurity of this place during the floods of the Colorado River. For, although regularly it is not accustomed to rise very much until April and thereafter, no one is able to

[1] The site was evidently nearly or quite the same as that of the Yuma Indian School. Near the same spot the Mission of St. Joseph now serves the descendants of the same people.

assure me that it may not rise before then. And in a word, I would rather take the trouble of building the house in a safe place, since Commander Ansa did not do so, than to find myself in sudden peril. In the afternoon the Apaches or Yabipays came, and I again showed them the ornaments and saints, with which they were much pleased, repeating many times the word "Ajót," which means "good." Afterward I went with them to the house of Palma and, being there with many other Indians, I talked with them about the king and how much he loves them, and told them something about God. To all of this they were very attentive, showing great joy. They always conclude these talks by arguing with me as to when we will come to live with them. I do not promise this, but I do give them good hopes, telling them that it is necessary for Father Garcés to go to give a report to the viceroy, after which we will come.

January 26.—In the morning it was very windy but the day was fair. Today I did not say Mass because of the heavy wind. After breakfast I sent the two interpreters and the cook to cut timber for the house which is to be made. In the afternoon Father Garcés came and told me that he had baptized four persons, three adults and one infant, all ill and in danger of death. We have noticed that some old Indians entertain the foolish notion that those who are baptized immediately die, but Father Garcés and I are disabusing them of their error, and since the proofs are so palpable, they are becoming convinced, although reason does not enter into their understand-

ing. Likewise, Father Garcés has told me that he has explored the sand dunes which lie to the west of the villages of San Pablo, where he has seen a good-sized and level hill or mesa suitable for the founding of a mission, and although it is a considerable distance from the river, yet in any place where a well is dug water flows, and in the neighborhood plentiful pasturage is found. Likewise, in the hills near the site of San Pablo[1] the house of the father could be built, the houses of the Indians remaining in the neighborhood, to which the floods do not reach.

January 27.—In the morning the weather was fine, and after breakfast the same persons as yesterday went to finish cutting the timber. This morning Palma went with many Indians to carry the cut timber to the site where the house is to be erected. I have set out two large ollas with beans and meat, and I shall do the same every day while they are performing this task. About ten o'clock two Yabipays came and Father Garcés talked with them for a long time, as is his custom. After dinner I went to the site of the house to see the timber which they had brought, and about half past three I returned and set about saying prayers. Father Garcés went to Casa Palma, where he talked with the Apaches about various things until after vespers.

January 28.—In the morning it was very cold but quiet. At daybreak I said Mass, which was attended by the members of the household and by

[1] Four years later a short-lived mission was founded at San Pablo.

Palma and other Indians. Soon afterward the Yabipays came and talked with Father Garcés and attended Mass, which this father said. Today I went with the servants to begin the house. I set up all the forked posts and the Indians brought me many branches of willows to enclose it and roof it. Early in the afternoon I returned and found that the Apaches had already departed.

January 29.—As soon as the servants had their breakfast I dispatched them, and afterward I went to enclose the house. Today it was half enclosed, and it was entirely roofed with branches which the Indians continued bringing today. In the afternoon I returned to this place.

January 30.—Very early in the morning I went again with the servants, and attended to other tasks connected with the house. This morning Palma dispatched couriers to all the neighboring Indians on both sides of the river inviting them to come to finish the house and afterward hold a fiesta, which consists entirely of singing and dancing all night and eating a great quantity of atole. This afternoon two Jalchedun boys arrived here.

January 31.—Early in the morning I went to the new house, and with the aid of the servants I made some partitions with logs, in order to put in the provisions and other things. Today a Jalchedun came. All these days have been fair and mild, and the river has risen greatly from the waters of the Gila. Doubtless the Colorado River is always large or full flooded,

for at this season it receives much water from the Gila and later on from the snows of the sierras through which it runs.

February 1.—This morning it was so very cold that the water froze. After the servants had eaten breakfast we went to the house. About noon many Indians came, and with one journey to bring very splendid green branches we roofed all the house, and there remained for tomorrow only to enclose it with the same kind of branches. With this kind of covering the roof is very good and thick, and also the walls. Likewise we plastered the two little storerooms with mud from the lagoons. Palma came dressed in the new suit which the viceroy gave him, and indeed it is only at these gatherings that he is accustomed to wear it. In the afternoon we returned.

February 2.—After Mass Palma went with his men to finish carrying branches to conclude the building of the house, but today neither I nor the servants went because it is a feast day.

February 3.—In the morning the weather was good. After breakfast the interpreters and I loaded two mules and began to move the things to the new house, and today the Indians carried all the provisions. I with two servants enclosed half of the house, and two other servants with two mules have carried things all day. In the afternoon I returned with three servants, leaving one to take care of everything; but on the way I met an Indian carrying my bed, so I went back and remained for the night.

February 4.—In the morning I went with the intention of saying Mass because Father Garcés had left the vestments, but since the wine is very scarce, because the Indian Sebastián has not returned, I did not say Mass, but instead attended the one said by Father Garcés. Mass over, we gathered up all the things which were left and moved to the new house.

February 5.—In the morning the weather was good, and we finished enclosing the entire house. It is pretty good and quite large. It contains one room fourteen and a half varas long with a partition in the middle, where there is an altar better than in some churches. In the afternoon we swept the whole house. The river has gone down greatly during the last two days. From the door of the house one can see the water on both sides of the pass, and being situated on the skirts of a hill it has a site as good as any one might wish or could find in the best valley. In a word, it is as good a site as could be desired for the establishment of a mission.

February 6.—Day dawned fair but afterward the weather became very bad, both because of a strong wind which came up as well as because of the troublesome rain which continued from early in the evening until the next day. And since the roof of the house consists only of branches we became a little wet, although with guangoche blankets we were able to cover the most important things. About vespers the Indian Sebastián returned on foot without anything,[1] for the mules had been left on the other side

[1] On January 12 he had set out for Tubutama to get wine.

of the river and he had left the things on this side, but soon he went back with some Yumas and brought them. Today they carried to Palma the things which Captain Ansa left in his charge until his return from Monterey.[1] Palma and Captain Pablo have moved their houses to the foot of this little hill, near this house, and other families have done the same, so that from the daily assemblage of men and women it already looks like an established pueblo. Today the river rose considerably although it does not yet overflow its banks.

February 7.—In the morning it was raining, and before noon so heavy a shower fell that the water ran through the whole house, but by means of a ditch which was quickly made around it the flooding was stopped. The rain did not last long, and after dinner the sun began to shine and the afternoon became fair. Afterward I went to fish and caught a dozen, although they were not very large. When I returned I set up the altar and all the house was swept, for the floor had become very good and firm with the wetting which it got. Early in the evening a very stiff wind arose and continued all night. This afternoon the servants made two little rooms on opposite sides of the house, one for a chicken coop and the other in which to keep saddles, pack-saddles, etc.

February 8.—Day dawned pleasant and fair but very windy, although with some difficulty Father Garcés and I said Mass. Afterward the Indian Se-

[1] That is, since Palma had moved to La Concepción, these goods were moved to his new domicile.

bastián and an interpreter went to catch the saddle animals which they are to take on the journey which shortly Father Garcés will make up the river to see and talk with the tribes who live on those banks. At night I explained to several Indians the mystery of the unity of God and other points touching our Catholic religion.

I thought that by moving from the other house to this one I should not be so much molested by the Indians, but just the contrary has happened; for if formerly they used to come for a short spell now it is for the whole day. I said *molested* not because they anger me, for I love them greatly, but because it is necessary to have a great quantity of tobacco and other things to give them, whereas I have very little. I infer that during the first years after missions are founded it will be necessary for each minister to have a load of tobacco to give them, for aside from continually asking for it, they put the tobacco in a reed as thick as the finger, to fill which a good handful is necessary; and so they smoke, for they are not satisfied with a cigarette.

February 9.—In the morning the weather was beautiful, serene, and without wind, and we said Mass at sunrise. Today came two Soyopa or Jamajab Indians,[1] as they are also called, but nothing happened.

February 10.—In the morning the weather was fair but somewhat windy. After Mass several things

[1] Mohaves, living near The Needles.

were arranged for Father Garcés to take on the journey which he is to make up the river. In the afternoon came a Pima Indian who is to set out tomorrow for Sonóytac of the Pápagos, and for this reason I wrote a letter to the father guardian and another to Father Fray Juan Gorgoll, minister of El Ati.[1] The Indian did not wish to wait and spend the night here, but told me that he would come in the morning and shout from the other bank and they might take the letter over to him. Who knows whether he will come or not? At night several Indians said that tomorrow the river would rise greatly. I did not believe them although they said they had been informed of this event by the Indians of the Gila.

February 11.—Day dawned fair. After Mass I went up to the hill and found Palma and others looking at the river, and I saw that since yesterday afternoon it had risen greatly in places and was overflowing its banks for more than a hundred paces. The Indians say that now the river is beginning to rise from the waters of the Gila, and I do not doubt it, for during these last few days it is known to have rained heavily. Certainly this river is wonderful for the great amount of water which it carries, and if now it causes respect or fear because of its volume, what will it be later on, in May, when it increases so that, as they say, the whole valley looks like a sea.

[1] The Upper Pimas lived on the Gila, Santa Cruz, and Altar rivers. The Pápagos lived between the Altar and the Gila rivers. El Ati was then a mission and is now a town on the Altar River, Sonora. Father Gorgoll later became missionary at Oquitoa.

About eleven o'clock in the morning the Pima Indian came and shouted from the other bank, and by a woman I sent the two letters and a little basket of maize and some jerked meat. These Yuma Indians are dextrous swimmers, and the women are even better than the men,[1] for they are the ones who cross the river loaded with children, provisions, and other things. In order not to wet what they take over they put it in a large basket and go pushing it along in front of them. In the afternoon I went to the bank of the river at the foot of the hill and caught a large fish, the largest one I have seen up to now. It must weight four and one-half pounds. Father Garcés did not start today because he had not finished arranging his baggage, but he will set out tomorrow after dinner.

February 12.—At dawn I said Mass. After breakfast I went up to the hill and saw that the river has risen greatly and is spreading out so that on whichever side one looks one sees water, and it is still rising. These waters all come from the Gila, whose current when we saw it at Sutaquison[2] had stopped. It is true that water is never lacking in that river. Since its channel is deep and very sandy, during the dry season the water sinks and so in some places it does not run, but from the volume which it pours into the Colorado may be inferred the great amount of water which the Gila collects in this season.

[1] Anza and Font give graphic accounts of the feats performed by these Yuma swimmers.

[2] A Pima town on the Gila River west of Casa Grande.

I cannot leave in silence the great error entertained by those who are ignorant of the course of the Gila River before it joins the Colorado. This error is that the waters which have the name of Gila usurp it from the large Rio de la Assumpción and from another called the Verde.[1] For the Gila joins these others between the Gileños and Opas, and the Assumpción especially is larger in volume than the Gila, as is seen in the summer and in the dry season, according to the opinion of experienced men such as Father Garcés and the Indians. Nevertheless, in time of the floods the Gila is very large, so that it competes with the Colorado when the latter is low. But when the snows of the sierra begin to melt they say there is no other river here. The Gila rises so high on account of the extensive mountainous country through which it passes between here and its source, but the waters are adulterated as soon as they reach the valleys, on account of the great amount of salt. The waters of the Colorado are very fresh, and according to what I have experienced in the short time that I have used them, they are very healthful, although they may be slightly salty as the result of communication with the Gila, the Salado, etc. Father Garcés did not start today because he lacked some mounts.

February 13.—Day dawned fair. We said Mass, and soon afterward one of the servants came to watch the animals which Father Garcés is to take,

[1] Rio de la Assumpción is now the Salt River. The Verde River still is so-called.

the Indian Sebastián and two interpreters assisting. As soon as it was daylight two of the watchers went to seek a missing mule which was tethered to another animal. Who knows whether they will find it or not? In the afternoon they found the tethered mule alone.

February 14.—In the morning the weather was fair. After Mass they brought the animals, and after dinner Father Garcés set out in the company of the Indian Sebastián and two interpreters.[1] He intends to go to visit the Jamajá, Yabapay, the Cornius, Chemegué and other tribes who dwell upstream and in the mountains.[2] About noon, and before the father started, several Jalchedun Indians and some Cocomaricopas from the Gila River arrived with the governor and the alcalde of San Bernardino. They came to visit us and brought us a report that many Spaniards were coming, and of other matters which I do not mention to avoid being wearisome and because they may be lies.

They were talking with the father when Palma came into view dressed as a justice, carrying a cane, and delivered a very long harangue, informing all his hearers, relatives and strangers, that peace had now been made with all the tribes formerly hostile,

[1] Father Garcés was now setting out on the remarkable journey which took him across the Mojave Desert to San Gabriel, into the San Joaquin River Valley, back across the Mojave Desert, eastward to the Moquis, and back to the Yuma junction. See Elliott Coues, *On the Trail of a Spanish Pioneer.*

[2] The Chemegués were Paiutes. The Cornius were evidently the Cosninas.

that is to say, the Jalchedunes, Jatapañá, Yabipay, Cajuenche, Jaliquamay, Cucapa, etc., because the king who ruled the Spaniards had given him the cane in order that now he might not fight with anybody, and other similar things, giving various demonstrations of how much he esteems the king, the Spaniards, and the fathers. After finishing his sermon he embraced one of the Cocomaricopas and the two wept for a spell because, says Palma, he is a very near relative, but since that tribe and the Yumas have always been enemies he had never seen him before, and so he was weeping for joy. I have noticed that all these Indians when they get through talking salute each other many times.

The harangue over, they went to eat at the house of Palma, who had already prepared a great amount of atole, since this is their best dish. After they had emptied the pots at Casa Palma, other old men took them to eat at their houses, and so they spent the entire afternoon. After vespers Palma came, as he always does, bringing the strangers, and after saying the Rosary and singing the praises, in which the Yumas now join, we talked for a while. Then Palma took all of them except the governor, who remained here to sleep, to the house of an old man, where daylight found them talking and singing, as is always the case when strangers come.

February 15.—At daybreak I said Mass, and afterward the Indian Sebastián came to breakfast because the animals which they took yesterday came back and he came to find them. As a matter of fact,

it was not necessary for him to come clear here, but since this Indian is evil he came to a house where I happened to be and told me that he was coming to eat a bite. I told him to come to this house, where there was something to eat. He came, and the boy told me that he had drunk from a bottle. I came and he immediately hit the road. I note this down because this Indian is an unregenerate rogue, without shame, and nothing can be trusted in his hands.[1]

After dinner the Cocomaricopas came to say goodbye and I made them a present of tobacco, maize, and beans for seed, whereupon they departed very well content. In the afternoon the Indians brought me a large number of fish, but I took only a few. The Indians are now beginning to fish in the lagoons, and with their nets and other contrivances which look like cages they catch a great many. I have seen them catch and take out more than three arrobas in less than two hours, but the fish are only moderately good, being full of bones, as I have said before.

February 16.—I did not say Mass. After breakfast the servants made a reata to catch a bull which wounded the cook yesterday, and after dinner they set forth on a horse and a mule. In the afternoon eleven Indians of the Jamajáb tribe came. I gave them tobacco, and the Yumas took them to their houses to eat as they always do with all who come, from whatever tribe they may be. I showed them the

[1] After all that Sebastián had done and did for Anza, Garcés, and Eixarch, one can not help feeling that this criticism is a little harsh and ungrateful.

images which I have on the altar and the ornaments for celebrating Mass. They admired them greatly and said they were good. This tribe was formerly one of those most hostile to the Yumas, but today it is friendly, and I have no doubt that this friendship will continue between these two populous tribes, and if prompt measures are taken by the superiors I may say the same of the rest, but otherwise they are certain to return to their ancient hatreds and hostilities.

February 17.—At daybreak I said Mass, and afterward made some things needed in the house. About nine o'clock in the morning one of the two servants who yesterday went to kill the bull came and told me that the other one had remained away hunting him, he himself having returned because the mule had not wished to travel. I suppose that this is one of the interpreters, who are of no use except to eat, for all three of them are very short in their Spanish, and it is scarcely possible to understand what they translate no matter how many signs they make. The other is the young cook, and if it were not for him not a one of the six beeves left by Commander Ansa would have been caught, nor would we have had anybody to serve us here or give us a bite to eat. I have already said in another place that this boy remained here by accident, from which may be inferred the provisions made for us by Commander Ansa. If the Yumas were poor we should have suffered hardships, but thank God the Indians supply the shortcomings of the Spaniards. I do not

say this on my own account, for I am poor, and we poor must be patient and happy in penury or abundance, but I speak for the servants and their messmates. After sunset the cook came and said that he was not able to find the bull because the brush was so thick.

February 18.—At sunrise I said Mass, although with some difficulty because it was so windy. After breakfast the cook set forth again to hunt for the bull, but in the afternoon he returned without finding him. It has been windy all day. They told me that one of the worn-out horses was going about with an arrow in its flesh. I told Palma about it and he made a long harangue to the Indians, reprimanding them for wounding a horse of the Spaniards, from which can be inferred the great affection which this Indian Palma has for us.

February 19.—Day dawned fair although it was very windy. Since I have been on this river I have noticed that when the wind begins to blow it usually lasts three or four days. At daybreak I said Mass.

February 20.—This morning the weather was fair. I did not say Mass because I had spent a horrible night on account of the troublesome flux from which I suffered. Nothing else happened.

February 21.—This being Ash Wednesday I explained to Palma and other Indians what a favor the Church grants us with such a ceremony as it orders for this day. All the few Indians and servants who attended the Mass which I said in the morning received ashes on their heads. Palma told me that

these things pleased him greatly. This Indian Palma is very much attached to the things of the church. Indeed, in the past year of 1775 he was at Cieneguilla and San Miguel,[1] and while there never missed a single Mass or sermon or Rosary, just the same as now. It will be a pity if this Indian is not baptized.

February 22.—The weather was fair this morning, and although it was very windy I said Mass at sunrise. Nothing else happened.

February 23.—This morning it was cloudy and I said Mass at sunrise. The heat is now beginning to be felt. I have noticed that the water becomes hot in the house, but that of the river is very cool. The Indians say that it is always cool even though the weather may be very hot, from which I infer that most of the water of this large volumed river must come from the melting of the snow, and that for this reason its floods come during the hot weather. In the afternoon we said the stations of the *Via Sacra,*[2] several Indians taking part. At night one of the interpreters, the one whom I mention in the entry for January 23, came from a visit to his sister, telling me that she had died day before yesterday, she being one of the four baptized by Father Garcés on January 26. This interpreter also told me that the Indians had buried the body of the deceased woman. I say *buried* because the Yumas burn their dead, interring only those who are baptized.

[1] Cieneguilla and San Miguel de Horcasitas were and are towns in Sonora.

[2] The Stations of the Cross.

February 24.—I said Mass at sunrise. In the afternoon the Indians brought me about an arroba of fish from the lagoons. In return I gave them tobacco and they were very well satisfied.

February 25.—Day dawned fair, and at sunrise I said Mass. In the afternoon Palma went and strongly urged Captain Pablo to assist me liberally. I have noticed that Palma takes no stock in this Pablo, and is going about looking for another who may be a better officer. I have learned this through the interpreter to whom Palma has expressed himself. This Indian Palma says that Pablo is not good for a captain because he does not do the things which the fathers advise. And this is a fact, for it is a long time since I have seen this Pablo either at Mass or at the Rosary. In short, I have noticed that he does not believe the doctrine which is taught them, whereas in truth Palma practices it to the best of his ability.

It is so common a practice among the Yumas to consort with many women that there is no youth who does not have as many as he wants, for, as I said in another place, these people are the most immodest of all that I have seen, going about totally naked. I am speaking of the men, for the women now cover themselves. But this Pablo is still like all the rest with regard to wives, a matter so contrary to natural reason that there is no nation to which it is not repugnant. Palma is proud of himself, saying that it is true that he used to have many

wives, but that since they gave him the cane he has put them away; and now he has and lives with only one, by whom he has six children, as I have already stated in another place.

February 26.—Day dawned fair, and at daybreak I said Mass. Today Pablo came to ask permission to go to see the Jamajabs. In the night some boys, those who spread the news, came and told me that a woman had given birth to two little girls. I went to see if any of them were in danger of death, but I found them all right and their mother sitting up making two little cradles, although the infants were so recently born.

February 27.—This morning the weather was fair. I did not say Mass. This morning Pablo started, and soon afterward some Jamajabs came to visit me. In the afternoon an Indian brought me a large fish.

February 28.—This morning the weather was fair. I did not say Mass. In the afternoon Pablo returned from his journey. There is nothing else to record.

February 29.—At sunrise I said Mass. Now the heat is so great in the daytime that one can not remain in the sun. I may also note that this country is very much plagued with rats, and with bats and other vermin. The first, especially, do me a great deal of damage, and since the house is situated on the hill they have it all undermined, stealing and eating everything that is in it. For this reason the

ministers who may come to found these missions, which I hope will be established soon, must try to bring some cats if they do not wish to experience the molestation and damage which necessarily will be caused them by such outlandish little beasts. In the afternoon some Jamajabs came and I regaled them with tobacco.

March 1.—At daybreak I said Mass. In the afternoon we said the stations, at which many Indian men and women were present. Afterward they said that the Jalchedunes had stolen seven horses from the Yumas and that for this reason the latter were very angry. They told me that they were good but that the Jalchedunes were enemies, and that they would go to fight them as soon as we should leave. I tried to dissuade them from their purpose, but since these Indians think so highly of a horse I know what they will do the minute we leave here.

March 2.—Day dawned fair. I did not say Mass. Yesterday I noticed that the river was beginning to rise. In the afternoon came five Apaches, or Jabapays, as the Indians call them. I gave them tobacco and glass beads and they went away satisfied, the old Yumas taking them to their houses to eat.

March 3.—Day dawned fair but it was so windy that I could not go out of the house. Last night the wind was so violent that I was afraid the house would fall, but nothing happened. The winds in this place are so strong, according to what I have observed, that if missions are founded they will not be

able to build very high houses. On the other hand, the heat is excessive, consequently it will be necessary to take prudent means. At sunrise I said Mass. After dinner the Apaches came and I showed them the vestments for celebrating Mass and likewise the images which I have, and they were much pleased with them. Tomorrow, God willing, I shall set out for the presidio of Altar, in company with Captain Pablo, directing my route by way of the Pápagos, who now are friendly with the Spaniards.

March 4.—In the morning the weather was fair. I did not say Mass. Early in the morning Pablo and some old men made a raft of poles like a crate, and after dinner, sitting on top, I was taken across the river by six Indians swimming and steering the raft. It must have been about noon when in company with Pablo I took the road for my journey. Before sunset I halted to rest a while and that the animals might eat. At ten o'clock at night I again set out and traveled the rest of the night until daybreak, when I halted for a short while, to make a fire and warm myself, for it was very cold.

March 5.—Before sunrise I mounted the horse, and about ten o'clock in the morning we came to a very pretty sierra of rocks which they call Tinajas de la Candelaria.[1] This watering place is not per-

[1] Father Eixarch's route practically reversed that followed by Anza from Caborca on his first journey. He evidently went through Tinajas Altas Pass. Tinajas de la Candelaria were the Cabeza Prieta Tanks. The rough Sierra reached on the 6th was evidently Sierra Pinta, and one of the tanks visited was evidently Heart Tank (Anza's Aguaje Empinado).

manent because it is not a spring, but it is in a very good rock which in the rainy season collects the water shed by the other rocks higher up, and since it is concave they call it La Tinaja. As soon as I arrived at this place I watered my horse and the one ridden by the Indian, using a gourd which by good fortune we had in the saddle-bags. Afterward we had a bite and then went to look for grass. We soon found a little and halted to rest and to sleep until midnight when, God willing, I plan to set forth. From the Colorado River to this place there is no water and the grass is scarce and bad. In fact it is one of the most arid strips of the country that I have ever seen.

March 6.—It must have been about midnight when I aroused Pablo. At this time we saddled the horses and started. At daybreak we came to a very rough sierra, which has three or four water holes in a canyon, though I only saw two. Here our horses drank at their pleasure, but to ascend costs a great deal of labor because of the great many stones. We descended on foot and took the road. After going about a league and a half we found plentiful grass, although it was bad, in a little valley, and here we halted to let the horses feed and rest for a while. About two o'clock in the afternoon we mounted again and at half past four we came to another sierra which has a tank. We took the horses up as far as we could. Here there was a rock like a font, and the Indian took the two gourds which we had with us and four times brought down water from

the tank. This took an hour because the ascent and descent were very difficult. Afterward we again mounted and traveled until eight o'clock, when we found grass, making it possible for the horses to eat their supper.

March 7.—At two o'clock in the morning I mounted my horse and traveled until ten, when I halted in order that the horses might eat. Then, about noon, I again mounted and traveled to the watering place of El Carrizal[1] where I arrived at two o'clock in the afternoon, and here I stopped to sleep. This is an arroyo which at present is running. The water is very salty, but since there is no other it is necessary to drink it. All this place is covered with a foamy salt or salitre which is as white as snow. There is also a great deal of reed grass, and for this reason the place is called El Carrizalito.

March 8.—About two o'clock in the morning I mounted my horse and at eight o'clock arrived at Sonóytac of the Pápagos, where I rested, and after noon I again mounted my horse, Pablo leaving his horse here for the return. Before sunset I halted on a hill which has plentiful grass, and here I remained to sleep until one o'clock at night.

March 9.—At this hour I mounted my horse and a little after sunrise came to San Luís de Quitobác, a village of Pápagos. I may note that I have traveled all the way very slowly because the Indian's

[1] El Carrizal was at Agua Salada on Sonóita River. Sonóita and Quitobac, passed on the 8th and 9th, are places in Sonora still bearing the same names.

horse was poor, and since yesterday Pablo is going on foot until we arrive at El Altar, God willing. At this village an Indian woman brought a little parched wheat for me to eat, but considering her great poverty I did not wish to accept it, and told her to eat it herself. Here I rested until one o'clock in the afternoon. At that hour I set forth and traveled three and one-half leagues, when I came to a very scanty watering place. It is a well from which the animals are not able to drink, and for this reason it is necessary to carry some kind of a corita in order that they may have water. I rested for a short time while I was eating pinole for refreshment, then I again mounted and traveled until after sunset because I did not find any grass. Coming at that time to a place where I saw a few spears of grass in a small, dry arroyo, I stopped here to sleep and rest.

March 10.—About one in the morning I set out from this place. Before daylight the Indian, my companion, stopped in the middle of the road because of a noise which he heard. I was a little frightened, especially when we saw three horses near by, one hobbled and two loose. This fear was well justified, for the barbarian Apaches are in the habit of visiting this region, but we passed by without anything happening. Soon afterward it was daybreak, and since the day before the Indian had shown me from a high place the sierras of Caborca, about seven o'clock in the morning I said to him that I would go on ahead in order to get there for dinner with the fathers of Caborca, for I was in great need.

I set forth, and since the Indian was on foot he fell far behind.

At ten o'clock in the morning I came to an arroyo which was not running but had several wells. Here I watered the horse and continued on my way without filling the gourd which I was carrying, feeling sure that I should reach Caborca very early. I came to two roads and taking the one most beaten and the widest I made a mistake, for it was the road leading to Búsanig,[1] *pueblo de visita* of the mission of Caborca. I traveled without stopping until five o'clock in the afternoon, when I found some grass and unsaddled the horse, because he was tired, thinking to stop here for the night. I arranged the baggage, and leaving the horse tied I went to look for firewood, but could not find any near by, so I again saddled the horse and continued on my way. After going a short distance I found some pools of water, or rather of mud, where the horse drank and I also, for I was in great need, as I had not taken any nourishment during the whole day. I again mounted, when I descried a league away a building which looked white. I reached it before sunset and it proved to be the pueblo of Búsanig. Here they told me of various happenings, that Father Carrasco had died, and other things. In short, I stopped here for the night.

March 11.—Early in the morning I went on to Caborca, where I remained for a day, and then I

[1] Búsanic (Bísani) was and is on the Altar River some twenty miles below Caborca. Formerly there had been another Búsanic above Saric.

226. Mª Rita. Pima Parrula.

Con el año del Señor de mil setecientos, ochenta por o. dia veinte y ocho de Agosto, Yo Fr. Thomas Eyxarch Mis° Apº de Oquitoa, bauticé solemte à una Infanta, que nacio el dia veinte, y seis de dho mes, ja legitima de Antonio Ortiz, y de Manuela Chaves Conjuges Pimas de este Pueblo; à la que pusè por nombre Mª Rita. Fuè su Madrina Mª Nicolaya Salas, Pima, à quien adverti el parentesco espiritual, y demas obligaciones, que contrage. Paraque conste, lo firmo en dho dia, mes, y año ut supra. Fr. Thomas Eyxarch.

227 Rosa de Stª Mª Parra Pima.

Con el año del Señor de mil setecientos ochenta, en el dia primero del mes de setiembre, Yo Fr. Thomas Eyxarch Mis° Apº de Oquitoa bauticè solemte à una Infante, que nacio el dia treinta del mes de Agosto; hija legitima de Juan Mre Moreno, y de Maria Ramiel Conjuges Pimas de este Pueblo, à la que se le impuso por nombre Rosa de Stª Mª. Fueron sus Padrinos Juan Ramirez, y Ygnacia Bustamante, à quienes adverti el parentesco espiritual, y demas obligaciones que contrayeron. Paque conste lo firmo en dho dia, mes, y año. Fr. Thomas Eixarch

Año 1781

228. Juan Antonio. Pimo Papago

Con el año del Señor de mil setecientos ochenta y uno en el dia catorce de Enero, Yo Fr. Thomas Eyxarch Mis° Apº de esta mision de Oquitoa bauticè solemnte à un Infante, que nacio el dia onze de dho mes, hijo natural de Pp. Gentiles, que se hallan aqui, en actual catheciimo; al que se le impuso por nombre Juan Antonio. Fueron sus Padrinos Agustin Hernandez, y Lucia Baños, ambos Pimas, hijos de este Pueblo; à quienes adverti el parentesco espiritual, y demas obligaciones. Paraque conste, lo firmo en dho dia, mes, y año ut supra. Fr. Thomas Eyxarch.

229 Josef Pimo Papago

Con el año del Señor de mil setecientos ochenta y uno, en el dia catorce de Enero, Yo Fr. Thomas Eyxarch Mis° Apº de esta mis° de Oquitoa bauticè solemte à un Infante que nacieron de los Papagos, como de tres años, hijos de Xavier Mendoza, y de Guadalupe Velasco Papagos, al que se le impuso por nombre Josef. Fuè su Madrina Rosa Cleve, Pima de este Pueblo, à la que adverti el parentesco espiritual, y demas obligaciones, que contrayo. Paque conste, lo firmo dho dia, mes, y año ut sup. Fr. Thomas Eyxarch.

230. Maria Getrudis Pima Papaga

Con el año del Señor de mil setecientos, ochenta y uno, en el dia catorce de Enero, Yo Fr. Thomas Eyxarch Missionero Apº de Oquitoa bauticè solemnemente, à una Niña, que trageron de los Papagos, como de cinco años; hija de Xavier Mendoza, y de Guadalupe Velasco Papagos; à la que se le impuso por nombre Maria Getrudis. Fuè su Madrina Getrudis Rivera, vezina de razon, de este Pueblo, à la que adverti el parentesco espiritual, y demas obligaciones, que contrayo. Paraque conste, lo firmo, dho dia, mes, y año, ut supra.

Fr. Thomas Eyxarch

Page of baptismal record of Oquitoa mission, showing Father Eixarch's signatures.

went to visit the fathers of Oquitoa, Ati, and Tubutama,[1] remaining with them until the last of the present month. Afterward I went with Father Espinosa and with him celebrated Holy Week. On Easter Sunday I went to Caborca to dine, and from there I set out to return to the Colorado River the last day of Easter time, the 9th of April. On the way from Caborca to the Colorado River I spent seven days, experiencing some hardships on the road. Now I will go on noting daily whatever may occur.[2]

April 15.—I arrived at the bank of the river before sunset and at once the Indians came and took me over on a raft. As soon as I entered the house it filled up with men, women, and children, who manifested the great joy which they felt at my return. I regaled them with tobacco and a little *chumite,* and sent them away for the night.

April 16.—Because the altar was not arranged and I was tired from yesterday's long journey, I did not say Mass. After breakfast I went to the house of an Indian to see a little boy who was very ill, and in order that he might not die without holy baptism, because the Indians never give notice, I baptized him and called him Ygnacio. I may note that this was a baptism in case of necessity.

April 17.—At daybreak I said Mass, which was attended by some Indian men and women, together

[1] Places on the Altar River above Caborca.

[2] The inference is that Father Eixarch returned by the same route by which he had gone to Sonora.

with Captain Palma, and these heathen manifested the great pleasure which they felt at my return, for they were already wondering at the lack of this divine sacrifice. I have no doubt that those who gladly attend Mass have stronger aids than the ordinary ones, and so I say that I am not surprised that the heathen feel this lack; for although they are rude they already know that the Mass is a very good thing. After Mass the Indian women brought me some wheat, maize, and beans, because yesterday I told them that I was nearly out. This kindness can not be repaid, for such care is not shown even by children toward their parents. In return I made them presents of some little things. At noon they brought me from the other side of the river the two horses which I left there day before yesterday when I returned from my journey.

April 18.—I said Mass at sunrise. Afterward I sent the cook to kill a beef if he could, but he was not able to do so. Today there has been a strong wind, and the worst of it is that now at nightfall it is getting fiercer.

April 19.—I arose after sunrise very cold. The wind of yesterday has continued and still continues very strong, and for this reason I have not said Mass today, for the house is very poorly sheltered and the wind blows strongly in all parts of it. This morning the little boy whom I baptized on the 16th died. It is so cold today that I have gone outside of the house to get the sun.

About noon came four Jalchedunes, two men and two women, and I gave them tobacco and glass beads. Afterward they went away, the Yumas taking them with them. The interpreter told me that they wished to kill them, so I mounted a horse and went with the interpreter to seek them. At a distance of a league and a half from this house I found a crowd of Yumas who must have numbered about a hundred. There the old men were haranguing the rest, and they had the Jalchedunes in their midst, having already taken away their bows. I appeared on the scene and pretended to be very angry. Calling the old headman of the Yumas I asked him what was the matter, and why they wished to injure the Jalchedunes? He replied that they would not hurt them, for although other Jalchedunes had stolen eight horses from the Yumas, the father and the Spaniards did not wish them to fight, etc. I did not have much confidence in this old man, so I took the four Jalchedunes to my house where I gave them food and told them not to be afraid, because I loved them greatly, and now the Yumas would not injure them. Thereupon the Yumas took them with them to eat and sleep in their houses. Nothing else happened.

April 20.—At sunrise I said Mass. In the morning the weather was good. The river is now formidable. It greatly overflows its channel and is forming the many and large lakes which it usually fills every year. The wheat of the Indians is now

maturing and that which I have seen is very good. This is proof of the richness and fertility of this land, for without irrigation and solely with the moisture which the river affords at the season of its regular floods, these Indians get so important a harvest as wheat. I note also that these Indians harvest another grain which they call *quiés*,[1] and of which they make atole, bread baked in ashes, and other dishes. This grain, which they sow in the winter and in the lakes when they are drying up, looks like the seeds of the fig, although somewhat smaller. In color it is between red and brown, and it has a very pleasant taste. In the afternoon the Indians from below brought me some provisions consisting of wheat, maize, and beans. In return I gave them some knives and they went away very well content.

April 21.—In the morning the weather was fair. At sunrise I said Mass, which was attended by Palma, who never fails. I note this because Pablo, the other captain, for a long time back has come neither to Mass nor to the Rosary, and I have noted that he is averse to hearing things about God. Therefore it is not well that this Indian Pablo should be given the title of justice, although some persons might favor it, for I do not like him. Moreover, Palma has told me several times that he does not like him as an associate, because he gives him no aid, and he says that he will seek a man of good heart, because this Pablo is a great wizard. And from what I have experienced I must say that Pablo

[1] Evidently the same as *equiesa*.

has a bad heart, slight love for the fathers, and less for the things of God. The Yumas are now beginning to plant beans, calabashes, and maize, and I have given this Palma a few red beans in order that he may plant them.

April 22.—In the morning the weather was fair, although somewhat windy. I said Mass at sunrise. I think that in this place the heat will never be very intense, because the wind scarcely ever fails, but the Yumas say that in the lowlands they burn up when they are in the sun.

April 23.—I did not say Mass because there was a heavy wind in the morning, and it is continuing. Last night I explained to Palma and others the necessity for holy baptism, for as I have already said in this diary, these Indians do not wholly believe in the efficacy of this sacrament as a means of sanctifying their souls. I must always except Palma from these doubts, for he has assured me many times that he always believes the things which I say to him because they are good. For this reason he said to me last night that he would not have wept even though his own infant child had died, for he now knows that I would have sprinkled holy water on it and it would now be in heaven, face to face with God. I was greatly pleased to see, realize, and hear in a heathen like Palma such readiness to believe the highest mysteries. Doubtless because of his good heart God gives him powerful aid in order that he may embrace the Catholic faith. The river has gone down

greatly. When I asked Palma why it stopped rising he replied that it is in the habit of doing this and then suddenly much water comes.

April 24.—I said Mass at daybreak. Now the wind has stopped and it is becoming a pleasant day. The Yumas say that Father Garcés went to Monterey. If this is true no doubt he will have succeeded in his purpose of finding a better road than the one now known. What is certain is that the father has not yet appeared, and I am very sorry, because the projects for new foundations are being delayed, but I say no more about this matter because I do not wish to be a false prophet. In the afternoon three Cajuenches came to visit me.

April 25.—In the morning the weather was fair. I said Mass, to which Palma and the Cajuenches of yesterday listened with close attention, and they also attended the Litanies which I sang after Mass. At noon the Cajuenches departed, and according to what Palma told me they launched themselves on some logs in the river and properly embarked aboard them they are going to their land. In the afternoon a Jalchedun, a relative of Palma, came and told me that Father Garcés had been in his tribe. At night there was an earthquake, but it was of short duration. Since I had never experienced such a thing I was frightened to see how the hill shook. Palma told me that it always does this whenever the river wishes to rise, saying that the earth usually trembles three or four times.

April 26.—I said Mass at daybreak. The morning was somewhat cloudy, and about nine o'clock in the forenoon the earthquake was repeated, although very lightly. The river gets lower every day, although it always looks large to me.

April 27.—After Mass the Jalchedun left, and with him I dispatched an interpreter with a letter for Father Garcés, who departed from my company two and one-half months ago and has not yet appeared. I note this down for whatever use it may be.

April 28.—In the morning the weather was fair and I said Mass at sunrise. When I got up to arrange the altar and prepare myself to celebrate, Palma was already waiting to hear me say Mass. Poor heathen, like us he is arguing about our dilatoriness, for without more light than the little which I have explained to him of the Wonderful Mystery, he watches and spies on the priest when he goes to put on his vestments, and I have not encountered such faith among the Spaniards of Pimería Alta. In short, this Indian causes me confusion.

April 29.—I said Mass at sunrise. I may note that the heat is now excessive, so that neither at night nor in the morning does it get cool. Now I understand the report of Father Garcés when he says that in this country the heat is great in April and thenceforward.

April 30.—At daybreak I said Mass. I have noted that some Yumas are short of maize, beans, and wheat, although they are not in great need, be-

cause of the other fruits and grains which they harvest. And although the horses, mules, and cattle which the expedition left tired out have eaten up nearly all the wheat, I feel confident they will have fair-sized crops. But these damages which these poor people are now beginning to suffer ought in justice to be made good with some equivalent. On whom does this obligation rest?

May 1.—Day dawned fair and at sunrise I said Mass. Now the river is rising again.

May 2.—I did not say Mass, and there is nothing else to record.

May 3.—In the morning it was cloudy and somewhat fresh. I say fresh, because these last few days have so used me up with the heat that I have already bathed a few times. I said Mass at daybreak. Yesterday afternoon I adorned with willow branches a holy cross which I have set up in front of the house. In the afternoon some Cocomaricopas of the Gila River came with their alcalde to visit me, and I gave them tobacco and a basket of beans and maize in order that they might eat.

May 4.—At daybreak I said Mass, which was heard by Palma, together with the Cocomaricopas and several Yumas, who listened in deep silence. In the afternoon the Cocomaricopas departed, and by the alcalde I sent a letter for the señor inspector.[1] Before sunset there was a great storm of wind accompanied by rain, and also a few peals of thunder.

[1] Hugo O'Conor.

The rain was not very considerable, but the wind was very heavy and lasted nearly all night.

May 5.—In the morning there was some wind but the day was pleasant. I said Mass at sunrise. The river is rising every day and now greatly overflows its channel, and for this reason the Indians say that this year they will harvest plentiful maize, beans, etc. They have already cleared the land and are beginning to cut the wheat.

May 6.—The morning dawned fair, but with much wind which continued until night. At sunrise I said Mass, although with some difficulty, Palma attending as always. I note here what I have insinuated in other places in this diary, namely, that Captain Pablo has entirely quit coming to Mass, the Rosary, etc., and I am becoming convinced of what Palma has told me several times (the Yumitas[1] who are at Caborca told me the same thing, namely, that Pablo is a great wizard.) Indeed, last night after supper I heard this fellow chanting a canticle very deliberately and melancholic, having a sick man in his house, to whom he gives such rubbings of the stomach with sand that only a brute would be able to stand it. He blows on him many times, and then blows against the wind, making many passes when he puffs. They say that in order to perform his office properly he bathes himself very carefully early in the morning. I note this in order that the fathers may be apprised of it, for although Captain

[1] The Little Yumas.

Ansa has shown a great liking for this Indian it is because he has had no experience with him. I must say that he is lacking in every amiable quality. All that he can claim is to be made in the image of God, for which reason we ought to love him the same as ourselves. Palma has already sought another man for his associate, for neither he nor his people like this Pablo.

At the beginning of this diary I gave a high opinion of this Indian, putting him above Palma in valor, but I spoke without experience. Now I have learned that if it had not been for Palma he would have been killed by the Yumas of the village of San Pablo, of which they say he is captain. For this reason I have many times given him the title of captain, but I do not know what kind of a captain he may be, for not only does he not live at his village but he never visits his people. This is adequate proof of the lack of acceptance which he has even among his own people. On the contrary, Palma is loved and respected even by strangers. Perhaps it is because of his noble heart and of the love, which he manifests by deeds, not only for the king, the Spaniards, and the fathers, but for all things relating to God.

May 7.—In the morning it was very windy and quite fresh, and I did not say Mass. Yesterday Governor Carlos of the Cocomaricopas came and remained to spend the night with me, as he always does. He has told me a number of things, and among

them he has said that the maize and the other grains are very tall, although the Gila River is dry, and that the Yabipays are now good, whereas formerly they were very hostile. He also tells me that there has been much hunger in his land, and other things. I like this Indian immensely, for he appears to be very friendly toward the Spaniards, and among his people he has the greatest authority. I have given him a knife and some provisions, with which he has been very well pleased.

May 8.—In the morning it was very fresh but without wind. At sunrise I said Mass, which was attended only by Palma. These last two days it has been cold. Yesterday afternoon Palma told me that two Pimas had come and said that the Apaches had fallen on Caborca and finished the few horses which were left. He also said they came to tell me that at Caborca there was a letter from the viceroy in which he was ordering presidios established on the Gila and Colorado rivers; that Father Garcés and Captain Ansa were going to see the viceroy, but that I was to remain here; and that now all the Spanish people were coming to this river, because they did not wish to remain either at Altar or in the Pimería for fear of the Apaches. I recognize that these things have no connection with one another, and for this reason and because they are reports of Indians I do not give them much credence, although I am inclined to think that some of them may be true, for a lie is usually the daughter of something.

This morning the cook went to see if he could kill a beef, because the meat is now nearly used up and the little which remains is wormy. I certainly am very thankful for the provisions which Captain Ansa left here. Of meat there is plenty in the woods, and of horses there are more than enough, but who can catch either them or the beeves? "Cayta," as they say in Sinaloa.

In the afternoon the two interpreters who went with Father Garcés and accompanied him as far as the Jamajabs returned. They tell me that since the father set forth from that tribe, leaving them to take care of some animals and other things, they have not heard a word from him. All they tell me is that the father and the Indian Sebastián crossed over to Monterey. This does not disturb me, except that it is already three months since he left and he does not appear, nor is there any news of him. The servant who went to hunt a beef returned without being able to accomplish anything, but he told me that the Yumas had killed one.

May 9.—In the morning the weather was fair and I said Mass. After breakfast the three interpreters went with the cook to scout and see if they could kill a beef.

May 10.—I did not say Mass because in the morning it was very windy. The interpreters have told me that the Jalchedunes as well as the Cajuenches and the Jamajabs are very jealous, saying that the Spaniards love only Palma, whom they treat like a

king, paying no attention to them. Other things said by these Indians I do not repeat because they are childish. Each and every one of them would like to have a father, and that he should give them plenty of tobacco and many glass beads.

I have noted during these days that the river is now rising so much that it greatly overflows its channel. The lagoons are full, and, in a word, all the bottom lands, which are so extensive that if all should be cultivated this would be a sea of grain. Now the Yumas are eating new wheat and it is very fine.

May 11.—In the morning the weather was fair and I said Mass. Before noon Father Fray Pedro Font returned with Captain Ansa and the soldiers who went from Tubac on the expedition.[1]

[[2]Here ends the diary of Father Fray Thomás.[3]]

[1] Anza and Font were returning from the expedition which conducted the colony of settlers for San Francisco.

[2] This note is Father Font's.

[3] Father Eixarch (he more frequently spelled it Eyxarch), soon after his return to Tumacácori, became missionary at Oquitoa, serving also the presidial church of El Altar. His first entry in the baptismal records of Oquitoa was made on September 11, 1776. He served continuously there till February 1, 1781, when he was succeeded by Fray Juan Gorgoll (*Libro de Bautismos, Oquitoa, 1757–1845.* MS., Bancroft Library).

PALOU'S ACCOUNT OF THE FOUNDING OF SAN FRANCISCO

1776

cisco, como de lo practicado en el, hasta
el dia, de oy, es un Extracto del Diario
que sigo formando; y por que la Alta
atencion de V.E. sin tanta incommodidad
se conceptue de todos los Puntos de este nue-
bo Establecimiento, determinè sucintarem
esta lo que en el otro tengo mas largam-
mente apuntado, bajo cuya suposicion:
El dia 17. de Junio de este presente año
de 76 como à las tres de la tarde puse
en marcha, la tropa à cargo de mi
Sargto. respecto àno serme dable salir
Yo este dia por faltarme que embarcar
algunos Viveres de los que en el Paq-
Page of Moraga's account of the founding of San Francisco.

(*M*)

PALOU'S ACCOUNT OF THE FOUNDING OF SAN FRANCISCO

Arrival at Monterey of the Families Who Had Remained at San Gabriel, and the Coming of the Order to Found the Presidio of Our Father San Francisco[1]

It has already been said that by order of Commander Rivera twelve of the soldiers who had come with the expedition of Señor Anza had remained at San Gabriel and their families with them; and it has also been noted that the same commander sent an order for them to go up to Monterey. This was done and they arrived at that presidio on the 28th day of May. By Sergeant Grixalva, who came in command of them, the lieutenant received the order from his superior to come with twenty of the soldiers from Sonora and the families of settlers to the port of San Francisco, to found the fort or pre-

[1] This account of the founding of San Francisco mission and presidio is taken from Palóu's *Noticias de la Nueva California*. The headings are chapter titles in the original. Palóu was one of the founders of San Francisco and his story is therefore that of an eye-witness. It supplements Anza's diary by carrying the enterprise through to completion. This in turn is supplemented by Moraga's account, which follows.

sidio on the site selected by Lieutenant-colonel Don Juan de Anza; that for the present the founding of the two missions should be postponed awaiting new orders; and that the other ten soldiers from the thirty of the expedition should remain in Monterey.

The lieutenant[1] complied, setting a day for the march by land, and on the 29th day of the same month of May he went to Carmelo to report to the reverend father president the order which he had received from his commander, and his decision to start in the middle of June. The reverend father president replied that although the founding of the two missions was postponed, nevertheless, the two friars whom he had appointed to be ministers of the first mission would go with the expedition, not only so that they might be ready, but principally to administer the holy sacraments to the people who were going. The lieutenant thanked him and went to the presidio to prepare for the march, and at the mission we did the same in order to be ready.

In a few days the *San Carlos*[2] dropped anchor at Monterey, and its commander, as has been said, dispatched a courier to San Diego. While awaiting the reply he unloaded what belonged to that presidio, and in its place he put what was destined for the presidio of San Francisco. Not having any reason to delay, the lieutenant set out with his expedition, as I shall relate in the next chapter.

[1] The lieutenant was José Joaquín Moraga.

[2] The *San Carlos* came from San Blas with supplies for Monterey and San Francisco.

The Expedition Sets Out by Land to Found the Presidio of Our Father San Francisco

On the 17th day of June, 1776, about two in the afternoon, the company of soldiers and families from Sonora set out from Monterey. It was composed of its commander, Lieutenant Don José Joaquín Moraga, a sergeant, two corporals, and ten soldiers, all with their wives and families except the commander, who had left his in Sonora. In addition there were seven families of settlers, rationed and provisioned by the king; other persons attached to the soldiers and their families; five servant boys, muleteers and vaqueros, who conducted about two hundred of the king's cattle and some belonging to individuals, and the mule train which carried the provisions and utensils necessary for the road. All of the foregoing belonged to the new presidio. And for whatever concerned the first mission that was to be founded we two ministers, Father Fray Pedro Benito Cambón and I, went with two servants who conducted the loads, and three unmarried Indian neophytes, two of them from Old California and the other from the mission of Carmelo, who drove the cattle for the mission, numbering eighty-six head, which were incorporated with those for the presidio.

The officers of the vessels, with their pilots and chaplains, wished to accompany the expedition, and they all did so for about half a league. From this

point the captain of the *Príncipe* and all the pilots turned back; but Don Fernando Quirós continued for the first day's march with the two father chaplains as far as the Monterey River, where the expedition halted and camped. On the following day, after having watched all the people cross the river and seen the line formed on that broad plain by all those people, the pack trains, cattle, and the horse herd, they returned to Monterey after taking farewell in the hope that we would soon meet in the port of Our Father San Francisco.

The expedition continued by the same road which was traveled in the exploration of that harbor in the year 1774, the account of which can be seen in its proper place.[1] But the day's marches were shorter, in order not to fatigue the little children and the women, especially those who were pregnant, and for this reason it was even necessary to make several stops. On the whole way there was not a single mishap, thanks to God. We were well received by all the heathen whom we met on the road, who were surprised to see so many people of both sexes and all ages, for up to that time they had not seen more than some few soldiers, on the occasions when they went to make the explorations. And they were astonished at the cattle, which they had never seen before.

On the 27th day of June the expedition arrived in the neighborhood of the harbor, and the com-

[1] Palóu refers to his journey to San Francisco Bay with Rivera in 1774. The route was essentially that folowed by Anza and Font.

mander ordered the camp halted on the bank of a lagoon called by Señor Anza Nuestra Señora de los Dolores, which is in sight of the bay of Los Llorones[1] and the beach of the bay or arm of the sea which runs to the southeast, with the intention of waiting here for the bark in order to select the spot for the founding of the fort and presidio, and in the meantime to explore the land. On the following day he ordered a shelter of branches built to serve as a chapel in which to celebrate the holy sacrifice of Mass. In it the first Mass was said on the 29th, the feast of the great, holy apostles, San Pedro and San Pablo, and we continued to celebrate in it every day until the camp was moved to the site which it occupies near the landing place, when the ground and the convenience of water permitted it.

As soon as the expedition halted, the heathen of the surrounding villages came to the camp, attracted by the novelty of seeing such neighbors in their country. They came to visit us frequently, bringing their rude gifts of mussels and wild seeds, which were always reciprocated with beads and some of our food, to which they soon took a liking, except the milk, which they refused to taste.

These natives are well formed, many of them being bearded, bald, and rather homely, for they have a habit of pulling out the hair of their eyebrows by the roots, which makes them ugly. They are poor, and have no houses except little enclosures made of brush to shelter them somewhat from the heavy winds

[1] Now called Mission Bay.

which prevail and are extremely annoying. The men go totally naked, though here and there one covers his shoulders with a sort of a little cape of beaver skins and pelican feathers. The women cover themselves only with plaited tules, for very few skins of animals are seen among them.

For an entire month the expedition remained in that camp, which was composed of field tents, waiting for the bark.[1] Meanwhile soldiers, citizens, and servants employed themselves in cutting logs in order to have this much done when the bark should arrive. The lieutenant busied himself in exploring the land in the vicinity, where he found some springs of water, lagoons, pastures, and good sites for all kinds of stock. Near the white cliff[2] he found two springs of water sufficient for the use of the presidio, and not far from them he found a good plain which is in view of the harbor and entrance, and also of its interior. As soon as he saw the spot the lieutenant decided that it was suitable for the presidio but he delayed moving the people there, as he was waiting day by day for the arrival of the packet.

Seeing that it did not appear for a whole month, and, as they wrote from Monterey by the pack train which went to bring provisions, that it had sailed long ago,[3] the lieutenant decided to move to that spot so that the soldiers might begin to build their huts

[1] Thus the beginnings of San Francisco were at the mission, instead of the presidio.

[2] At Fort Point.

[3] The long delay of the *San Carlos* is explained on p. 392.

for shelter, since it was nearer at hand for making a beginning of the houses. This he did on the 26th of July, setting to work immediately to construct some tule huts. The first was the one that was to serve as a chapel, and in it I said Mass on the 28th of the same month.

Notwithstanding that the order of the commander, which was sent from San Diego to the lieutenant, was to found the presidio only, yet, seeing that he had plenty of men, among soldiers and settlers; that the site of the first mission was so near the presidio; and that as far as he had observed the heathen in the vicinity there was no reason at that time to fear them, as they had shown signs of friendship, the lieutenant decided that we two missionaries should remain, with a guard of six soldiers, all the cattle, and the other things belonging to the mission, so that hand might be put to cutting timbers for a dwelling; and he charged the soldiers and one settler to do the same, so as to have a place to live in with their families.

Arrival of the Packet San Carlos at the Port of San Francisco, and the Founding of the Presidio

It has already been said in the preceding chapter[1] that when the expedition left Monterey the packet *San Carlos* remained at anchor loaded in that port,

[1] See Bolton, *Palóu's New California*, IV, Chapter XVIII.

while its commander delayed sailing until the return of the messenger whom he had dispatched to San Diego.[1] As soon as the courier arrived the *San Carlos* sailed from that port bound for San Francisco, but immediately after leaving Monterey it began to experience contrary winds, so strong that it was driven down to the parallel of San Diego, but very far from the coast. From that point it went on gradually ascending and gaining altitude until it reached forty-two degrees, at which latitude it approached the shore and then descended as far as Point Reyes. There it put in between that point and the northern farallones, dropping anchor on the north coast in the Gulf of the Farallones on the night of the 17th of August. On the following day it successfully entered the harbor, and about two o'clock in the afternoon it anchored not very far from the spot where the soldiers were lodged, but not in sight of them, as the view was cut off by the point of the hill on whose skirts the camp was placed; but it was in sight of the white cliff and the entrance to the harbor.

As soon as the bark was made fast, the commander, pilots, and Father Nocedal went ashore. When they saw the site of the camp they were all of the opinion that it was a very suitable place for the fort and presidio, and they thought the same of the site of the Laguna de los Dolores for the mission. In view of the opinion of the captain of the bark and the pilots, work was begun on the building of the

[1] The commander was Captain Don Fernando Quirós, naval lieutenant of the royal fleet. His pilots were Don José Cañizares and Don Cristóbal Revilla.

houses and the presidio. A square measuring ninety-two varas each way was marked out for it, with divisions for church, royal offices, warehouses, guard-houses, and houses for soldier settlers, a map of the plan being formed and drawn by the first pilot.

And so that the work might be done as speedily as possible, the commander[1] designated a squad of sailors and the two carpenters to join the servants of the royal presidio in making a good warehouse in which to keep the provisions, a house for the commanding officer of the presidio, and a chapel for celebrating the holy sacrifice of the Mass, while the soldiers were making their own houses for their families.

The work of the presidio being now under way, Captain Don Fernando Quirós came to the site of the mission, accompanied by the chaplain, a pilot, the surgeon, and six sailors, to aid in building a church or chapel in which to celebrate Mass and a room to live in. With this assistance the buildings were begun, and everything progressed so well that by the middle of September the soldiers had their houses already made of logs, all with flat roofs; the lieutenant had his government house, and a warehouse of the same material was finished large enough to store all the provisions brought by the bark.

It was then decided that the formal act of possession should take place, the day appointed for it being that on which our Mother Church celebrates the impression of the stigmata of Our Seraphic

[1] Captain Quirós, of the *San Carlos*.

Father San Francisco, that is, the 17th of September, a most appropriate day, since he is the patron of the harbor, the new presidio, and the mission. And for taking formal possession of the mission the 4th of October was designated, which is the day dedicated to Our Seraphic Father San Francisco. The commander of the packet, his two pilots, and the greater part of the crew were present at the ceremony of taking formal possession,[1] only those who were absolutely necessary remaining on board; and with the people from the presidio, troops as well as citizens, they made up a goodly number of Spaniards. There were also present four friar priests, all of our College,[2] that is, the two missionary fathers of this mission, the chaplain of the bark, and Father Fray Tomás de la Peña, who had come from Monterey to examine the site for the second mission, of which he had been named minister.

A solemn Mass was sung by the ministers, and when it was concluded the gentlemen performed the ceremony of taking formal possession. This finished, all entered the chapel and sang the *Te Deum Laudamus*, accompanied by peals of bells and repeated salvos of cannon, muskets, and guns, the bark responding with its swivel guns, whose roar and the sound of the bells doubtless terrified the heathen,

[1] That is, of the presidio site.

[2] The College of San Fernando de Mexico. The ministers were Fathers Palóu and Cambón; the chaplain of the bark was Father Nocedal. Father Peña two years before had made the memorable voyage in the *Santiago* to the North Pacific in company with Father Crespi.

for they did not allow themselves to be seen for many days. The ceremony concluded, the commander[1] of the presidio invited to it all the people, conducting himself with all the splendor that the place permitted, and supplying with his true kindness what elsewhere would have been lacking, for which all the people were grateful, expressing their gratitude in the joy and happiness which all felt on that day.

New Exploration of the Rivers which Empty into the Harbor of Our Father San Francisco

Immediately after the conclusion of the ceremony of taking possession and the founding of the presidio, the work of unloading the bark was begun, since the warehouse was now finished. While the men were occupied in this task, the two commanders,[2] by sea and by land, decided to go to explore the rivers, the lieutenant-commander of the presidio going by land with a party of soldiers, and the commander of the packet by water in the launch, taking the first pilot[3] and the necessary crew. The commanders agreed with each other on what day and in what place the two parties were to meet, which was above the round bay, at the disemboguement of the river into it,[4] the plan being to ascend the river from there as far as possible, some going by land and some by the river.

The two officers, having thus agreed, set forth on the exploration on the 23d of September early in

[1] Moraga. [2] Quirós and Moraga. [3] Cañizares.

[4] At the west end of Carquinez Strait, just below the Carquinez Bridge.

the morning, my father companion, Fray Pedro Cambón, going in the launch to say Mass for both expeditions, since in three days they were to meet at the mouth of the river. For this reason the vestment was sent with the land expedition, and for the same reason the provisions for those in the launch went also by land, only enough for a week being carried aboard. On the same morning, about eight o'clock, the lieutenant passed by here[1] with eight soldiers. Taking the vestment, he set out on the road in all haste, for he had to round the southeast bay, which penetrates about fifteen leagues into the land, and then go back as many more on the other side, in order to place himself in the parallel of the presidio, and from there go up to the round bay and the mouth of the river, the spot agreed upon for the meeting of the two expeditions.[2]

In order to save all this travel the commander of the land party thought it best, as soon as he should reach the point of the southeast bay, to cross over to the east side of the mountains, in order to reach the river without such a long detour. He did so, and this was the cause of the failure of those expeditions to meet and to accomplish what was desired.

On the day appointed the launch arrived at the mouth of the river, where it waited a day longer for the land expedition. Then, seeing that it did not appear, and that the provisions were getting low, as the rest of the supplies had gone by land, the captain decided to go down again to the harbor, as he did,

[1] Mission Dolores. [2] See p. 418.

arriving in the afternoon of the 29th of the same month of September, where he told us with a great deal of sorrow the cause of his returning so soon, in consequence of which he had not been able to accomplish the desired purpose of sailing up the river. He said that he had only seen that part of it which had been examined the previous year, but that the map which had been made of that first exploration was very accurate, and that he had nothing to take away or to add.[1]

Even though he did not succeed in exploring the river, he did make sure that this harbor has no communication with that of Captain Bodega, which was also charged by his Excellency. For, having explored in that direction, he only found, as before, another arm or large estuary. And after sailing through it for two days he came to the end of it and learned that it does not communicate with the sea in that direction, and likewise that the two harbors do not communicate with each other.[2] He was confirmed in this conclusion, for while he was at the head of the estuary he had in front of him and in sight a very high mountain range which ran to the west, and apparently went to end in some cape on the coast much farther up than the harbor of Bodega. And according to the latitude in which the launch was at the head of the bay, he judged that this range must be the one which ends in Cape Mendocino. For the reason already given, the expedition by sea could not explore any farther.

[1] Ayala had explored the bay in 1775.

[2] He reached the vicinity of Petaluma.

The land expedition, as soon as it crossed the mountains[1] through a pass of low hills which facilitated the march, found itself in the plain which is crossed by the large river. The lieutenant-commander, seeing that they were much farther up than had been agreed upon, and concluding that according to the time set he would not now be able to meet the men of the launch, decided to continue through the plain up the river. He did this, following the stream for three entire days, traveling rapidly. He came to several heathen villages and was welcomed everywhere with demonstrations of pleasure and friendship, the heathen making him presents of seeds and fish, which he reciprocated with beads. He observed that farther up the country was uninhabited by heathen.

The plain through which that river runs, he said, is as level as the palm of the hand, without any trees except in the bed of the river. It is an immense plain, for he did not see the end of it, and he reached a place where it made a horizon in every direction, so that he saw the sun rise and set in the same way as if he were on the high sea. It was excessively hot.

[1] Since Moraga was with Anza the year before on his journey to Carquinez Strait and the San Joaquin Valley, it seems strange that he should have expected by this means to shorten the journey to the head of Carquinez Strait. His route is uncertain. The pass nearest to the south end of San Francisco Bay is Mission Pass, which should have taken him to Livermore Valley, but where he emerged into the San Joaquin is not clear. Three days of rapid travel and "much farther" would be at least a hundred and fifty miles. The expedition lasted sixteen days.

After traveling much further on the bank of the river, he observed that, although it was very wide, it apparently did not carry much water, and he wished to try his luck in crossing it, but some heathen, seeing what he was about to do, made signs that he must not cross unless he followed them. He did this, and, ascending a little farther, they showed him a ford, and by it he crossed the great river of Our Father San Francisco, guided by the heathen. On the other side of the river he found that the same plain and level land continued. They traveled over it all one day. To the north in the same plain they saw some groves, which, judging by the windings which they made, marked the course of the rivers, but they did not dare to explore them lest they be lost in that wide plain, for they were without a compass by which to guide themselves. Consequently, they went back and recrossed the river by the same ford, and, returning by the same road, arrived at the presidio on the 7th of October, without having had the slightest mishap in the journey.

The Founding of the Mission of Our Seraphic Father San Francisco Near the Harbor of That Name

It has already been said that notwithstanding the order of Commander Don Fernando Rivera that for the present the presidio alone should be founded, his lieutenant decided that the founding might go

on, for he had enough men for both the presidio and a mission.[1] With this object, when the expedition set out to make a beginning of the buildings of the presidio, he left us two missionaries in this place at the Laguna de los Dolores, with an escort of six soldiers, one named as corporal in command, and a citizen settler with his family, besides the families of the six soldiers, who were married. As soon as we found ourselves alone work was begun, aided by the three servants, in cutting timber to begin the building of the chapel and the dwelling houses. By the time the bark arrived we already had plenty of timber, and with the aid of some sailors, who were furnished by Commander Quirós, in a short time a house ten varas long and five wide, all of wood, covered with clay and with a roof of tule, was finished. Immediately afterward a church, eighteen varas long, was built of the same material, with a room for the sacristy behind the altar, and adorned as well as possible with cloths and drapery and with the banners and pennants of the bark. The chapel was blessed with all ceremony on the 3d of October, the eve of the Feast of Our Seraphic Father, it being our intention to celebrate the occasion on the following day with due solemnity. But, as the lieutenant had not returned from his expedition at the end of the day, it was agreed to postpone the founding and merely to sing a Mass on the day of Our Seraphic Father, as was done.

[1] Thus Rivera's opposition was ignored.

On the 8th of the same month, the lieutenant having arrived the previous afternoon, the ceremony was performed, in the presence of the gentlemen of the bark and all the crew except those required to take care of the vessel, and of the commander of the presidio with all the troops and citizens, only those that were absolutely required remaining at the fort. I sang the Mass with the ministers, and at its conclusion a procession was formed, in which an image of Our Seraphic Father San Francisco, patron of the port, presidio, and mission, was carried on a frame. The function was celebrated with repeated salvos of muskets, rifles, and the swivel guns that were brought from the bark for the purpose, and also with rockets. All the people who were present at the ceremony remained at the mission to dine, two beeves having been killed for their entertainment. In the afternoon the men returned to the presidio and the crew went on board, the day having been a very joyous one for all. The only ones who did not enjoy this happy day were the heathen, as I shall relate at length in the next chapter.

The founding of the presidio and mission concluded, the sea commander decided to prepare the bark for its return to San Blas, ordering wood and water taken on and the necessary ballast loaded. Everything being finished, and the weather favorable, it safely left this harbor on the morning of the 21st of October.

The successful founding of the mission had been greatly promoted not only by the presence of the gentlemen at the function, but also by the aid of some sailors, who assisted in the building, and of the carpenter, who made the doors of the church and the house, and a table with two drawers for the altar. Besides this, a gift was made of a cayuco[1] and a net for fishing. At the same time it was arranged that four sailors should remain as laborers, completing the number of six who were allowed by his Excellency. With this reinforcement the work proceeded on the buildings and in preparing the land for planting. Crops were put in, and a good stream of water for irrigating was conducted by a ditch which passes close to the houses.

Occurrence at This Mission of Our Seraphic Father San Francisco

The heathen of the village near this place made frequent visits, and were apparently pleased with our arrival, although, through lack of interpreters and our ignorance of their language, we could not tell them the purpose of our coming. They went on in this way until the 12th of August, when the heathen of the villages of San Mateo, who are their enemies, fell upon them at a large town about a league from this lagoon, burned it and had a fight, in which there were many wounded and dead on both

[1] A canoe of the type made by the Indians of the Santa Barbara Channel.

sides. Apparently the Indians of this vicinity were defeated, and so fearful were they of the others that they made tule rafts and all moved to the shore opposite the presidio, or to the mountains on the east side of the bay. We were unable to restrain them, even though we let them know by signs that they should have no fear, as the soldiers would defend them.

After their removal their visits were very rare, and only now and then some men and boys came, and then only because they happened to come to this lagoon to hunt ducks. They generally gave us some of them, and we returned the gift with beads and some of our food. In the last visits which they made early in December they began to disgrace themselves, now by thefts, now by firing an arrow close to the corporal of the guard, and again by trying to kiss the wife of a soldier, as well as by threatening to fire an arrow at a neophyte from the mission of Carmelo who was at this mission.

The sergeant, who was at this mission in the middle of December, learned of all this, and one day when five heathen came to visit us and one of them turned out to be the one who a few days before had threatened, or made a gesture, to fire the arrow at the neophyte, he caused him to be arrested, and given a flogging in the guardhouse. On hearing his cries two heathen who were hunting on the lagoon ran up, and they were bold enough to try to avenge the injury, making ready to shoot arrows at the soldiers,

who fired two gunshots just to frighten them, and in fact they fled without any injury having occurred. The sergeant followed them, and seeing that they entered the wood toward the beach, he returned to the presidio, where he was in command as a substitute for the lieutenant.

Fearing that the Indians would cross the bay, on the following day the sergeant went to the beach with some soldiers to order the two Indians who had fired arrows at the mission flogged, to frighten them. On the beach he found a band of heathen. When they were asked which ones had fired arrows at the mission they pointed out two, and although they denied it the others accused them. The sergeant dismounted, and when they saw the movement the two guilty ones fled, and two of the soldiers followed them. The rest of the Indians withdrew and began to shoot arrows, wounding a citizen who had gone without his leather jacket, and also a horse, although they were not seriously hurt.

The sergeant, seeing this and that they did not stop shooting, ordered the men to fire, and the wounded citizen brought down one with a ball and he fell dead in the water of the bay. The rest ran to take refuge among some isolated rocks not far away, whence they continued to shoot arrows. The sergeant fired at them and at one shot the ball went through the leg of one of them and then pierced the rock, for they found the hole next day, and signs that the Indians had taken out the ball, doubtless to

see what it was that had made such havoc among them. As soon as the Indians among the isolated rocks saw one of their number dead and the other so badly wounded, they asked for peace, making the gesture of throwing their bows and arrows on the ground. The sergeant did the same with his gun, upon which they became quiet, but they did not wish to go to the beach when the sergeant called them to collect their things.

The soldiers caught the two who had run off to the woods, and the sergeant went to them and charged them with having dared to fire arrows at the mission, caused them to be whipped, and told them by signs that if they did it again he would kill them. He told them to gather up all the things they had there, their own as well as those of their companions, and to tell others not to do any harm and they would be friends.

Because of this misadventure they became panic-stricken and absented themselves to such an extent that they did not dare to approach the mission or the presidio, and did not permit themselves to be seen for three months, up to the beginning of March. Thereafter, now and then one came to the mission, and little by little they yielded themselves up, so that on the day of San Juan Baptista, June 24, 1777, the first three were baptized, they being adults, but the rest of the heathen came no more.

MORAGA'S ACCOUNT OF THE FOUNDING OF SAN FRANCISCO

1776

(*N*)

MORAGA'S ACCOUNT OF THE FOUNDING OF SAN FRANCISCO

Letter of Lieutenant Don Josef Joachín Moraga in Which He Reports the Occupation of the Port of San Francisco, the Erection of a Mission, the Country Explored and Other Achievements.[1]

Most Excellent Sir:

The account which I am going to give to your Excellency, both of my [march with] the troops of my command from the presidio of Monterrey to this port of San Francisco, as well as of what has been done in it up to this date, is a summary of the diary which I am preparing, for in order that the exalted attention of your Excellency may understand everything about this new establishment with less inconvenience, I have decided to summarize in this report what in the other I have written out more at length.

With this understanding, let me say that on the 17th of June of this present year of 1776, about three[2] in the afternoon, I set the troops in motion, in

[1] A. G. P. M., Provincias Internas, Tomo 23. Certified official copy. The upper right hand corner of the manuscript is torn off. Where possible the missing words have been conjectured and enclosed in brackets.

[2] Palóu says about two in the afternoon.

charge of my sergeant, since it was not possible for me to start that day, because I still had to load on the packet boat of his Majesty, the *San Carlos,* some of the provisions which he was sending for the port of San Francisco. Notwithstanding this, since the officers Don Francisco Quirós and Don Diego Choquez, captains of the vessels, and the rest of the officers who were anchored here, wished to accompany the soldiers for a short distance,[1] I could not do less than do the same myself, both in order to accompany the officials as well as to give a send-off to the reverend fathers, Fray Francisco Palóu and Fray Pedro Cambón, ministers who set out destined for that administration. I decided that this first march should be only as far as the Rio de Monterrey, and I so ordered my sergeant when about half a league from this presidio, whence I returned with the officers, except Don Fernando Quirós and the father chaplains of his bark, who wished to be with the soldiers, all of whom were destined to accompany the father ministers.

The next day, having now finished the loading of the provisions, I decided to set out about five o'clock in the afternoon to overtake the soldiers, whom I joined at two o'clock on the morning of the 19th at the camp in the Cañada de San Benito. From here at seven o'clock in the morning we went forward on our road, and crossed the Arroyo del Pájaro and that of San Bernardino.

[1] Palóu says they went about half a league.

In the valley of the latter[1] there appeared before us a herd of elk to the number of eleven, of which we got three without leaving our road. This merciful act of the infinite providence of the Most High is noteworthy, for the soldiers were by now tired out by the difficulties of the road and weak on account of the customary fare, consisting only of maize and frijoles, on which they were being fed, a reason why the women with continuous sighs were now making known their great dissatisfaction. But this refreshment of meat appearing before us, and we being able with such ease to take advantage of it, the soldiers not only were revived with such a plenty of food, but they were also delighted with the prospect of the abundance of these animals which the country promised. And it is certain, most Excellent Sir, that these elk are of such size and have such savory flesh that neither in quantity nor in quality need they envy the best beef. Their height, which I measured, is seven palms. The length of the body is two varas and a half, and the horns are seven palms long, so that seen with such a crown of antlers they present a very agreeable picture. I noticed that [above] each eye they have a hole resembling the eye itself. . . . This day at one in the afternoon we camped on the Arroyo de las Llagas[2] de Nuestro Padre de San Francisco, having experienced that it was so hot that the families suffered great discomfort, a thing which caused us surprise

[1] San Bernardino Valley is now Gilroy Valley.

[2] Still called Las Llagas.

in view of the experience which we have had of the coldness of this climate.

I intended on the 20th to continue my journey in order to arrive as soon as possible at the destination, but a woman who was enceinte having become ill and I having permitted the soldiers to take some rest from their previous fatigues, I was obliged to defer going forward until the next day. And it was impossible for me to set forth on that day either, because in the morning the woman was worse, and we did not set out from the Arroyo de las Llagas until the 22d, about seven o'clock in the morning.

We traveled this day without incident until a quarter past eleven in the morning, when we camped at the site called the San Juan Baptista, from which we set forth at half past seven in the morning of the 23d, halting at a quarter to twelve on the Arroyo de San Josef Cupertino.[1]

On the 24th we started at a quarter to seven in the morning, and at one o'clock in the afternoon we camped at the Arroyo de San Matheo.[2] At this place I remained during the 25th and 26th, the first day because one of the soldiers was taken ill, and the second because it seemed to me appropriate to go ahead to find out if there was water at the port, fearful lest it might not be the same as in the arroyos [early in] April of this present year [at the time of] the exploration made by Lieutenant-colonel Don Juan Baptista de Ansa. At that time they were run-

[1] Apparently Calabasas Creek. [2] San Mateo Creek.

ning, but at present we have found them with very little or no water. For this purpose, with four soldiers I went to the port, which I found not only abundantly supplied with water, but also endowed with many fine qualities, which greatly encouraged the soldiers.

On the 27th at half past six in the morning I set out with the soldiers from the site of San Matheo, and at half past eleven, without any incident, we camped at the port of San Francisco and the Laguna de los Dolores.[1] This very day I gave orders to the sergeant to set the soldiers at cutting trees for the building of their houses, an occupation which they continued daily, so that when the vessel should arrive everything would be prepared, and when on consultation with Don Fernando Quirós we should decide on the most suitable site for the presidio we should be ready to go at once to cut timber for its erection.

On the 29th, accompanied by the reverend fathers, I set out to explore the sites of the interior of this port, and although we went with great care we encountered no more than some small timber, serviceable hardly for making some incommodious barracks. The bark was now tardy and provisions were getting low, so I ordered the sergeant to prepare four soldiers, two servants, and fifteen mules equipped with pack saddles, so that on the 30th they might go to Monterrey to request some provisions of

[1] Where Mission Dolores was soon afterward founded.

Don Fernando Ribera and at the same time ask him to supply me with some goods, for the soldiers are naked and the cold in these days is severe, and it is a pity to see all the people shivering, especially since they were raised in hot climates and this being the first year in which they have experienced the change of temperature. For this reason I am living in fear that such nakedness may bring upon us some disastrous sickness. It was now necessary to reduce the ration for the soldiers until the bark should arrive or the pack train return, and, in order that hunger might not make the people disconsolate, on the same day I detached my sergeant with three soldiers and six servants with the order that, not sparing any effort whatever, he should see if he could capture some elk, but although he tried hard he was unable to aid us with this succor.

Since the purpose of this account is only to report to your Excellency the things which merit some further reflection, I will omit recounting for each day the common labors in which for a new foundation the men ought to be employed, but I will not excuse myself from relating the exploration of these lands which I have made, in order that your Excellency may form an idea of the country newly rehabilitated, and of what, according to the exploration, it might offer, although it might be years hence, for the convenience of its future inhabitants.

But before relating these things I will inform your Excellency that on the 6th of August, about

four in the afternoon, one of the soldiers assigned as escort at the mission came to me with the news that about forty armed Indians had arrived near the mission. The corporal of the guard made them signs asking them [where they were going] and they gave him to understand that they were bound for a ranchería [near] the mission, whose Indians had wounded one of their companions. And so they were planning to avenge themselves for this grievance. These aggrieved Indians were from the Cañada de San Andrés,[1] but doubtless fear of our men caused them to withdraw without engaging in battle, and up to the present we have had no news of any other trouble between them.

On the 18th, about half past eleven o'clock in the morning, the packet boat of his Majesty, the *San Carlos,* cast anchor in this port without other incident than that of having spent forty-two days coming from Monterrey, a delay which obliged me to send the pack train three times to Monterrey for provisions. It was my plan to await the bark, in order that in consultation with its captain I might decide on the site for the presidio and indeed we have had the notice that it has arrived.[2] There has arrived also the occasion to talk of more than the material building of a new fort and of the imponderable labors with which it has scarcely been possible to produce a sketch of the plan which I made for

[1] San Andrés Valley, still so-called.

[2] He refers to the bark coming from Mexico with supplies.

this foundation. Although I have lacked artisans, I have not on that account omitted the greatest care that the buildings should be erected in the best and surest way permitted by such a scarcity of these artisans. In fact, even the building which I have done I confess I owe to the aid which Don Fernando Quirós has given me with the men of his bark. The place where the fort is situated, although it is not the most level in its entire extent, yet it is one of those most protected from the strong wind which prevails here and one of those nearest to the [harbor]. No arroyo runs close to it, but with a well which I had opened on a slope very close to the presidio, I discovered a spring sufficient for all necessities and which would be superabundant even though there were a larger number of families. Firewood is abundant and close by, and not far away there is a lake suitable for washing the clothing.

With respect to the number of buildings, their disposition and measurements, I insert the accompanying plan,[1] in order that by means of it your Excellency may get an idea, without molesting your discreet attention with my crude statement. The royal store house, the church, and the guardhouse, might now be secured with their doors, but misfortune wished that both the carpenter and the blacksmith should find themselves unable to exercise their functions. And so the little building which has been done with timber has been accomplished by car-

[1] The plan does not accompany the manuscript.

penters from on board, this being the principal reason why everything is not finished and secure.

The mission of San Francisco, which was founded at the Laguna and Arroyo de los Dolores, a site very beautiful and abundant in water, wood, and stone, is now also completed, and so handsomely built that I can do no less than marvel to see in so brief a time erected in the face of such a shortage of men a presidio and a mission such as in many years these northern California establishments will not have seen.

Now returning to the explorations which I have made of these lands, in which I was accompanied by the reverend fathers, toward the southeast I encountered timber sufficient to build commodious houses, and I saw the land to be well pastured and able to maintain a great number of cattle, and to support no small plantings of the necessary grains. Moreover, I saw that the heathen had burned many patches, which doubtless would produce an abundance of pasturage. In the rest of the explorations which I have made in the vicinity of the mission and the presidio I have found good lands, some large lagoons, little arroyos, and innumerable springs of fresh water which are permanent, although the year has been so short of rain. The Indians in the vicinity of the presidio and mission are of such good disposition that ever since the day when we arrived at this destination they have daily frequented one establishment and the other with such satisfaction

on our part that we hope soon to see harvested the fruit which so Catholic a breast as that of your Excellency desires.

As soon as I had partly finished the founding of this new establishment I arranged with Don Fernando Quirós to start on the 23d of September to make an exploration of the Rio de San Francisco, Don Fernando going by sea and I by land, in order to meet at an appointed place, which was that of Santa Angela Fulgino.[1] On that day we set forth about six o'clock, having arranged that Thursday the 26th should be our day for meeting, in order that together we might make this useful exploration with all exactitude. But, although Don Fernando did not fail in what was proposed, I was unable to see the launch on account of having come out higher up. I remained there some time, thinking that he perhaps, having engaged in some other exploration, was unable to reach on time the place where I was.

It was now very late and my supplies were getting low, for which reason I decided before they were [completely] used up to go to explore the river[2] and seek a ford by which to pass from one side to the other, and at the same time to see if I might discover its source. Then an unusual thing happened to me with the Indians of those villages. It was this. When they saw me seeking a crossing over the river, without my asking them a single thing they showed me a ford by which with ease I was able to pass from

[1] At Pacheco, in Concord Valley. [2] The San Joaquin River.

one side to the other, they themselves going ahead of the horses serving as guides, an action for which I thanked them and for which I attempted to reward them with glass beads, a present much esteemed by them. It is certain that these and the rest of the Indians whom I encountered while my exploration lasted I found affable, generous, and not at all mistrustful of communication with us. I spent sixteen days, and I not only discovered many fords but also in some manner I inferred the source of this river, which is not in keeping with some ideas that have been reported to your Excellency. At the place where I crossed the river the first time it must be seventy varas wide and a vara and a quarter deep. The rivers which join with this one are three small ones, although I saw that toward the north others may enter it. And finally I saw that it does not prevent transit to New Mexico.

All this, Most Excellent Sir, I have done without orders from Captain Don Fernando Ribera, but two reasons have been sufficient to oblige me to proceed in this manner. In the first place, I knew the Catholic fervor with which your Excellency looks upon these establishments and that to await in them an order which would delay me would be to run the risk that the just indignation of your Excellency might attribute to lack of due haste what was only obedience. In the second place, Don Fernando de Ribera was at the presidio of San Diego, and I had too few men to send a courier so far. And even assuming

that it should be decided to send one, while he was going and returning I would lose the best opportunity, which was the aid of the bark, and I would run the risk that, the rains beginning, it would not be possible to erect any building until the following year, which would be most disappointing to the reverend fathers who spiritually succor us here. I protest, Most Excellent Sir, that this my decision had no other purpose than to fulfill as soon as possible the wishes of your Excellency, and that such miserable heathen may have the advantage which so Catholic a breast seeks for them, that is, that without delay they may receive this spiritual good which your Excellency desires for them. If I have done wrong, I humbly beg the charity of your Excellency to mitigate my guilt with the sincerity of my intentions. I beg this for the love of God, to whose divine Majesty I pray that in greatest prosperity He may spare the life of your Excellency the many years which these your humble soldiers need for their support.

Most Excellent Sir,

Señor Josef Joachin Moraga.

To the Most Excellent Señor Viceroy, Frey Don Antonio Bucareli y Ursua.

I certify that this is a copy of the original. Mexico, March 20, 1777.

Melchor de Peramás (Rubric).

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